

(45)



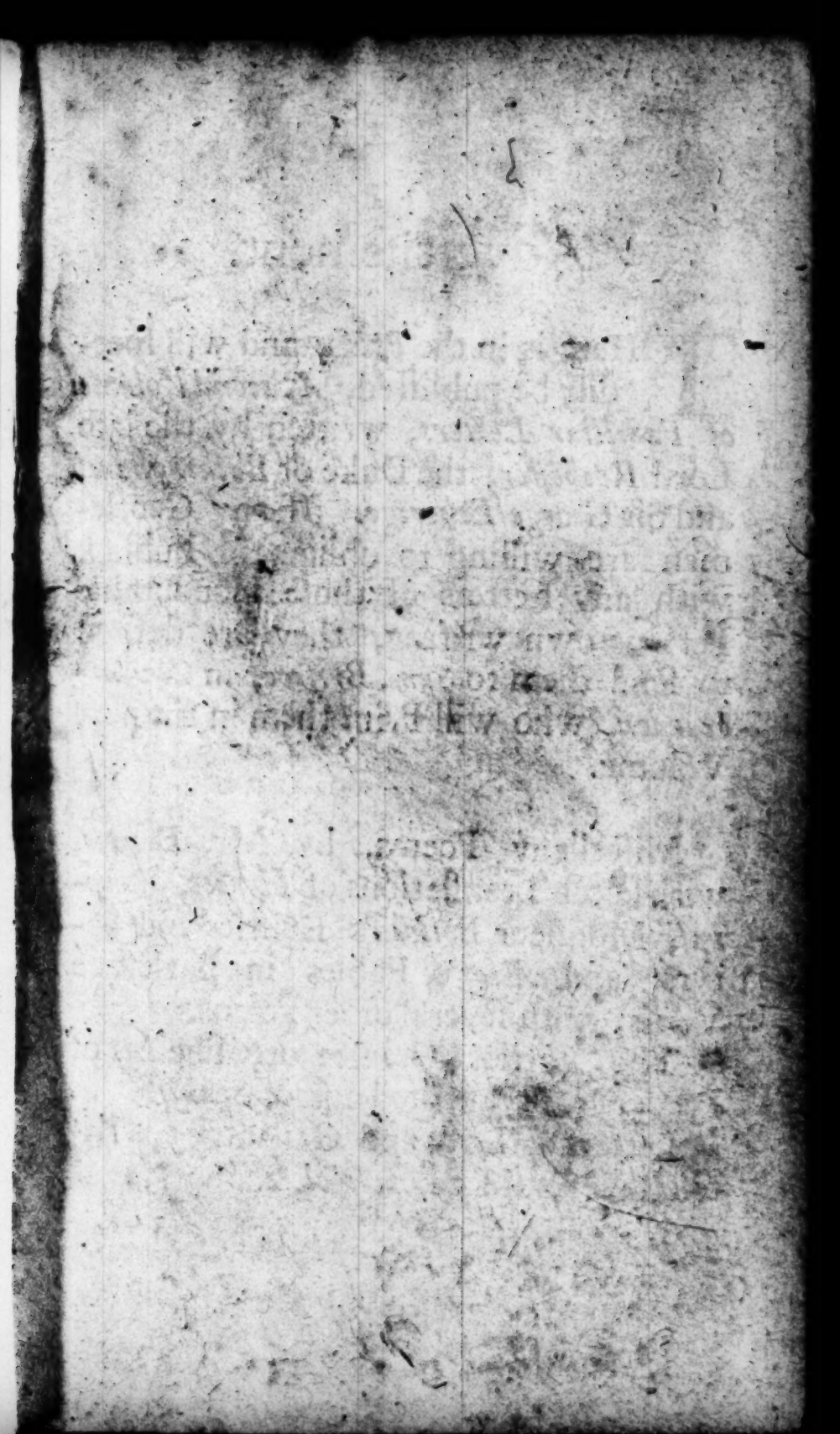
(45)





William Foster.

10920 lb 26.



Advertisement.

THere is in the Press, and will speedily be publish'd, *A Second Volume of Familiar Letters*, written by the late Lord *Rochester*, the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Sir *George Etherege*. If any Gentlemen are willing to oblige the Publick with any Letters of those Honourable Persons own writing, they are desired to send them to *Sam. Briscoe*, in *Covent-Garden*, who will Print them in the next Volume.

Miscellany Poems, by Mr. *Dennis*, with select Translations of *Horace*, *Juvenal*, Monsieur *Boileau's* Epistles and Satyrs, and *Æsop's* Fables in Burlesque Verse; with several other Poems.

The Courtier's Oracle; or, The Art of Prudence. Translated out of *Spanish*.

Letters of Love and Gallantry; written by several Ladies. *Vol. 2.*

10420-46-26.
Adm. 1771
Familiar Letters:

Written by the Right Honourable
JOHN late Earl of *Rochester*,
And several other
Persons of Honour and Quality.

WITH
LETTERS

Written by the most Ingenious
Mr. THOMAS OTWAY,
AND
Mrs. K. PHILIPS.

Publish'd from their Original Copies.

With other Modern **LETTERS,**
By **THO. CHEEK, Esq;**
Mr. DENNIS, and Mr. BROWN.

London: Printed by *W. Onley*, for *Sam. Briscoe*, at the Corner of *Charles-street*, in *Russel-street*, *Covent-garden*, 1697.



TO
Dr. RATCLIFF,
OF
BOW-STREET.

I Have presumed, tho' I knew at the same time how heinously I trespass'd against you in doing so, to Inscribe your Name to the following Collection of Letters. As you were no Stranger to that Excellent Person, whose Pieces Compose, by far, the most valuable part of it, so I was satisfied that everything, from so celebrated a Hand, wou'd be acceptable and welcome to you; and in that Confidence, made bold to give you the Trouble of this Address. My Lord Rochester has left so established a Reputation behind him, that

A 3 he

The Epistle Dedicatory.

he needs no officious Pen to set out his Worth, especially to you, who were acquainted so perfectly well with all his Eminent Qualities, that made him the Delight and Envy of both Sexes, and the Ornament of our Island. In every thing of his Lordship's writing, there's something so happily express'd, the Graces are so numerous, yet so unaffected, that I don't wonder why all the Original Touches of so incomparable a Master, have been enquired after, with so publick and general a Concern. Most of his other Compositions, especially those in Verse, have long ago blest the Publick, and were received with Universal Delight and Admiration, which gives me Encouragement to believe, that his Letters will find the like Reception. Tho' most of them were written upon private Occasions, to an Honourable Person who was happy in his Lordship's Acquaintance, with no intention to be ever made publick; yet that constant good Sense, which is all along visible in them, the Justice of the Observations, and the peculiar Beauties of the Stile, are Reasons sufficient, why they should no longer be conceal'd in private Hands. And indeed at this time, when the private Plate of the Nation comes abroad to relieve the present Exigences, it
seems

The Epistle Dedicatory.

seems but just, that since the Dearth of Wit is as great as that of Money, such a Treasure of good Sense and Language shou'd no longer be buried in Oblivion. With this difference, however, That whereas our Plate, before it can circulate in our Markets, must receive the Royal Stamp, must be Melted down, and take another Form, these Unvaluable Remains want no Alterations to recommend them; they need only be taken from the Rich Mines where they grew; for their own Intrinsic Value secures them, and his Lordship's Name is sufficient to make them Current.

As for the Letters by other Hands, that make up this Volume, some of them were written by Gentlemen, that are wholly Strangers to me, and others belong to those that are so much better known in the World than my self, that I can say nothing upon this Occasion, but what falls vastly short of their Merit: But I cannot forbear to say something of Mr. Otway's: They have that Inimitable Tenderneß in them, that I dare oppose them to any thing of Antiquity, I am sure few of the present Age can pretend to come up to them. The Passions, in the raising of which, he had a Felicity peculiar to himself, are represented in such lively Colours

The Epistle Dedicatory.

lours that they cannot fail of affecting the most insensible Hearts, with pleasing Agitations. I cou'd wish we had more Pieces of the same Hand, for I profess an intire Veneration to his Memory, and always look'd upon him as the only Person, almost, that knew the secret Springs and Sources of Nature, and made a true use of them. Love, as it is generally managed by other Hands, is either raving and Enthusiastical, or else dull and languishing: In him alone 'tis true Nature, and at the same time inspires us with Compassion and Delight. After this, I will not venture to say any thing of my own Trifles that bring up the Rear. Some of them were written long ago, and now huddled in haste; the rest had a little more Care and Labour bestow'd upon them. If they contribute in the least to your Entertainment, which was my only Design in publishing them, I have attain'd my Ends: I have some others by me, which I may perhaps publish hereafter, if these meet with any tolerable Success.

I need not, and I am sure I cannot make you a better Panegyrick than to acquaint the World, that you were happy in my Lord Rochester's Friendship, that he took pleasure in your Conversation, of which even his Enemies must allow him to have been the best

The Epistle Dedicatory.

best Judge, and that in the Politest Reign we can boast of in England. The Approbation of so impartial a Judge, who was, in his Time, a Scourge to all Blockheads, by what Names or Titles soever dignified, or distinguish'd, is above all the Incense that a much better Hand than mine can presume to offer: Shou'd I put out all the Dedication Sails, as 'tis the way of most Authors, I cou'd soon erect you into a great Hero, and Deliverer; and tell how often you have triumph'd over inveterate Distempers, and restored the Sick to that only Blessing, that makes Life supportable. I cou'd tell how by your single Merit you have baffled a Faction form'd against you with equal Malice and Ignorance; I cou'd tell what Marks of Munificence you have left behind you, in the Place that was honour'd with your Education, and how generously ready you are to serve your Friends upon all Occasions. But after all, the highest thing I will pretend to say of you here is, That you were esteem'd, and valu'd, and lov'd by my Lord Rochester, 'Tis true, as there never was any Conspicuous Merit in the World, that had not, like Hercules, Monsters to encounter, so you have had your share of them, but Heaven be prais'd, your Enemies, with all their vain Endeavours,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ours, have only served to fix your Interest, and advance your Reputation : Tho' I know you hear of nothing with more Uneasiness, than of the Favours you do ; yet I cannot omit to tell, and indeed I am vain upon it, that you have condescended so low, as to divert those Hours you cou'd steal from the Publick, with some of my Trifles, that you have been pleased to think favourably of them, and rewarded them. For all which Obligations, I had no other way of expressing my Gratitude but this ; which, I am afraid, will but inflame the Reckoning, instead of paying any part of the Debt : But this has been the constant Usage in all Ages, of Par-nassus, and like Senators that take Bribes, we have Antiquity and Universality to plead in our Excuse. But I forget that you are all this while in pain, till the Dedication releases you : Therefore I have nothing but my Wisbes to add, That you who have been so happy a Restorer of Health to others, may ever enjoy it your self, that your Days may be always Pleasant, and your Nights Easie, and that you'll be pleas'd to forgive this Presumption in

Your most humble

and most obliged Servant,

T. BROWN.

T H E

Bookseller's Preface,

HAying, by the Assistance of a Worthy Friend, procured the following Letters, that were written by the late Incomparable Earl of *Rochester* (the Originals of all which I preserve by me, to satisfy those Gentlemen, who may have the Curiosity to see them under his *Lordship's* Hand) I was encouraged to trouble others of my Friends, that had any Letters in their Custody, to make this Collection, which I now publish.

Indeed the Letters that were written by the abovemention'd Honourable Person, have something so happy in the Manner and Stile, that I need not loose my Time to convince the World they are genuine. I may say the same of Mr. *Otway's* Letters, that they are full of Life and Passion,

The Bookseller's Preface.

Passion, and sufficiently discover their Author. And that this Collection might be compleat, I got some that were written by the Fam'd *Orinda*, Mrs. *Katherine Philips*, to be added to the rest ; together with others by some Gentlemen now living, that the Reader might have a Variety of Entertainment.

Our Neighbouring Nations, whom I don't believe we come short of in any respect, have printed several Volumes of Letters, which meet with publick Approbation, I am 'satisfied that if the Gentlemen of *England* wou'd be as free, and Communicative to part with theirs, we might show as great a Number, and as good a Choice as they have done. It has been used as an Objection against publishing things of this Nature, that if they are written as they ought to be, they shou'd never be made publick. But I hope this Collection will disarm that Objection ; for tho' the Reader may not understand every particular Passage, yet there are other things in them that will make him sufficient Amends.

I have only a word more to add : Upon the Noise of this Collection, several Gen-

The Bookseller's Preface.

Gentlemen have been so kind, as to send me in Materials to compose a Second. Besides a pretty good number of my Lord *Rochester's*, I have some of the late Duke of *Buckingham*, some of Sir *George Etherege*, not to mention what I am promis'd from several Eminent Modern Hands. I am in so good a Forwardness already, that I don't question to have it soon compleated; and therefore those Gentlemen that have any Curious Letters by them, and are willing to oblige the Publick, by letting them come abroad, are desired to send them to me, who will take care to have them faithfully Transcrib'd for the Press.

Sam. Briscoe.

A Table of all the Letters in this Volume.

Several Letters by the late Earl of Rochester
to the Honourable Henry Savil, Esq; from
p. 1. to p. 52.

The Earl of L——'s Letter to the Honourable
Algernoon Sidney, p. 53.

Algernoon Sidney's Letter against Arbitrary
Government, p. 62.

Two Letters by another Hand to Madam——
from p. 69. to p. 74.

Love Letters by Mr. Otway, from p. 77. to p. 92.

A Letter from —— to Mr. G—— p. 93

A Letter to the Duke of Vivone, by the Fam'd
Monsieur Boileau. Translated by Thomas
Cheek, Esq; p. 99.

A Letter by Mr. Dennis, sent with Monsieur
Boileau's Speech to the Accademy of Paris,
upon his Admission. p. 110.

Monsieur Boileau's Speech to the Accademy.
Translated by Mr. Dennis. p. 114.

Three Love-Letters, by an unknown Hand, from
p. 126. to p. 129.

A

The Table of Contents.

<i>A Letter of Reproach to a Woman of Quality,</i>	p. 130
<i>A Letter of Business to a Merchant's Wife in the City.</i>	p. 132.
<i>A Letter to Madam Fr—— at L—— in Norfolk.</i>	p. 134.
<i>Letters by the late Celebrated Mrs. Katherine Phillips, from</i>	p. 138. to p. 155.
<i>A Letter to Mr. Herbert.</i>	p. 156.
<i>A Letter to C. G. Esq; in Covent-garden.</i>	p. 160.
<i>To the Perjur'd Mrs. ——</i>	p. 167.
<i>To the Honourable —— in the Pall-Mall.</i>	p. 172.
<i>Letters of Courtship to a Woman of Quality, from</i>	p. 177. to p. 192.
<i>A Letter to my Lady ——</i>	p. 193.
<i>A Consolatory Letter to an Essex Divine, upon the Death of his Wife.</i>	p. 199.
<i>A Letter to the Fair Lucinda at Epsom.</i>	p. 203.
<i>To the same at London.</i>	p. 205.
<i>To W. Knight, Esq; at Ruscomb, in Berkshire.</i>	p. 209.
<i>To a Gentleman that fell desperately in Love, and set up for a Beau in the 45th Year of his Age.</i>	p. 217.
<i>The Answer.</i>	p. 220.
<i>A Letter to his honoured Friend, Dr. Baynard, at the Bath.</i>	p. 222.
<i>A Letter to Mr. Raphson, Fellow of the Royal Society, upon occasion of Dr. Connor's Book, entitled, Physica Arcana, seu Tractatus de Mystico corporum Statu; to be Printed by Mr. Briscoe.</i>	p. 233.

ERRATA.

PAge 49. instead of Mr. T. B. read Mrs. B. p. 94. instead of *Mark*, read *Mask*. p. 176. instead of *Don Quixot of Memory*, read *Don Quixot of Melodious Memory*. p. 176. after to depose him, read Mr. Durfey.

THE LATE
Earl of Rochester's
LETTERS.

To the Honourable
Mr. Henry Savile.

Mr. SAVILE;

DO a Charity becoming one of your
pious Principles, in preserving
your humble Servant *Rochester*,
from the imminent Peril of Sobriety;
which, for want of good Wine more
B than

The late Earl of

than Company, (for I can drink like a Hermit betwixt God and my own Conscience) is very like to befall me: Remember what Pains I have formerly taken *to wean you from your pernicious Resolutions of Discretion and Wisdom!* And, if you have a grateful Heart, (which is a Miracle amongst you Statesmen) shew it, by directing the Bearer to the best Wine in Town; and pray let not this highest Point of *sacred Friendship* be perform'd *slightly*, but go about it *with all due deliberation and care, as holy Priests to Sacrifice, or as discreet Thieves to the wary performance of Burglary and Shop-lifting.* Let your well-discerning Pallat (the best Judge about you) travel from Cellar to Cellar, and then from Piece to Piece, till it has lighted on Wine *fit for its noble Choice and my Approbation.* To engage you the more in this matter, know, I have laid a Plot may very probably betray you to the Drinking of it. My Lord — will inform you at large.

Dear *Savile!* as ever thou dost hope to *out-do MACHIAVEL, or equal ME,* send some good Wine! So may thy wearied Soul at
last

last find Rest, no longer hov'ring 'twixt
th' unequal Choice of *Politicks* and *Lewd-
ness*! Maist thou be admir'd and lov'd for
thy *domestick Wit*; *belov'd* and *che-
rish'd* for thy *foreign Interest* and *Intelli-
gence*.

ROCHESTER.

B 2

To

To the Honourable

Mr. Henry Savile.

YOU cannot shake off the Statesman intirely, for I perceive you have no Opinion of a Letter, that is not almost a Gazette: Now, to me, who think the World as giddy as my self, I care not which way it turns, and am fond of no News, but the Prosperity of my Friends, and the continuance of their Kindness to me, which is the only Error I wish to continue in 'em: For my own part, I am not at all stung with my Lord M——'s mean Ambition, but I aspire to my Lord L——'s generous Philosophy: They who would be great in our little Government, seem as ridiculous to me as School-boys, who with much endeavour, and some danger,
climb

climb a Crab-tree, venturing their Necks for Fruit which solid Piggs would disdain if they were not starving. These Reflections, how idle soever they seem to the Busy, if taken into consideration, would save you many a weary step in the day, and help G—y to many an hours sleep, which he wants in the night; but G—y would be rich, and, by my troth, there is some sence in that: Pray remember me to him, and tell him, I wish him many Millions, that his Soul may find rest, You write me word, That I'm out of favour with a certain Poet, whom I have ever admir'd, for the disproportion of him and his Attributes: He is a Rarity which I cannot but be fond of, as one would be of a Hog that could fiddle, or a singing Owl. If he falls upon me at the Blunt, which is his very good Weapon in Wit, I will forgive him, if you please, and leave the Repartee to *Black Will*, with a Cudgel. And now, Dear *Harry*, if it may agree with your Affairs, to shew yourself in the Country this Summer, contrive such a Crew together, as may not be asham'd of passing by *Woodstock*; and if you can debauch Alderman

6

The late Earl of

G — y, we will make a shift to delight his Gravity. I am sorry for the declining D. and would have you generous to her at this time, for that is true Pride, and I delight in it.

Rochester.

To

To the Honourable
Mr. Henry Savile.

THIS day I receiv'd the *unhappy*
News of my own Death and Burial.
 But hearing what *Heirs and Successors*
 were decreed me in *my Place*, and chiefly
 in *my Lodgings*, it was no small Joy to me
 that *those Tidings* prove *untrue*; my Pas-
 sion for *living* is so encreas'd, that I omit
no Care of myself, which before I never
 thought *Life worth the trouble of taking.*
 The King, who knows me to be a *very ill-*
natur'd Man, will not think it an *easy mat-*
ter for me to *dye*, now I live chiefly out of
spight. Dear Mr. Savile, afford me some
 News from your *Land of the Living*; and
 tho' I have little Curiosity to hear who's
well, yet I would be glad my few *Friends*
 are so, of whom you are no more the least
 than the leanest. I have better Compli-
 B 4 *ments*

The late Earl of

ments for you, but that may not look so sincere as I would have you believe I *am*, when I profess myself,

Your faithful, affectionate,

humble Servant,

Adderbury, *near*
Banbury, Feb. ult.

Rochester.

My Service to my Lord Middlesex.

To

To the Honourable
Mr. *Henry Savile.*

I Am in a great straight what to write to you; the stile of *Business* I am not vers'd in, and you may have forgot *the familiar one* we us'd heretofore. What Alterations *Ministry* makes in Men, is not to be *imagined*; though I can trust with confidence all those *You* are liable to, *so well* I know you, and *so perfectly* I love you. We are in such a *settled Happiness*, and such *merry Security* in this place, that if it were not for *Sickness*, I could pass my time very well, between *my own ill-nature*, which inclines me very little to pity the Misfortunes of *malicious mistaken Fools*, and the *Policies of the Times*, which expose *new Rarities* of that kind every day. The News I have to send, and the sort alone which could be so to you, are things *Gyare & carcere digna*, which I dare not trust to
this

this pretty Fool the Bearer, whom I heartily recommend to your *Favour* and *Protection*, and *whose Qualities* will recommend him more; and truly if it might suit with your *Character*, at your times of leisure, to Mr. *Baptist's* Acquaintance, the happy Consequence would be *singing*, and in which your *Excellence* might have a share not unworthy *the greatest Ambassadors*, nor to be despis'd even by a *Cardinal-Legate*; the *greatest and gravest* of *this Court* of both *Sexes* have tasted his *Beauties*; and, I'll assure you, *Rome* gains upon us *here*, in *this Point* mainly; and there is no part of the *Plot* carried with so much *Secresie* and *Vigour* as *this*. Profelytes, of consequence, are daily made, and my Lord S——'s *Imprisonment* is no *Check* to any. An account of Mr. *George Porter's Retirement*, upon News that Mr. *Grimes*, with *one Gentleman* more, had invaded *England*, Mr. S——'s *Apology*, for making Songs on the Duke of M. with his *Oration-Consolatory* on my Lady D——'s Death, and a *Politick Dissertation* between my Lady P——s and Capt. *Dangerfield*, with many other *worthy Treatises* of the *like nature*, are things worthy your perusal; but I durst not send 'em to you *without leave*, not knowing what Con-

sequence

sequence it might draw upon your Circumstances and Character; but if they will admit a Correspondence of that kind, in which alone I dare presume to think myself capable, I shall be very industrious in that way, or any other, to keep you from forgetting,

Your most affectionate,

obliged, humble Servant,

*White-hall,
Nov. 1.
---79.*

Rochester.

To

To the Honourable

Mr. *Henry Savile.*

WERE I as *Idle* as ever, which I shou'd not fail of being, if Health permitted ; I wou'd write a small *Romance*, and make *the Sun* with his *disbiewel'd Rays* guild the *Tops of the Palaces in Leather-Lane* : Then shou'd *those vile Enchanters Barten and Ginman*, lead forth their *Illustrious Captives in Chains of Quicksilver*, and confining 'em by *Charms to the loathsome Banks of a dead Lake of Dyet-drink* ; you, as my Friend, shou'd break the *horrid Silence*, and speak *the most passionate fine things* that ever *Heroick Lover* utter'd ; which being *softly and sweetly* reply'd to by *Mrs. Roberts*, shou'd rudely be interrupted by the *envious F——*. Thus wou'd I lead the *mournful Tale* along, 'till the *gentle Reader* bath'd with the *Tribute* of his Eyes, the *Names* of such *unfortunate*

Lo-

Lovers — And this (I take it) wou'd be a most excellent way of *celebrating the Memories* of my most *Pockey Friends, Companions and Mistresses*. But it is a *miraculous thing* (as the *Wise* have it) when a Man, *half in the Grave*, cannot leave off *playing the Fool, and the Bassoon*; but so it falls out to my Comfort: For at this Moment I am in a *damn'd Retapse*, brought by a *Feavour*, the *Stone*, and some *ten Diseases more*, which have depriv'd me of the Power of *crawling*, which I happily enjoy'd some Days ago; and now I fear, I must *fall*, that it may be *fulfilled* which was long since *written for Instruction* in a good old *Ballad*,

*But he who lives not Wise and Sober,
Falls with the Leaf still in October.*

About which time, in all probability, there may be a period added to the *ridiculous being of*

Your humble Servant,

Rochester.

To

To the Honourable
Mr. Henry Savile.

IN my return from *New-market*, I met your *Packquet*, and truly was not more surprised at the *Indirectness* of Mr. P.'s Proceeding, than overjoy'd at the *Kindness* and Care of Yours. *Misery* makes all Men less or more dishonest; and I am not astonish'd to see *Villany* industrious for Bread; especially, living in a place where it is often so *de gayete de Cœur*. I believe, the Fellow thought of this Device to get some Money, or else he is put upon it by some body, who has given it him already; but I give him leave to prove what he can against me: However, I will search into the Matter, and give you a further account within a Post or two. In the mean time you have made my Heart glad in giving me such a Proof of your
Friend-

Rochester's Letters. 15

Friendship, and I am now sensible, that it is *natural* for you to be *kind* to me, and can *never more* despair of it.

I am your faithful, oblig'd,

Bishopstaford,
Apr. 5. 80.

humble Servant,

Rochester.

To

To the Honourable
Mr. Henry Savile,
 AMBASSADOUR
 I N
 FRANCE.

Begun, *Whitehall, May 30th, 79.*

TIS neither *Pride* or *Neglect* (for I am not of *the new Council*, and I love you *sincerely*) but *Idleness* on one side, and not knowing what to say on the *other*, has hindred me from Writing to you, after so kind a Letter, and the *Present* you sent me, for which I return you at last my humble Thanks. *Changes in this place* are so frequent, that F — himself can
 now

now no longer give an account, why this was done *to Day*, or what will ensue *to Morrow*; and *Accidents* are so *extravagant*, that my Lord *W* ——— intending to *Lye*, has with a *Prophetick Spirit*, once *told truth*. Every Man in this Court thinks he stands fair for *Minister*; some give it to *Shaftsbury*, others to *Hallifax*; but Mr. *Waller* says *S* ——— does all; I am sure my Lord *A* ——— does little, which your Excellence will easily believe. And now the War in *Scotland* takes up all the Discourse of *Politick Persons*. His Grace of *Lauderdale* values himself upon the *Rebellion*, and tells the King, It is very *Auspicious*, and *advantageous* to the drift of the present *Councils*: The rest of the *Scots*, and especially *D. H* ——— are very inquisitive after *News* from *Scotland*, and really make a *handsome Figure* in this *Conjuncture* at *London*. What the *D. of Monmouth* will effect, is now the *general expectation*, who took *Post unexpectedly*, left all that had offer'd their Service in this *Expedition*, in the lurch; and being attended only by *Sir Thomas Armstrong*, and Mr. *C* ——— will, without question, have the full *Glory* as well of the *Prudential*, as the *Military* part of this *Action* entire to himself. The

most profound Politicians have weighty Brows, and careful Aspects at present, upon a Report crept abroad, That Mr. Langhorn to save his Life, offers a Discovery of Priests and Jesuits Lands, to the value of fourscore and ten thousand Pounds a Year, which being accepted, it is fear'd, Partisans and Undertakers will be found out to advance a considerable Sum of Money upon this Fund, to the utter interruption of Parliaments, and the Destruction of many hopeful Designs. This, I must call God to witness, was never hinted to me in the least by Mr. P—— to whom I beg you will give me your hearty Recommendations. Thus much to afford you a taste of my serious Abilities, and to let you know I have a great Goggle-Eye to Business: And now I cannot deny you a share in the high satisfaction I have receiv'd at the account which flourishes here of your high Protestantcy at Paris: Charenton was never so Honour'd, as since your Residence and Ministry in France, to that degree, that it is not doubted if the Parliament be sitting at your return, or otherwise the Mayor and Common-Council, will Petition the King you may be dignified with the Title of that place, by way of Earldom or Dukedom,

as his Majesty shall think most proper to give, or you accept.

Mr. S—— is a Man of that tenderness of heart, and approv'd humanity, that he will doubtless be highly afflicted when he hears of the unfortunate Pilgrims, tho' he appears very obdurate to the Complaints of his own best Concubine, and your fair Kinswoman M—— who now starves. The Packet inclos'd in your last, I read with all the sence of Compassion it merits, and if I can prove so unexpectedly happy to succeed in my Endeavours for that Fair Unfortunate, she shall have a speedy account. I thank God, there is yet a Harry Savile in England, with whom I drank your Health last Week at Sir William Coventryes; and who in Features, Proportion and Pledging, gives me so lively an Idea of your self, that I am resolv'd to retire into Oxfordshire, and enjoy him till Shiloe come, or you from France.

Rochester.

Ended the 25th of June, 1679.

To the HonourableMr. *Henry Savile.*

ANY kind of Correspondence with such a Friend as you, is very agreeable; and therefore you will easily believe, I am very ill when I lose the opportunity of Writing to you: But Mr. *Povy* comes into my Mind, and hinders farther Complement: In a plainer way I must tell you, I pray for *your happy Restoration*; but was not at all sorry for your *Glorious Disgrace*, which is an Honour, considering the *Cause*. I wou'd say something to the *serious* part (as you were pleas'd to call it) of your *former* Letter; but it will disgrace my Politicks to differ from yours, who have wrought now sometime under the best and kneenest *Statesmen* our Cabinet boasts of: But, to confess the Truth, my Advice to the Lady you wot of, has ever been this, Take
your

your measures just contrary to your Rivals, live in Peace with all the World, and easily with the King: Never be so Ill-natur'd to stir up his Anger against others, but let him forget the use of a Passion, which is never to do you good: Cherish his Love where-ever it inclines, and be assur'd you can't commit greater Folly than pretending to be jealous; but, on the contrary, with Hand, Body, Head, Heart and all the Faculties you have, contribute to his Pleasure all you can, and comply with his Desires throughout: And, for new Intrigues, so you be at one end 'tis no matter which: Make Sport when you can, at other times help it. — Thus, I have giv'n you an account how unfit I am to give the Advice you propos'd: Besides this, you may judge, whether I was a good Pimp, or no. But some thought otherwise; and so truly I have renounc'd Business; let abler Men try it. More a great deal I would say, but upon this Subject, and for this time, I beg, this may suffice, from

*Your humble, and most affectionate
faithful Servant,*

Rochester.

To the Honourable

Mr. Henry Savile.

TIS not that I am the idlest Creature living, and only chuse to imploy my Thoughts rather upon my Friends, than to Languish all the Day in the tediousness of doing nothing, that I write to you; but owning, that (tho' you excel most Men in Friendship and good Nature, you are not quite exempt from all humane Frailty, I send this to hinder you from forgetting a Man who loves you very heartily. The World, ever since I can remember, has been still so insupportably the same, that 'twere vain to hope there were any alterations; and therefore I can have no curiosity for News; only I wou'd be glad to know if the Parliament be like to sit any time; for the Peers of *England* being grown of late Years very
confi-

conſiderable in the Government, I wou'd make me at the Seſſion. *Livy* and Sickneſs has a little inclin'd me to Policy; when I come to Town I make no queſtion but to change that Folly for ſome leſs; whether Wine or Women I know not; according as my Conſtitution ſerves me: Till when (Dear *Harry*) Farewel! When you Dine at my Lord *Liſle's* let me be remembered.

Kings and Princes are only as Incomprehenſible as what they *pretend* to repreſent; but apparently as Frail as Thoſe they Govern. — This is a ſeaſon of Tribulation; and I piously beg of Almighty God, that the ſtrict Severity ſhewn to one ſcandalous Sin amongſt us, may Expiate for all grievous Calamities. — So help them God whom it concerns!

To the Honourable

Mr. Henry Savile.

*If Sack and Sugar be a Sin, God
help the Wicked ;*

WAs the Saying of a merry fat Gentleman, who liv'd in Days of *Tore*, lov'd a Glas of Wine, wou'd be merry with a Friend, and sometimes had an unlucky Fancy for a Wench. Now (dear *Mr. Savile*) forgive me, if I confess that upon several occasions you have put me in mind of this fat Person, and now more particularly for thinking upon your present Circumstances, I cannot but say with my self, If loving a pretty Woman, and hating *Lautherdale*, bring Banishments and Pox, the Lord have mercy upon poor Thieves and S — s ! But by this time all your Inconveniencies (for, to a Man of
your

your very good sence, no outward Accidents are more) draw very near their end: For my own part I'm taking pains not to die, without knowing how to live on, when I have brought it about: But most human Affairs carried on at the same nonsensical rate, which makes me, (who am now grown Superstitious) think it a Fault to laugh at the Monkey we have here, when I compare his Condition with Mankind. You will be very good-natur'd if you keep your Word, and write to me sometimes; and so, good Night, dear Mr. Savile.

To

To the Honourable

Mr. Henry Savile.

WHETHER *Love, Wine or Wisdom,* (which rule you by turns) have the present ascendant I cannot pretend to determine at this distance; but *good Nature*, which waits about you with more diligence than *Godfrey himself*, is my security that you are unmindful of your absent Friends: *To be from you, and forgotten by you at once*, is a Misfortune I never was criminal enough to merit, since to the *Black and Fair Countess*, I villanously betray'd the daily Addresses of your divided Heart: You forgave that upon the first Bottle, and upon the second, on my Conscience, wou'd have renounc'd them and the whole Sex; Oh! That second Bottle (*Harry! is the Sincerest, Wiseſt, and moſt Impartial Downright Friend* we have; tells us truth of our selves, and forces us to speak

speak Truths of *others*; banishes *Flattery*
 from our *Tongues*, and *distrust* from our
Hearts, sets us above the *mean Policy* of
Court-Prudence; which makes us *lie* to one
 another *all Day*, for fear of being *betray'd*
 by each other *at Night*. And (before
 God) I believe, the *errantest Villain*
breathing, is *honest as long as that Bottle*
lives, and few of *that Tribe* dare venture
 upon him, at least, among the *Courtiers*
 and *Statesmen*. I have seriously consi-
 der'd one thing, That the three *Businesses*
 of this Age, *Women, Politicks and Drink-*
ing, the *last* is the only Exercise at which
 you and I have not prov'd our selves *errant*
Fumblers: If you have the *Vanity* to think
otherwise; when we meet, let us appeal
 to Friends of *both Sexes*, and as they shall
 determine, live and die *their Drunkards,*
or entire Lovers. For, as we mince the
 Matter, it is hard to say which is the most
tiresome Creature, loving Drunkard, or the
drunken Lover.

If you ventur'd *your fat Buttock* a *Gal-*
lop to *Portsmouth*, I doubt not but thro'
extream Gallig, you now lie *Bedrid* of the
Piles, or Fistula in Ano, and have the lei-
 sure to write to your *Country-Acquain-*
tance, which if you omit I shall take the

Liberty to conclude you very Proud. Such a Letter shou'd be directed to me at Adderbury, near Banbury, where I intend to be within these three Days.

Bath, the 22d of June, from

Your obedient humble Servant,

Rocheſter.

To

To the Honourable
 Mr. Henry Savile.

WHETHER Love, or the Politicks
 have the greater Interest in your
 Journey to *France*, because it is ar-
 gu'd among *wiser Men*, I will not con-
 clude upon; but hoping so much from
 your Friendship; that without Reserve,
 you will trust me with the time of
 your stay in *Paris*, I have writ this to
 assure you, if it can continue a Month,
 I will not fail to wait on you *there*.
 My Resolutions are to employ this
 Winter for the Improvement of my
 Parts in *Forreign Countries*, and if the
 Temptation of seeing you, be added to
 the *Desires* I have already, the Sin is so
 sweet, that I am resolv'd to embrace it,
 and leave out of my Prayers, *Libera*
 nos

nos a Malo — For Thine is My King-
dom, Power and Glory, for ever and
ever.

Oxford,
Septemb. 5.

Rochester.

To the Honourable

Mr. Henry Savile.

TIS not the *least* of my Happiness, that I think *you love me*, but *the first* of all my Pretensions is to make it appear, that I faithfully endeavour to *deserve it*. If there be a *real good* upon Earth, 'tis in the Name of *Friend*, without which all others are meerly *fantastical*. How few of us are *fit stuff* to make *that thing*, we have daily the melancholly experience. However, *Dear Harry!* Let us not *give out*, nor *despair* of bringing that about, which as it is the most *difficult*, and *rare Accident of Life*, is also *the best*; nay, (perhaps) *the only good one*. This Thought has so entirely possessed

fest me since I came into the Country, (*where, only, one can think; for, you at Court think not at all; or, at least, as if you were shut up in a Drum; you can think of nothing, but the noise that is made about you*) that I have made many serious Reflections upon it, and amongst others, gather'd one Maxime, which, I desire, shou'd be communicated to our Friend Mr. G —; That, we are bound in Morality and common Honesty, to endeavour after competent Riches; since, it is certain, that few Men, if any, uneasy in their Fortunes, have prov'd firm, and clear in their Friendships. A very poor Fellow, is a very poor Friend; and not one of a thousand can be good natur'd to another, who is not pleas'd within himself. But while I grow into Proverbs, I forget that you may impute my Philosophy to the Dog-days, and living alone. To prevent the Inconveniencies of Solitude, and many others; I intend to go to the Bath on Sunday next, in Visitation to my Lord Treasurer: Be so Politick, or be so kind, (or a little of both, which is better)

better) as to step down *thither*, if famous Affairs at Windsor, do not detain you. Dear Harry! I am

Your Hearty, Faithful, Affectionate,

Humble Servant,

Rochester.

If you see *the Dutchess of P* — very often, take some opportunity to talk to her about what I spoke to you at *London*:

D

To

To the Honourable
Mr. Henry Savile.

IF it were *the Sign of an honest Man, to be happy in his Friends*, sure I were mark'd out for *the worst of Men*; since no one e'er lost so many as I have done, or knew to make so few. *The Severity*, you say the D. of P — shews to me, is a proof that 'tis not in my power to *deserve well of any Body*; since (I call *Truth to Witness*) I have never been guilty of an *Error*, that I know, to her: And this may be a *warning* to you, that remain in *the Mistake* of being kind to me, never to expect a *grateful Return*; since I am so utterly ignorant how to make it: To value you in my *Thoughts*, to prefer you in my *Wishes*, to serve you in my *Words*; to observe, study, and obey you in all my *Actions*, is too little; since I have performed all
this

this to her, without so much as an *offensive Accident*. And yet she thinkt it just, to use me ill. If I were not malicious enough to hope she were in the wrong; I must have a very melancholly Opinion of myself. I wish your Interest might prevail with her, as a Friend of *her's*, not *mine*, to tell how I have deserv'd it of her, since she has ne'r accus'd me of any *Crime*, but of being *Cunning*; and I told her, Somebody had been *Cunninger* than I, to persuade her so. I can as well support the Hatred of the whole World, as any Body, not being generally fond of it. Those whom I have oblig'd, may use me with *Ingratitude*, and not afflict me much: But to be injur'd by those who have oblig'd me, and to whose Service I am ever bound; is such a *Curse*, as I can only wish on *them* who wrong me to the Dutchess.

I hope you have not forgot what G—y and you have promis'd me; but within some time you will come and fetch me to London: I shall scarce think of coming, till you call me, as not having many prevalent Motives to draw me to the Court, if it be so that my Master has no need of my Service, nor my Friends of my Company.

Mr. *Shepherd* is a Man of a fluent Stile and coherent Thought ; if, as I suspect, he writ your Postscript.

I wish my Lord *Hallifax* Joy of every Thing, and of his *Daughter* to boot.

Rochester.

To

To the Honourable
Mr. Henry Savile.

YOU, who have known me *these Ten Years* the Grievance of all prudent Persons, the By-word of Statesmen, the Scorn of ugly Ladies, which are very near All, and the Irreconcilable Aversion of fine Gentlemen, who are the Ornamental Part of a Nation, and yet found me seldom *sad*, even under *these weighty Oppressions*; can you think that the loving of *lean Arms, small Legs, red Eyes and Nose*, (if you will consider that Trifle too) can have the Power to depress the natural Alacrity of my careless Soul? especially upon receiving a fine Letter from *Mr. Savile*, which never wants Wit and Good Nature, two Qualities able to transport my Heart with Joy, tho' it were breaking! I wonder at M——r's

flaunting it in Court with such fine Clothes; sure he is an *alter'd Person* since I saw him; for, since I can remember, neither his *ownself*, nor any *belonging to him*, were ever out of Rags. His Page alone was well cloath'd of *all his Family*, and that but in appearance; for, of late he has made no more of wearing second-hand C — *nts*, than second-hand Shoes; tho' I must confess, to his Honour, he chang'd 'em oftener. I wish the King were soberly advis'd about a main Advantage in *this Marriage*, which may possibly be omitted; I mean, the ridding his Kingdom of some *old Beauties* and *young Deformities*, who swarm, and are a Grievance to his *Liege-people*. A *Foreign Prince* ought to behave himself like a *Kite*, who is allow'd to take *one Royal Chick* for his Reward; but then 'tis expected, before he leaves the Country, his Flock shall clear *the whole Parish* of all the Garbage and Carrion many Miles about. The King had never such an opportunity; for *the Dutch* are very foul Feeders, and what they leave he must never hope to be rid of, unless he set up an Intrigue with the Tartars or Cossacks. For the Libel you speak of, upon that most

unwitty Generation the present Poets, I rejoice in it with all my Heart, and shall take it for a Favour, if you will send me a Copy. He cannot want Wit utterly, that has a Spleen to those Rogues, tho' never so dully express'd. And now, dear Mr. Savile, forgive me, if I do not wind up myself with an handsom Period.

ROCHESTER.

To the Honourable
Mr. Henry Savile.

THOU' I am *almost* BLIND, utterly LAME, and scarce within the reasonable hopes of ever seeing LONDON again, I am not yet so wholly mortified and dead to the taste of all Happiness, not to be extreamly reviv'd at the receipt of a kind Letter from an old Friend, who in all probability might have laid me aside in his Thoughts, if not quite forgot me by this time. I ever thought you an extraordinary Man, and must now think you such a Friend, who, being a Courtier, as you are, can love a Man whom it is the great Mode to hate. Catch Sir
G. H.

G. H. or Sir Carr, at such an *ill-bred Proceeding*, and I am mistaken: For the *hideous Deportment*, which you have heard of, concerning *running naked*, so much is true, that we went into the River *somewhat late in the Year*, and had a *frisk* for forty yards in the Meadow, to *dry ourselves*. I will appeal to the King and the D, if *they* had not done *as much*; nay, my Lord-Chancellor, and the *Archbishops both*, when they were *School-boys*; and, at *these Years*, I have heard the one *declaim'd like Cicero*, the others *preach'd like St. Austin*: *Prudenter Persons*, I conclude, *they* were, *ev'n in hanging-sleeves*, than any of the *flashy Fry* (of which I must own *myself the most unsolid*) can hope to appear, *ev'n in their ripest Manhood*. And now, (Mr. Savile) since you are pleas'd to quote *yourself for a grave Man of the number of the Scandaliz'd*, be pleas'd to call to mind the Year 1676, when *two large fat Nuditie*s led the *Coranto* round *Rosamond's fair Fountain*, while the poor *violated Nymph* wept to behold the strange decay of *Manly Parts*, since the Days of her dear *Harry the Second*: *Pr—ck* ('tis confess'd) you shew'd

shew'd but little of, but for *A*— and *B*—*ks*, (*a filthier Ostentation! God wot*) you expos'd more of *that nastiness* in your *two Folio Volumes*, than we all together in our *six Quarto's*. Pluck therefore the Beam out of thine own Eye, &c. And now 'tis time to thank you for your kind inviting me to *London*, to make Dutchmen merry; a thing I would avoid like killing *Punaises*, the filthy flavour of *Dutch-Mirth* being more terrible. If God in Mercy has made 'em *hush* and *melancholly*, do not you rouse their sleeping *Mirth*, to make the Town mourn; the Prince of *Orange* is exalted above 'em, and I cou'd wish myself in Town to serve him in some *refin'd Pleasures*; which, I fear, you are too much a *Dutchman* to think of.

The best Present I can make at this time is the *Bearer*, whom I beg you to take care of, that the King may hear his Tunes, when he is easie and private, because I am sure they will divert him extreamly: And may he ever have *Harmony* in his *Mind*, as this Fellow will pour it into his *Ears*: May he

he dream pleasantly, wake joyfully, love safely and tenderly, live long and happily; ever prays (Dear Savile) un Bougre lasse qui erg toute sa foutue reste de Vie,

Vostre fidelle, amy &

tres humble Serviteur,

Rochester.

To

To the Honourable
Mr. *Henry Savile.*

THAT Night I receiv'd by *Tours* the surprizing Account of my Lady Dutcheſs's *more than ordinary Indignation* againſt me, I was newly brought in *dead of a Fall* from my Horſe, of which I ſtill remain Bruis'd and Bedrid, and can now ſcarce think it a *Happineſſ* that I ſav'd my Neck. What ill Star reigns over me, that I'm ſtill mark'd out for *Ingratitude*, and only us'd *barbarouſly* to thoſe I am oblig'd to! Had I been troubleſome to her in pinning the *Dependance* of my Fortune upon her *Solicitations* to the King, or her *Unmerited Recommendations* of me to ſome Great Man; it would not have mov'd my Wonder much, if ſhe had ſought any Occaſion to be rid of a *uſeleſſ* Trouble: But, a Creature who had alrea-

already receiv'd of her *all the Obligations* he ever could pretend to, except the *continuance of her good Opinion*, for the which he *resolv'd*, and did *direct every step* of his *Life in Duty and Service* to her, and all who were *concern'd in her*; why should she take the Advantage of a *false idle Story*, to hate such a Man; as if it were an Inconvenience to her to be *harmless*, or a Pain to continue just? By that God that made me, I have no more offended her in *Thought, Word, or Deed*, no more *imagin'd or utter'd the least Thought* to her *Contempt or Prejudice*, than I have *plotted Treason, conceal'd Arms, Train'd Regiments for a Rebellion*. If there be upon *Earth* a Man of *Common Honesty*, who will *justifie a Tittle* of her *Accusation*, I am contented never to see her. After *this*, she need not forbid me to come to her, I have little *Pride or Pleasure* in *shewing myself* where I am accus'd of a *Meanness* I were not *capable of*, even for her *Service*, which would prove a shrewder Tryal of my *Honesty* than any *Ambition* I ever had to make my *Court* to. I thought the D. of P. more an *Angel* than I find her a *Woman*; and as this is *the first*, it shall be the *most*

malicious thing I will ever say of her. For her *generous Resolution* of not hurting me to the King, I *thank her*; but she must think a Man much oblig'd, after the calling of him *Knave*, to say she will do him *no farther Prejudice*. For the Countess of P—, whatever she has heard me say, or *any body else*, of her, I'll stand the Test of any impartial Judge, 'twas neither *injurious* nor *unmannerly*; and how severe soever she pleases to be, I have always been her humble Servant, and *will continue so*. I do not know how to assure myself the D. will spare me to the *King* who would not to *you*; I'm sure she can't say I ever injur'd *you* to *her*; nor am I at all afraid she can hurt me with *you*; I dare swear you don't think I have dealt *so indiscreetly* in my Service to her, as to doubt me in the *Friendship* I profess to *you*. And to shew you I *relye* upon *yours*, let me *beg* of you to talk once more with her, and desire her to give me *the fair hearing* she would afford any *Footman* of hers, who had been complain'd of to her by a *less-worthy Creature*, (for such a one, I assure myself, my *Accuser* is) unless it be for her Service, to wrong the most
faith•

faithful of her Servants; and then I shall be *proud of mine*. I would not be run down by a Company of *Rogues*, and this looks like an Endeavour towards it: Therefore (Dear *Harry*) send me word how I am with *other Folks*; if you visit my Lord Treasurer, name the Calamity of this matter to him, and tell me sincerely how he takes it: And if you hear the King mention me, do the Office of a *Friend* to

Your humble Servant,

Rochester.

To

To the Honourable

Mr. *Henry Savile.*

THE *Lowfiness* of Affairs in this place, is such (forgive the *unmannerly* Phrase! *Expressions* must descend to the Nature of Things express'd) 'tis not fit to entertain a *private* Gentleman, much less one of a *publick* Character, with the *Retaile* of them, the *general Heads*, under which *this whole Island* may be consider'd, are *Spies*, *Beggars* and *Rebels*, the *Transpositions* and *Mixtures* of these, make an agreeable *Variety*; *Basie Fools*, and *Cautious Knaves* are bred out of 'em, and set off wonderfully; tho' of this latter sort, we have *fewer now* than *ever*, *Hypocrisie* being the only Vice in decay amongst

mongst us, few Men here dissemble
 their being *Rascals*; and no Woman
 disowns being a *Whore*: Mr. O——
 was Try'd two Days ago for *Bug-*
gery, and Clear'd: The next Day he
 brought his Action to the *King's*
Bench, against his Accuser, being at-
 tended by the Earl of *Shaftsbury*, and
 other Peers, to the number of seven,
 for the Honour of the PROTESTANT
 CAUSE. I have sent you herewith
 a Libel, in which my own share is
 not the least; the King having perus'd
 it, is no ways disatisfy'd with his: the
 Author is apparently Mr. ——; his
 Patron my —— having a Pane-
 gerick in the midst, upon which hap-
 pen'd a handsome Quarrel between his
 L——, and Mr. T. B—— at the
 Dutcheſs of P——; ſhe call'd him,
 The Heroe of the Libel, and Compli-
 mented him upon having made more
 Cuckolds, than any Man alive; to which
 he answer'd, She very well knew one
 he never made, nor never car'd to be
 imploy'd in making. —— Rogue and
 Bitch ensued, till the King, taking his
 Grand-father's Character upon him, be-
 E came

The late Earl of
came the Peace-maker. I will not trouble you any longer, but beg you still to Love

Your Faithful,

Humble Servant,

Rochester.

To

To the Honourable
 Mr. *Henry Savile.*

YOU are the *only* Man of *England*,
 that keep *Wit* with your *Wisdom*;
 and I am happy in a *Friend* that *excels*
 in *both*, were your *Good Nature* the *least*
 of your *Good Qualities*, I durst not pre-
 sume upon it, as I have done; but I
 know you are so *sincerely* concern'd in
serving your Friends truly, that I need
 not make an Apology for the Trou-
 ble I have given you in this Affair.
 I daily expect more considerable effects
 of your *Friendship*, and have the *Vani-*
ty to think, I shall be *the better* for
 your growing *poorer*. In the mean time,
 when you please to distinguish from

52 *The late Earl of, &c.*

*Profers and Windham, and comply with
Rosers and Bull, not forgetting John
Stevens, you shall find me*

Your most Ready,

and most Obedient Servant,

Rochester.

*The End of the late Earl of
Rochester's Letters.*

T H E
E. of L---'s LETTER

To the Honourable

Algernoon Sidney.

DISUSE of writing hath made it *uneasie* to me, *Age* makes it *hard*; and *the weakness of Sight and Hand*, makes it *almost impossible*. This may excuse me to every Body, and particularly to you, who have not invited me much unto it, but rather have given me cause to think, that you were willing to save me the labour of Writing, and your self the trouble of Reading my Letters; for after you had left me sick, solitary and sad at Penshurst, and that you had resolved to undertake the Employment wherein you have lately been, you neither came to give me a Farewel, nor did so much as send one to me, but only writ a *wrangling* Letter or two,

54 *The E. of L----'s Letter.*

concerning Money, and *Hoskins*, and Sir *Robert Honiwood's* Horse; and though both *before* and *after* your going out of *England*, you writ to *divers other Persons*, the *first* Letter that I received from you, was dated, as I remember, the 13th of *September*; the *second* in *November*, wherein you take notice of your *Mother's Death*, and if there were *one more*, that was *all*, until Mr. *Sterry* came, who made such haste from *Penshurst*, that coming very late at Night, he would not stay to *Dine*, the next Day, nor to give me time to *Write*. It is true, that since the *Change of Affairs here*, and of your *Condition there*, your Letters have been more frequent; and if I had not thought my *Silence*, better both for you and my self, I would have written more than *once or twice* unto you; but tho' for *some Reasons*, I did forbear, I failed not to desire others to write unto you, and with their own to convey the best Advice that my little Intelligence and weak Judgment cou'd afford: particularly not to expect new Authorities, nor Orders from hence, not to stay in any of the Places of your Negotiation, not to come into *England*, much less to expect a Ship to be sent for you, or to think, that an Account

was

was or wou'd be expected of you here, unless it were of *Matters very different* from your *Transactions there*; that it wou'd be best for you presently to divest your self of the Character of a publick Minister, to dismiss all your Train, and to retire into some safe place, not very near nor very far from England, that you might hear from your Friends *some times*. And for *this* I advised *Hamburgh*, where I hear you are, by your Man *Powell*, or by *them* that have received Letters from you, with *Presents of Wine and Fish*, which I do not reproach nor envy.

Your last Letter to me had no Date of Time or Place, but by *another at the same time* to Sir *John Temple*, of the 28th of *July*, as I remember, sent by Mr. *Missonden*, I guess that mine was of the *same Date*; by those that I have had, I perceive that you have been *Misadvertis'd*; for though I meet with no effects nor marks of *Displeasure*, yet I find no such tokens or fruits of *Favour*, as may give me either *power* or *credit* for those *Undertakings* and *good Offices*, which perhaps you expect of me.

And now I am again upon the point of retiring to *my poor Habitation*, having for my self no other design then to pass the small remainder of my Days *innocently and quietly*, and, if it please God, to be gathered in *Peace to my Fathers*. And concerning you, what to *resolve* in my self, or what to *advise* you, truly I know not: For, you must give me leave to remember of how *little weight* my *Opinions and Counsels* have been with you, and how *unkindly and unfriendly* you have rejected those *Exhortations and Admonitions*, which in *much affection and kindness* I have given you upon *many Occasions*, and in *almost every thing*, from *the highest to the lowest*, that hath concerned you, and this you may think sufficient to discourage me from putting my *Advices* into the like danger; yet, *somewhat I will say*; and, First, I think it *unfit*, and (perhaps) as yet, *unsafe* for you to come into *England*; for, I believe, *Powell* hath told you, That he heard, when he was here, That you were *likely to be excepted out of the general Act of Pardon and Oblivion*; and though I know not what you have *done or said here or there*, yet I have several ways heard, That there is as ill an *Opinion of you, as of any,*
even

even of those that Condemn'd the late King ; and when I thought there was no other Exception to you, then your being of the other Party, I spoke to the General in your behalf ; who told me, That very ill Offices had been done you, but he would assist you as much as justly he could ; and I intended then also to speak to some Body else, you may guess whom I mean ; but, since that, I have heard such things of you, that in the doubtfulness only of their being true, no Man will open his Mouth for you ; I will tell you some passages, and you shall do well to clear your self of them : It is said, That the University of Copenhagen brought their Album unto you, desiring you to write something therein, and that you did scribe in Albo these words,

*Manus hac inimica Tyrannis,
Ense petit placida cum Libertate quietem :*

And put your Name to it. This cannot chuse but be publickly known if it be true. It is said also, That a Minister, who hath married a Lady Laurence here of Chelsey, but now dwelling at Copenhagen, being there in Company with you, said, I think you were none of the late King's Judges,
nor

58 *The E. of L——'s Letter.*

nor guilty of his Death, meaning our King: Guilty! said you, Do you call that Guilt? Why, 'twas the justest and bravest Action that ever was done in England, or any where else; with other Words to the same effect. It is said also, That you having heard of a Design to seize upon you, or, to cause you to be taken Prisoner, you took notice of it to the King of Denmark himself; and said, I hear there is a Design to seize upon me; but who is it that hath that Design? Estce nostre Bandit. By which you are understood to mean the King.

Besides *this*, it is reported, That you have been heard to say many scornful and contemptuous things of *the King's Person and Family*; which, unless you can justify your self, will hardly be forgiven or forgotten; for, such personal Offences make deeper impressions than publick actions either of War, or Treaty: Here is a Resident, as he calls himself, of the King of Denmark, whose Name (as I hear) is *Pedcombe*; he hath visited me, and offered his readiness to give you any assistance in his Power or Credit with the Ambassadour, Mr. *Alfield*, who was then expected, and is now arrived here, and hath had his first Audience. I have

have not seen Mr. *Padcombe* since ; but, within a few Days I will put him in mind of his profession of *Friendship* to you, and try what he can or will do. Sir *Robert Honeywood* is also come hither ; and, as I hear, the King is graciously pleased to admit him to his Presence, which will be somewhat the better for you, because then the Exceptions against your *Employment and Negotiation*, wherein you were *Colleague*, will be removed, and you will have no more to answer for, then your own particular Behaviour. I believe, Sir *Robert Honeywood* will be industrious enough to procure Satisfaction to the Merchants in the Business of *Money*, wherein he will have the Assistance of Sir *John Temple*, to whom I refer you for that and some other things.

I have little to say to your Complaints of your Sister *Strayford's unequal Returns* to your Affection and Kindness, but that I am sorry for it, and that you are well enough serv'd for bestowing so much of your Care where it was not due, and neglecting them to whom it was due, and I hope you will be wiser hereafter : she and her Husband have not yet paid the Thousand Pounds, whereof you are to have

60 *The E. of L----'s Letter.*

have your part, by *my Gift* ; for *Jo*, I *think*, you are to understand it, tho your Mother *desired it* ; and if for the Payment thereof your being in *England*, or in some place not far off, be necessary as some pretend, for the Sealing of some Writings, I think *that* and other Reasons sufficient to perswade you to stay a while where you are, that you may hear frequently from your Friends, and *they* from *you* ; I am wholly against your going into *Italy* as yet, till more may be known of your *Condition*, which for the present, is *hard* ; and I confess, that I do not yet see any more than *this*, that *either you must live in Exile*, or very *privately here* ; and (perhaps) *not safely* ; for though *the Bill of Indemnity* be lately passed, yet if there be any *particular* and *great Displeasure* against you, as, I fear, there is, you may feel the *Effects thereof from the higher Powers*, and *receive Affronts from the Inferiour* ; therefore you were best to stay at *Hamburg*, which for a *Northern Scituation*, is a *good place*, and *healthful*. I will help you as much as I can in discovering and informing you of what concerns

The E. of L---'s Letter. 61

cerns you; though as I *began*, so I must
end with telling you, That Writing is
now grown troublesome to

London,
August 30.
1660.

Your Affectionate

Lc—

The

The Honourable
Algernon Sidney's
LETTER
 AGAINST
Bribery,
 AND
 Arbitrary Government.

Written to his FRIENDS, in
 Answer to Theirs, perswading
 his Return to *ENGLAND*.

S I R,

I Am sorry I cannot in *all things* conform myself to the Advices of my *Friends*; if *theirs* had any joint concernment with *mine*, I would willingly submit

Algernoon Sidney's Letter. 63

mit my Interest to *theirs*; but when I alone am Interested, and they only advise me to come over as soon as the *Act of Indemnity* is pass'd, because they think it is best for me, I cannot wholly lay aside my own *Judgment and Choice*. I confess, we are *naturally inclin'd to delight* in our own Country, and I have a particular Love to mine; I hope I have given some *Testimony* of it; I think that being *exil'd from it* is a great Evil, and would redeem myself from it with the loss of a great deal of my Blood: But when that Country of mine, which us'd to be esteem'd a *Paradise*, is now like to be made a *Stage of Injury*, the *Liberty* which we hoped to *establisb* oppress'd, all manner of *Prophaneness, Looseness, Luxury and Lewdness* set up in its height; instead of the *Piety, Virtue, Sobriety, and Modesty*, which we hoped God, by our Hands, would have introduc'd; the *Best* of our Nation made a *Prey* to the *Worst*; the *Parliament, Court, and Army* corrupted, the *People enslav'd, all things vendible*, and no Man safe, but by such evil and infamous means as *Flattery and Bribery*; what Joy can I have in my own Country in this Condition? Is it a Pleasure.

64 Algernoon Sidney's Letter.

to see *all that I love in the World sold and destroy'd*? Shall I renounce all my *old Principles*, learn the vile *Court-arts*, and make my Peace by *bribing* some of *them*? Shall *their Corruption and Vice* be my *Safety*? Ah! no; better is a Life among *Strangers*, than in my *own Country* upon such *Conditions*. Whilst I *live*, I will endeavour to preserve my *Liberty*; or, at least, not *consent* to the *destroying* of it. I hope I shall *dye* in the same Principle in which I have *lived*, and will live *no longer* than they can preserve me. I have in my Life been guilty of *many Follies*, but, as I think of no *meanneſs*, I will not *blot* and *defile* that which is *past*, by endeavouring to provide for the *future*. I have ever had in my Mind, that when God should cast me into such a *Condition*, as that I cannot *ſave* my Life, but by doing an indecent thing, He shews me the time is come wherein I should resign it. And when I cannot *live* in my own Country, but by such means as are worse than *dying* in it, I think He shews me, I ought to keep myself *out* of it. Let *them please themselves with making the King glorious*, who think a whole People may just-ly

Algernoon Sidney's Letter. 65

ly be sacrific'd for the interest and pleasure of One Man, and a few of his Followers: Let them rejoice in their Subtilty, who by betraying the former Powers have gain'd the Favour of this, not only preserv'd, but advanc'd themselves in these dangerous Changes. Nevertheless (perhaps) they may find the King's Glory is their Shame, his Plenty the Peoples Misery; and that the gaining of an Office, or a little Money, is a poor Reward for destroying a Nation! (which if it were preserved in Liberty and Virtue, would truly be the most glorious in the World) and that others may find they have with much Pains purchas'd their own Shame and Misery, a dear Price paid for that which is not worth keeping, nor the Life that is accompanied with it; the Honour of English Parliaments have ever been in making the Nation glorious and happy, not in selling and destroying the Interest of it, to satisfy the Lusts of one Man. Miserable Nation, that from so great a height of Glory is fallen into the most despicable Condition in the World, of having all its Good depending upon the Breath and Will of the vilest Persons in it! cheated and sold by them they trusted! infamous Traffick,

66 Algernoon Sidney's Letter.

equal almost in *Guilt* to that of *Judás* ! In all preceeding Ages Parliaments have been the *Pillars of our Liberty*, the *sure Defenders of the Oppressed* : They, who formerly could bridle *Kings*, and keep the *Ballance equal* between *them* and the *People*, are now become the *Instruments of all our Oppressions*, and a *Sword in his Hand to destroy us* : They themselves, led by a few *interested Persons*, who are willing to buy *Offices for themselves* by the *Misery of the whole Nation*, and the *Blood of the most worthy and eminent Persons* in it. Detestable *Bribes*, worse than the *Oaths now in fashion in this Mercenary Court* ! I mean to owe neither my *Life* nor *Liberty* to any such Means, when the *Innocence* of my *Actions* will not protect me, I will stay away till the *Storm* be overpass'd. In short, where *Vane*, *Lambert*, and *Hastlerigg* cannot live in *Safety*, I cannot live at all. If I had been in *England*, I should have expected a *Lodging* with *them* ; or, tho' they may be the *first*, as being more eminent than I, I must expect to follow their *Example*, in *suffering*, as I have been their *Companion* in *acting*. I am most in a *Maze* at the *mistaken Informations* that were sent to me

Algernoon Sidney's Letter. 67

me by my Friends, full of Expectations, of Favours; and Employments. Who can think that *they who imprison them*, would employ me, or suffer me to live when they are put to death? If I might live, and be employ'd, can it be expected that I should serve a Government that seeks such detestable ways of establishing itself? Ah! no; I have not learnt to make my own Peace, by persecuting and betraying my Brethren, more innocent and worthy than myself: I must live by just means, and serve to just ends, or not at all, after such a manifestation of the Ways by which it is intended the King shall govern. I should have renounced any Place of Favour into which the Kindness and Industry of my Friends might have advanc'd me, when I found those that were better than I, were only fit to be destroy'd. I had formerly some Jealousies, the fraudulent Proclamation for Indemnity encreas'd the imprisoning of those three Men, and turning out of all the Officers of the Army, contrary to Promise, confirm'd me in my Resolutions not to return.

68 Algernoon Sidney's Letter.

To conclude, The *Tide* is not to be *diverted*, nor the *Oppress'd deliver'd*; but God, in His time, will have Mercy on His People; He will *save and defend them*, and *avenge* the Blood of *those* who shall *now perish*, upon the Heads of *those*, who, in their *Pride*, think *nothing* is able to *oppose* them. Happy are *those* whom God shall make *Instruments* of his *Justice* in so *blessed* a Work. If I can live to see that day, I shall be *ripe for the Grave*, and able to say with *Joy*, *Lord!* *now lettest thou thy Servant depart in Peace*, &c. [So Sir *Arthur Haslerigg* on *Oliver's Death*.] Farewel; my Thoughts, as to *King* and *State*, depending upon their *Actions*. No Man shall be a more *faithful Servant* to him than *I*, if he make the *Good* and *Prosperity* of his *People* his *Glory*; none more his *Enemy* if he doth the *contrary*. To my *particular Friends* I shall be constant in all *Occasions*, and to *you*

A most affectionate Servant,

A. Sidney.

T O

Madam * *

I Have News to tell you: You got a *new Subject* yesterday; tho' after all, (perhaps) it is no more News to you, than it would be to the *Grand Signior*, or the *French King*. For you (Madam) either *find* or *make* Subjects where-ever you go. It is impossible to see you without *surrend'ring one's Heart* to you; and he that hears you *talk*, and can still preserve his Liberty, may (for ought I know) revive the Miracle of the *three Children* in *Daniel*, and call for a *Chamlet-Cloak* to keep him warm in the midst of a fiery *Furnace*. But really (Madam) I am none of those *Miracle-mongers*; I am *true Flesh and Blood*, like the rest of my Sex; and as I make no Scruple to own my *Passion* to you, so you (Madam) without incurring the danger of being question'd

76 *A Letter by another Hand.*

by the Parliament, may pretend to all the *Rights and Privileges* of a Conqueror. My Comfort is, that *all Mankind*, sooner or later, must wear your Chains; for you have *Beauty* enough to engage the *nicest Heart*, tho' you had no *Wit* to set it off: And you have so *plentiful a share* of the *last*, that were you *wholly destitute* of the *former*, as I have already found, to my cost, you have but *too much*, you could not fail of *harming* the most *Insensible*. For *my own part*, I confess myself an *Admirer*, or if you please, an *Adorer* of your *Beauty*; but I am a *Slave*, a *meer downright effectual Slave* to your *Wit*. Your very *Conversation* is infinitely more *delicious* than the *fruition* of any other *Woman*.

Thus, *my Charming Soveraign*, I here profess myself your *devoted Vassal and Subject*. I promise you *eternal Duty and Allegiance*: it is neither in *my Power nor Will* to *depose* you; and I am sure it is not in your *Nature* to affect *Arbitrary Sway*. Tho' if you do (*Madam*) God knows, I am a *true Church of England Man*; I shall never *rebel* against you in *Act or Thought*, but only have recourse to *Prayers and Tears*, and still stick to

my *Passive Obedience*. Perhaps, Madam,
you'll tell me, I have talked *more* than
comes to my *share*; but, being *incognito*,
I assume the Liberty of a *Masquerader*,
and under *that Protection* think myself
safe. But, alas, did you know how I *lan-*
guish for you, I dare *swear* (my charm-
ing *Sylvia*!) you would bestow *some*
Pity upon

AMYN TAS.

F 4

To

T O

Madam * *

I Have never had the Happiness of your Conversation but *once*, and then I found you so very charming, that I have wore your lovely *Idea* ever since in my Mind. But it is not without the *least Astonishment*, that I receiv'd the News of what besel you t'other day: it still makes me tremble, and leaves a dismal impressiion behind it, not easie to be imagin'd. For *Heaven's* sake, *Madam*, what could urge you to so cruel a Resolution, that might have prov'd irreparably fatal to yourself, and matter of perpetual Affliction to your Friends? What Harm have I, and a Thousand more of your Adorers, done you, that you should so terribly revenge the supposed *Infidelity* of another upon them? Or, Why should you, whom Beauty and Wit

Wit have put in a Capacity to subdue our whole Sex, lay to Heart the Unkindness of one Lover, who may proceed to a new Election when you please? if I had Vanity enough to aspire to be your Privy-Counciler, I wou'd e'en advise you to bury the remembrance of what is past, and either to punish all Mankind, as you easily may, though I need not instruct you how, or else to chuse some Happy Favourite out of the Throng of your Servants, and shewre your Favours upon him. If *Sincerity* and *Truth* may bid for the Purchase of your Heart, I can help you to one that throughly understands your Worth, and accordingly values it; that would be damn'd before he would abandon you for the greatest Princess in the Universe; that would cheerfully dye for your sake, and yet only lives out of Hopes that he may one day merit your Esteem, by his Services. I fancy, Madam, you now demand of me, where this *Strange Monster of Fidelity* is to be found: Know then, that he lives within less than a Hundred Miles of *Red-Lyon-Square*; and that his Name is,

74 A Letter by another Hand.
is, (Oh! pardon the Insolence of this
Discovery) his Name is —

A M Y N T A S.

There is another Letter that accom-
panies this, and was written a Week
ago; which I had not Courage enough
to lay at your Feet till now.

LOVE.

LOVE-LETTERS,

Written by the

Late Most Ingenious

Mr. Thomas Otway.

Printed from the

ORIGINAL COPY.

LOVE-LETTERS.

B Y

Mr. *Thomas Otway, &c.*

Letter I.

My Tyrant !

I Endure too much *Torment* to be
silent, and have endur'd it *too long*
not to make the *severest* Complaint. I
love you, I dote on you ; *Desire* makes
me

me *mad*, when I am near you ; and *Despair*, when I am from you. Sure, of all Miseries, *Love* is to me the most intolerable ; it *haunts* me in my Sleep, *perplexes* me when waking ; every melancholly Thought makes my *Fears* more powerful ; and every delightful one makes my *Wishes* more unruly. In all other *Uneasie Chances* of a Man's Life, there is an *immediate Recourse* to some kind of Succour or another : in *Wants* we apply ourselves to our *Friends* ; in *Sickness*, to *Physicians* : but *Love*, the sum, the total of all *Misfortunes*, must be endur'd with *Silence*, no *Friend* so dear to trust with such a *Secret*, nor *Remedy* in *Art* so *powerful*, to remove its *Anguish*. Since the *first Day* I saw you, I have hardly enjoy'd one *Hour* of perfect *Quiet* : I lov'd you early ; and no sooner had I beheld that *soft bewitching* Face of yours, but I felt in my *Heart* the very *Foundation* of all my *Peace* give way : But when you became another's, I must confess that I did then *rebel*, had *foolish Pride* enough to promise myself, I would in time recover my *Liberty* : in spite of my *enslav'd*
Na-

Nature, I swore against myself, I would not love you: I affected a *Resentment*, stifled my *Spirit*, and would not let it bend, so much as once to *upbraid* you, each day it was my Chance to see or to be near you: With stubborn *Sufferance* I resolv'd to bear and brave your *Power*; nay, did it often too, *successfully*. Generally with *Wine* or *Conversation* I diverted or appeas'd the *Demon* that possess'd me; but when at *night* returning to my *unhappy self*, to give my *Heart* an account why I had done it so *unnatural* a Violence, it was then I always paid a *treble Interest* for the *short Moments* of Ease which I had borrow'd; then every *treacherous Thought* rose up, and took your part, nor left me till they had *thrown* me on my *Bed*, and open'd those *Sluces of Tears* that were to run till *Morning*. This has been for some Years my *best Condition*: Nay, Time itself, that *decays* all things else, has but *increas'd* and *added* to my Longings. I tell it you, and charge you to *believe* it as you are *generous*, (which sure you must be, for *every* thing except your *Neglect* of me, perswades me that you are

are so) even at *this* time, tho' other Arms have held you, and so long trespass'd on those *dear* Joys that only were my *Due*; I love you with that *tenderneſs* of Spirit, that *purity* of Truth, and that *sincerity* of Heart, that I could *sacrifice* the *nearest* Friends or Interests I have on Earth, barely but to *please* you: if I had all the *World*, it should be yours; for *with it* I could be but *miserable*, if you *were not mine*. I appeal to yourself for *Justice*, if through the *whole Actions* of my *Life* I have done any *one thing* that might not let you see how *absolute* your Authority was over me. Your *Commands* have been always *sacred* to me; your *Smiles* have always *transported* me, and your *Frowns* aw'd me. In short, you will quickly become to me the *greatest Blessing*, or the *greatest Curse*, that ever Man *was doom'd* to. I cannot so much as *look* on you *without Confusion*; *Wishes* and *Fears* rise up in *War within me*, and work a *curs'd Distraction* through my *Soul*, that must, I am sure, in time have *wretched Consequences*: You only can with that *healing Cordial*, *Love*, *assuage* and *calm* my *Torments*; pity the *Man* then that would be
proud

Mr. Thomas Otway. 81

proud to *dye* for you, and cannot *live* without you, and *allow* him thus far to *boast* too, that (take out *Fortune* from the Ballance) you never were belov'd or courted by a *Creature* that had a *nobler* or *juster* Pretence to your *Heart*, than the *Unfortunate* and (even at this time) *Weeping*

Otway:

G

Let-

Letter II.

I N value of your *Quiet*, tho' it would be the *utter* ruine of *my own*, I have endeavour'd this Day to *perswade* my self never more to *trouble* you with a *Passion* that has tormented me sufficiently *already*, and is so much the more a *Torment* to me, in that I perceive it is become *one* to you, who are much *dearer* to me than *my self*. I have laid all the *Reasons* my *distracted* Condition would let me have recourse to, before me: I have consulted my *Pride*, whether after a *Rival's* Possession I ought to *ruine* all my *Peace* for a *Woman* that another has been more *blest* in, tho' *no Man* ever *loved* as I did: But *Love*, victorious *Love*, o'erthrows all that, and *tells* me, it is his Nature never to *remember*; he still *looks* forward from the *present* hour, *expecting* still *new Dawns*, *new rising Happiness*, never *looks back*, never *regards* what is *past*, and left behind him,

him, but *buries* and *forgets* it quite in the hot fierce pursuit of Joy before him : I have consulted too *my very self*, and find how *careless* Nature was in *framing* me ; *seasoned* me *hastily* with all the most violent Inclinations and Desires, but omitted the *Ornaments* that should make those *Qualities* become me : I have consulted too my Lot of *Fortune*, and find how *foolishly* I wish *possession* of what is so pretious, *all the World's* too cheap for it, yet still I Love, still I *dote on*, and *cheat* my self, very content because the *Folly* pleases me. It is *Pleasure* to think how *Fair* you are, tho' at the same time worse then *Damnation*, to think how *Cruel* : Why should you tell me you have *shut* your Heart up for ever ? It is an Argument *unworthy* of your self, sounds like *Reserve*, and not so much *Sincerity*, as sure I may claim even from a little of your *Friendship*. Can your *Age*, your *Face*, your *Eyes*, and your *Spirit* bid defiance to that *sweet Power* ? No, you know *better* to what end *Heaven* made you, know *better* how to manage *Youth* and *Pleasure*, then to let them *die* and *fall* upon your Hands. 'Tis *me*, 'tis only *me* you have barr'd your Heart against. My *Sufferings*, my *Diligence*, my

Sighs, Complaints, and Tears, are of no power with your *haughty* Nature; yet sure you might at least vouchsafe to *pity* them, not shift me off with *gross, thick, homespun Friendship*, the common Coin that passes betwixt *Worldly Interests*; must that be my Lot! Take it *ill Natur'd*, take it, give it to *him* who would waste his *Fortune* for you; give it the *Man* would fill your Lap with *Gold*, court you with Offers of vast rich *Possessions*; give it the *Fool* that has nothing but his *Money* to plead for him; *Love* will have a much nearer *Relation*, or none. I ask for *glorious* Happiness, you bid me welcome to your *Friendship*, it is like seating me at your *Side-table*, when I have the best Pre-*tence* to your *Right Hand* at the Feast: I *Love*, I *Doat*, I am *Mad*, and know no *measure*. Nothing but *Extreams* can give me ease, the kindest *Love*, or most provoking *Scorn*: Yet even your *Scorn* would not perform the *Cure*, it might indeed take off the edge of *Hope*, but damn'd *Despair* will gnaw my Heart for ever. If then I am not *odious* to your Eyes, if you have *Charity* enough to value the *well-being* of a Man that holds you *dearer* then you can the *Child* your *Bowels*
are

are most *fond* of, by that sweet *Pledge* of your *first* softest Love, I *charm* and here *conjure* you to *pity* the distracting *pangs* of mine; pity my unquiet *Days* and restless *Nights*; pity the *Frenzy* that has half possess'd my *Brain* already, and makes me write to you thus *ravingly*; the Wretch in *Bedlam* is more at *Peace* than I am, and if I must never possess the *Heaven* I wish for, my next *Desire* is (and the *sooner* the better) a clean swept *Cell*, a merciful *Keeper*, and your *Compassion* when you find me there.

Think and be Generous.

Letter III.

S Ince you are going to quit the *World*, I think my self obliged as a *Member* of that *World*, to use the best of my Endeavours to *divert* you from so *ill natur'd* an Inclination ; therefore by reason your *Visits* will take up so much of this *Day*, I have *debarr'd my self* the opportunity of *waiting* on you this *Afternoon*, that I may take a *time* you are more *Mistress* of, and when you shall have more *leisure* to hear, if it be possible for any *Arguments* of mine to take place in a *Heart*, I am afraid too much *harden'd* against me : I must confess it may look a little *extraordinary* for one under my *Circumstances* to endeavour the *confirming* your good *Opinion* of the *World*, when it had been much *better* for me, one of us had *never* seen it : For *Nature* disposed me from my *Creation* to *Love*, and my ill *Fortune* has condemn'd me to *Doat* on one, who certainly

ly could never have been *deaf* so long to
 so *faithful* a Passion, had *Nature* disposed
 her from her Creation to *hate* any thing
 but me. I beg you to forgive this *Trifling*,
 for I have so many *Thoughts* of this nature,
 that 'tis impossible for me to take *Pen* and
Ink in my Hand, and keep 'em *quiet*, e-
 specially when I have the *least* pretence to
 let you know you are the *cause* of the *seve-*
rest Disquiets that ever touch'd the Heart
 of

Otway.

Letter IV.

COULD I see you without *Passion*, or be *absent* from you without *Pain*, I need not beg your *Pardon* for this renewing my *Vows*, that I *love* you more than *Health*, or any *Happiness* here or hereafter. Every thing you do is a new *Charm* to me ; and though I have *languish'd* for *seven* long tedious *Years* of *Desire*, jealously and despairing ; yet, every *Minute* I see you, I still discover something *new* and more *bewitching*. Consider how I *love* you, what would not *renounce*, or *enterprize* for you? I must have you *mine*, or I am *miserable* ; and nothing but knowing which shall be the *happy hour* can make the rest of my *Life* that are to *come* tolerable. Give me a *word* or two of *comfort*, or resolve never to look with common
good-

goodness on me more, for I cannot bear a
kind Look, and after it a *cruel Denial*.
This *Minute* my Heart akes for you, and
if I cannot have a *Right* in yours, I wish
it would ake till I could *complain* to you
no longer.

Remember poor Otway.

Letter

Letter V.

YOU cannot but be *sensible* that I am *blind*, or you would not so *openly* discover what a *ridiculous* Tool you make of me. I should be *glad* to discover whose satisfaction I was *sacrific'd* to this Morning; for I am sure your own *ill nature* could not be guilty of inventing such an *Injury* to me, meerly to try how much I could *bear*, were it not for the sake of some *Ass* that has the Fortune to *please* you: In short, I have made it the *Bus'ness* of my Life to do you *Service*, and *please* you, if possible by any way to *convince* you of the unhappy *Love* I have for *seven* Years toil'd under; and your whole *Bus'ness* is to pick *ill-natur'd* Conjectures out of my *harmless* freedom of Conversation, to *vex* and *gall* me with, as often as you are pleased to *DIVERT* your self at the *expence* of my *Quiet*. Oh, thou Tormenter!

ter! Could I think it were *Jealousie*, how should I *humble* my self to be *justify'd*, but I cannot bear the thought of being made a *Property* either of another Man's *good Fortune*, or the *Vanity* of a *Woman* that designs nothing but to *plague* me.

There may be means found some-time or other, to let you know your mistaking.

Letter

Letter VI.

YOU were pleased to send me word you would meet me in the *Mall* this Evening, and give me further satisfaction in the Matter you were so unkind to charge me with; I was there, but found you not, and therefore beg of you, as you ever would wish your self to be eased of the highest Torment it were possible for your Nature to be sensible of, to let me see you some time to Morrow, and send me word by this Bearer, where, and at what Hour you will be so just as either to acquit or condemn me; that I may hereafter, for your sake, either bless all your bewitching Sex; or as often as I henceforth think of you, curse Woman-kind for ever.

LETTERS

B Y

Several Hands.

Mr. ——— to Mr. G——

DEAR G——,

AS I hope to be sav'd, and that's a bold word in a Morning, when our Consciences, like Children, are always most uneasie; when the Light of Nature flashes upon us with the Light of the Day, and makes way for the calm return of Thought, that eternal Foe to Quiet; but, I thank my Stars, I have shook that Snake out of my Bosom, and
made

made Peace with that domestick Enemy *Conscience*, and so much the more dangerous by being so—

—But as I was going to say, your Letter has put new Life into me, and reviv'd me from the Damp, that Solitude and bad Company has flung me into; 'tis as hard to find a *Man of Sense* here, as a handsome Woman: A Company of Country 'Squires round a Table, is like a Company of Waiters round a dead Corps, they are always ridiculously Sober and Grave, or which is worse, impertinently loud: *Wine* that makes the gay Man of the Town brisk and sprightly, only serves to pluck off their vail of *Bashfulness*, a mark that Fools ought always to wear, and which once off, makes 'em as nauseous, as a barefac'd Lady of the Pit; they are as particular in their Stories, as a Lawyer in his Evidence, and husband their Tales, as well as they do their Monies: In short, as Madam *Olivia* says, They are my Aversion of all Aversions.

You

You may easily imagine, I have too little of the Women: Full of *Youth*, *Vigour* and *Health* I lie follow, and like the Vestal Virgins, am damn'd to Coldness and Chastity in the midst of Flames. God knows what hard shifts I use, my right Hand often does, what (like Acts of Charity) I'm asham'd my left Hand shou'd know. As much as I despise the *Conversation* of these Fops, I court it out of an apprehension of being alone, not daring to trust my self to so dangerous a Companion as my self. 'Tis in these cool Intervals of Solitude, that we conspire Cuckoldom against our Friend, Treason against the State, &c. for the Devil of *Lust* and *Ambition*, like other Evil Spirits, only appears to us when we are alone.

The Talking of the Devil puts me in mind of the PARSONS; I had the Benefit of the Clergy this Week; I mean the Company of two honest unbigotted Parsons; I drank a Bowl to the *Manes* of our immortal Friend, one that was as witty as Necessity, and discover'd more Truths,

96 - *Letters by several Hands.*

Truths, than ever Time did: One that was born to Unchain the World, that struggl'd with MYSTERIES as *Hercules* did with *Monsters*, and like him too fell by a Distaff.

After so mournful a Subject, I'gad I'll make you Laugh —— The Duce take me, if I did not last Week assist at the Ceremony of making a *Christian*; nay more, Sir, I was, *Honos sit Auribus*, a Godfather, who am Your

Affectionate Friend,

and Servant, &c.

Letters

Monfieur BOILEAU's
LETTERS.

TRANSLATED,

By *Tho. Cheek*, Esq;

WILLIAM

WILLIAM

WILLIAM

WILLIAM

Monſieur *BOILEAU*'s
LETTERS,
 TRANSLATED,

By *Tho. Cheek, Eſq;*

TO THE
 Duke *de Vivone,*
 Upon his Entrance into the Haven of
MESSINA.

My Lord,
K NOW you not, that one of the
 ſureſt ways, to hinder a Man from
 being pleaſant, is, to bid him be ſo :
 H 2 Since

Since you forbad me being serious, I never found myself so Grave, and I speak nothing now but Sentences. And besides, your last Action has something in it so great, that truly it would go against my Conscience to write to you of it otherwise, than in the Heroick Style : However, I cannot resolve, not to obey you, in all, that you Command me ; so that in the Humour, that I find myself, I am equally afraid to tire you with a serious Trifle, or to trouble you with an ill piece of Wit.

In fine, my *Apollo* has assisted me this Morning ; and in the time, that I thought the least of it, made me find upon my Pillow, two Letters, which for want of mine, may perhaps give you an agreeable amusement : They are Dated from the *Elysian* Fields. The one is from *Balzac*, and the other from *Voiture*, who being both charm'd with the Relation of your last Fight, Write to you from the other World, to Congratulate you. This is that from *Balzac* ; you will easily know it to be his, by his Style ; which cannot

express things simply, nor descend from its height,

From the *Elysian Fields*,
June the 22d.

MY LORD,

THe Report of your Actions revives the Dead; it wakens those, who have slept these thirty Tears, and were condemn'd to an eternal Sleep; it makes Silence it self speak: The Brave! The Splendid! The Glorious Conquest that you have made, over the Enemies of France! You have restored Bread to a City, which has been accusom'd to furnish it, to all others: You have nourish'd the nursing Mother of Italy; the Thunder of that Fleet, which shut you up the Avenues of its Port, has done no more than barely saluted your Entrance; its resistance has detained you no longer, than an over civil reception: So far from hindring the Rapidity of your Course, it has not interrupted the Order of your March; you have constrain'd, in their Sight, the South, and North Winds to obey you, without chastizing the Sea, as Zerxes did; you have taught

taught it Discipline, you have done yet more, you have made the Spaniard humble. After that, what may not one say of you? No, Nature, I say Nature, when she was young, and in the time, that she produc'd Alexanders and Cæsars, has produc'd nothing so great, as under the Reign of Louis the Fourteenth, she has given to the French, in her declension, that, which Rome could not obtain from her, in her greatest Maturity. She has made appear to the World, in your Age, both in Body and Soul, that perfect Valour, which we have scarce seen the Idea of in Romances, and Heroick Poems. Begging the Pardon of one of your Poets — he had no reason to say, That beyond Cocytus Merit is no more known: Yours, My Lord, is extoll'd here, by the common Voice, on both sides of Styx. It makes a continual remembrance of you, even in the Abodes of forgetfulness: It finds zealous Partizans in the Country of Indifference. It puts Acheron into the Interests of the Seine. Nay more, There is no shade amongst us, so prepossess'd with the Principles of the Porticus, so hardned in the School of Zeno, so fortified against Joy and Grief, that does not hear your Praises with pleasure, that does not clap his Hands,

Hands, and cry, A Miracle! at the Moment you are named, and is not ready to say with your Malherb.

*A la fin, c'est trop de silence,
En si beau sujet, de parler.*

As for me, My Lord, who know you a great deal better, I do nothing, but meditate on you, in my Repose; I fill my Thoughts intirely with your Idea, in the long hours of our leisure; I cry continually, How great a Man is this! And if I wish to live again, 'tis not so much, to return to the Light, as to enjoy the Sovereign felicity of your Conversation, and to tell you, Face to Face, with how much respect, I am from the whole extent of my Soul.

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble,

and most obedient Servant,

BELZAC.

I Know not, My Lord, *whither these violent Exaggerations will please you; and whither you will not find, that the Style of Balzac is a little corrupted in the other World; however it be, (in my Opinion) he never lavish'd his Hyperboles more to the purpose; 'tis for you, to judge of it; but first read, (if you please) the Letter from Voiture.*

From

From the *Elysian Fields*,
June the 22d.

MY LORD,

THO' we poor Devils, who are dead,
do not concern our selves much in
the Affairs of the Living, and are not ex-
ceedingly inclin'd to Mirth: Yet I cannot
forbear rejoycing at the Great things, you
do over our Heads. Seriously your last Fight
makes the Devil and all of a noise here be-
low; it has made it self heard in a place,
where the very Thunder of Heav'n is not
heard; and has made your Glory known in
a Country where even the Sun is not known.
There are a great many Spaniards come hi-
ther, who were in the Action, and have in-
form'd us of the Particulars. I see no rea-
son why the People of that Nation shou'd pass
for Bullies; for I can assure you they are ve-
ry civil Persons, and the King sent 'em hi-
ther t'other Day very mild and quiet. To
tell you the truth, My Lord, you have ma-
nag'd your Affairs very well of late. To see
with

with what speed you fly o're the Mediterranean Sea, wou'd make one think you absolutely Master of it: There is not at present, in all its extent, one single Privateer in safety, and if you go on at this rate, I can't see how you'd have Tunis and Algiers subsist. We have here the Cæsars, the Pompeys, and the Alexanders; they all agree, That you exactly follow their Conduct in your way of fighting: But Cæsar believes you to be superlatively Cæsar. There are none here ev'n to the Alaricks, the Gensericks, the Theodoricks, and all the other Conquerors in icks, who don't speak very well of this Action; and in Hell it self (I know not whether you are acquainted with that Place) there is no Devil, My Lord, who does not confess ingenuously, That at the Head of an Army you are a greater Devil, than himself: This is a Truth that your very Enemies agree in. But to see the good that you have done at Messina, for my part I believe, you are more like an Angel, than a Devil, only Angels have a more airy shape, and do not carry their Arms in a Scarf. Railery apart, Hell is extreamly byass'd in your Favour. There is but one thing to be objected to your Conduct, and that is the little care, that you sometimes take of your Life.

Life. You are fo well belov'd in this Country, that they don't defire your Company. Believe me, My Lord, I have already faid it in the other World, a Demi-God, is but a very little thing, when he is dead, he's nothing like what he was, when he was alive. And as for me, who know already, by experience what it is to be no more, I fet the beft Face on the Matter, I can; but to hide nothing from you, I die with Impatience to return to the World; were it only to have the Pleasure to fee you there; in purfuanee of this intended Voyage I have already fent feveral times to find out the fcatte'r'd parts of my Body to fet 'em together, but I cou'd never recover my Heart, which I left at parting with thofe feven Miftreffes, that I ferv'd, as you know fo faithfully, the whole feven at once. As for my Wit, unlefs you have it, I'm told, 'tis not to be found in the World. To tell you the Truth, I fhrewdly fufpect, that you have at leaft the Gaiety of it: For I have been told here four or five Sayings of your Turn of Expreflion, which I wifh, with all my Heart, I had faid, and for which I would willingly give the Panegyrick of Pliny, and two of my beft Letters. Suppofing then that you have it, I beg you to fend it me back as foon as poffibly you can,
for

108 *Monsieur Boileau's Letters.*

for indeed you can't imagine how inconvenient it is, not to have all one's Wit about one; especially when one Writes to such a Man as you are; this is the Cause that my Style at present is so alter'd. Were it not for that you shou'd see me merry again, as formerly with my Comrade le Brochet. And I should not be reduc'd to the Necessity of ending my Letter trivially, as I do in telling you that I am,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most Humble

and Obedient Servant,

VOITURE.

These are the two Letters just as I receiv'd 'em. I send 'em you writ in my own Hand, because you wou'd have had too much trouble to read the Characters of the other World, if I had sent 'em you in the Original. Do not fancy, *My Lord*, that this is only a tryal of Wit, and an imitation of the Style of these two Writers. You know very well, that *Balzac*
and

and *Voiture* are inimitable. However were it true, that I had recourse to this Invention to divert you, shou'd I be so much in the wrong of it, or rather ought I not to be esteem'd, for having found out this way to make you read the Praises, which you wou'd never have suffer'd o-therways? In a word, cou'd I better make appear with what Sincerity, and with what Respect I am,

MY LORD,

Tours, &c.

A
LETTER
WRIT

By Mr. *DENNIS*,

Sent with the following

SPEECH.

SIR,

I Have here sent you inclos'd, what I promis'd you by the last Post, and I think my self oblig'd to give you some account of it. In the late Appendix to the new *Observer*, I find the Author reasonably complaining of the corruption of History by the *French*, and giving a very reason.

reasonable guess, how false the History of this Age (as far as it is writ by them) is like to come out in the next. And particularly what Monsieur *Pelisson's* History of the present King of *France* is like to be, which he is now writing by that King's own order. Monsieur *Boileau*, who writ the enclos'd, has at least as great a share in that History as Monsieur *Pelisson*: And therefore you have in the enclos'd, in the which he has very artfully inserted a Panegyrick of his Prince, a pattern of what his part of the History will be. For having flatter'd his Master in this small Panegyrick, we have all the reason in the World to believe, That he will flatter him too in his History. And that he has flatter'd him here, you will plainly find; not only by exaggerations, which are in some measure to be allow'd to an Orator; but in affirming things which are directly contrary to the truth. Such are those two remarkable Passages of the *French* King's offering Peace to the late Confederacy, for the general good of *Christendom*, (which not so much as a *Frenchman* who has common Sense, believes) and of his Bombarding *Genoa*,
only

only to be reveng'd of its Insolency and of its Perfidiousness, which every Man who has heard the Story of Mr. *Valdryon*, must laugh at. Now since it is to be presum'd, that Monsieur *Boileau* will flatter him in his History, because it is plain that he has flatter'd him in his Panegyrick; What are we to expect from Monsieur *Pelisson*, whose sincerity is by no means so much talk'd of as the other's? I thought to have concluded here: But it comes into my mind to make two Reflections upon the Panegyrical part of the enclos'd. The first is this, that since Monsieur *Boileau*, who is in the main a Man of Sincerity, and a lover of Truth; could not but flatter *Lewis the Fourteenth* when he commended him: We may conclude that it is impossible to give him a general commendation without flattery. For, where a Satyrick Poet paints, what other Man must not daub? The second Reflection is this, That since this Panegyrick is scarce to be supported, notwithstanding the most admirable genius of the Author, which shines throughout it; and an art to which nothing can be added (remember that I speak of the
Original)

Original) and beyond which nothing can be desir'd ; you may easily conclude how extreamly fulsome the rest of the Panegyrics upon *Lewis the Fourteenth* must needs be, whose Authors fall infinitely short of *Boileau's*, either Genius, or Art, or Virtue.

I

THE

only to be reveng'd of its Insolency and of its Perfidiousness, which every Man who has heard the Story of Mr. *Valdryon*, must laugh at. Now since it is to be presum'd, that Monsieur *Boileau* will flatter him in his History, because it is plain that he has flatter'd him in his Panegyrick; What are we to expect from Monsieur *Pelisson*, whose sincerity is by no means so much talk'd of as the other's? I thought to have concluded here: But it comes into my mind to make two Reflections upon the Panegyrical part of the enclos'd. The first is this, that since Monsieur *Boileau*, who is in the main a Man of Sincerity, and a lover of Truth; could not but flatter *Lewis the Fourteenth* when he commended him: We may conclude that it is impossible to give him a general commendation without flattery. For, where a Satyrick Poet paints, what other Man must not daub? The second Reflection is this, That since this Panegyrick is scarce to be supported, notwithstanding the most admirable genius of the Author, which shines throughout it; and an art to which nothing can be added (remember that I speak of the Original)

Original) and beyond which nothing can be desir'd ; you may easily conclude how extreamly fulsome the rest of the Panegyrics upon *Lewis the Fourteenth* must needs be, whose Authors fall infinitely short of *Boileau's*, either Genius, or Art, or Virtue.

I

THE

THE
SPEECH
OF
Monfieur *B O I L E A U*,
Upon his Admission into the
French Academy.

Translated by
Mr. D E N N I S.

GENTLEMEN,
THe Honour this Day confer'd upon
me, is something fo great, fo ex-
traordinary, fo little expected; and fo
ma-

many several sorts of reasons ought to have for ever excluded me from it, that at this very moment, in which I return my Acknowledgements, I am doubtful if I ought to believe it. Is it then possible; can it be true, Gentlemen, that you have in effect judg'd me worthy to be admitted into this illustrious Society; whose famous Establishment does no less honour to the memory of Cardinal *Richlieu*, than all the rest of the numerous Wonders of his matchless Ministry? And what must be the thoughts of that great Man? What must be the thoughts of that wise Chancellor, who after him enjoy'd the Dignity of your Protectorship; and after whom it was your opinion, that none but your King had right to be your Protector? What must be their thoughts, Gentlemen, if they should behold me this day, becoming a Part of this Glorious Body, the Object of their eternal care and esteem; and into which by the Laws which they have establish'd, by the Maxims which they have maintain'd, no one ought to be receiv'd, who is not of a spotless Merit, an extraordinary Wit, and comparable even to you? But farther, whom do I succeed

116 *Monsieur Boileau's Speech,*

in the Place which you are pleas'd to afford me here? * Is it not a
 * *Monsieur de* Man who is equally renown'd
Besons. for his great Employments,
 and his profound Capacity? Is it not a
 Magistrate who fill'd one of the for-
 most Seats in the Council; and who, in
 so many important Occasions, has been
 Honoured by his Prince, with his strictest
 Confidence: A Magistrate, no less Wise
 than Experienc'd, watchful, laborious;
 with whom the more I compare my self,
 the less Proportion I find.

I know very well, Gentlemen, (and
 who can be ignorant of it,) that in the
 choice which you make of Men who are
 proper to supply the Vacancies of your
 learned Assembly, you have no regard
 either to Place or to Dignity: That Poli-
 teness, Learning, and an Acquaintance
 with all the more gentle Arts, have
 always usher'd in naked Merit to you, and
 that you do not believe it to be unbecom-
 ing of you, to substitute in the room of the
 highest Magistrate, of the most exalted
 Minister, some famous Poet, or some
 Writer, whom his Works have rendred
 Illustrious; and who has very often no
 other

other Dignity, than that which his Desert has given him upon *Parnassus*. But if your barely consider me as a Man of Learning, what can I offer you that may be worthy of the favour, with which you have been pleas'd to honour me? Is it a wretched Collection of Poetry, successful rather by a happy temerity and a dexterous imitation of the Ancients, than by the beauty of its thoughts, or the richness of its expressions? Is it a Translation that falls so far short of the great Masterpieces with which you every day supply us; and in the which you so gloriously revive *Thucydides*, *Xenophon*, *Tacitus*, and all the rest of the renown'd Heroes of the most learn'd Antiquity? No Gentlemen, you are too well acquainted with the just value of things, to recompence at a rate so high, such low Productions as mine, and offer me voluntarily upon so slight a foundation, an Honour which the knowledge of my want of Merit, has discourag'd me still from demanding.

What can be the reason then, which in my behalf has so happily influenc'd you upon this occasion? I begin to make some discovery of it, and I dare engage that I

118 *Monsieur Boileau's Speech,*

shall not make you blush in exposing it. The goodness which the greatest Prince in the World has shewn in employing me, together with one of the first of your illustrious Writers, to make one Collection of the infinite number of his Immortal Actions; the Permission which he has given me to do this, has supply'd all my Defects with you.

Yes, Gentlemen, whatever just reasons ought to have excluded me ever from your Academy, you believed that you could not with justice suffer that a Man who is destin'd to speak of such mighty things, should be depriv'd of the Utility of your Lessons, or instructed in any other School then in yours. And by this, you have clearly shewn, that when it is to serve your August Protector, whatever Consideration might otherwise restrain you, your Zeal will not suffer you to cast your eyes upon any thing but the Interest of your Master's Glory.

Yet suffer me, Gentlemen, to undeceive you, if you believe that that great Prince, at the time when he granted that favour to me, believ'd that he should meet within me a Writer, who was able to sustain in the

the least, by the Beauty of Style, or by the magnificent Pomp of Expression, the Grandeur of his Exploits. No Gentlemen, it belongs to you, and to Pens like yours, to shew the World such Master-pieces; and he never conceiv'd so advantageous a thought of me. But as every thing that he has done in his Reign is Wonderful, is Prodigious, he did not think it would be amiss, that in the midst of so many renown'd Writers, who with emulation describe his Actions in all their Splendour, and with all the Ornaments of the sublimest Eloquence, a Man without Artifice, and accus'd rather of too much Sincerity than of Flattery, should contribute by his labour and by his advice, to set to shew in a proper light, and in all the simplicity of the most natural Style, the truth of those Actions, which being of themselves so little probable, have rather need to be faithfully related, than to be strongly exaggerated.

And indeed, Gentlemen, when Poets and Orators, and Historians who are sometimes as daring as Poets or Orators, shall come to display upon so happy a Subject, all the bold strokes of their Art,

all their force of Expression ; when they shall say of *Lewis* the Great, more justly than was said of a famous Captain of old, that he alone has atchiev'd more Exploits than other Princes have read ; that he alone has taken more Towns, then other Monarchs have wish'd to take : When they shall assure us, that there is no Potentate upon the face of the Earth, no not the most Ambitious, who in the secret Prayers that he puts up to Heaven, dares presume to Petition for so much Glory, for so much Prosperity as Heaven has freely granted this Prince: When they shall write that his Conduct is Mistress of Events, that Fortune dares not contradict his Designs : When they shall paint him at the Head of his Armies, marching with Gigantick Strides, over great Rivers and the highest Mountains ; thund'ring down Ramparts, rending hard Rocks, and tearing into ten thousand pieces every thing that resists his impetuous Shock : These expressions will doubtless appear great, rich, noble, adapted to the lofty Subject ; but at the same time that the World shall wonder at them, it will not think it self oblig'd to believe them, and the Truth may be easily disown'd

own'd or mistaken, under the disguise of its pompous Ornaments.

But, when Writers without artifice, and who are contented faithfully to relate things, and with all the simplicity of Witnesses who depose, rather than of Historians, who make a Narration, shall rightly set forth, all that has pass'd in *France*, ever since the famous Peace of the *Pyrenees*; all that the King has done in his Dominions, to re-establish Order, Discipline, Law: when they shall reckon up all the Provinces which he has added to his Kingdoms in succeeding Wars, all the Advantages, all the Victories which he has gain'd of his Enemies; *Holland, Germany, Spain*, all *Europe* too feeble against him alone, a War that has been always fruitful in prosperity, and a more glorious Peace: When Pens that are sincere, I say, and a great deal more careful to write the Truth, than to make others admire them, shall rightly articulate all these Actions, disposed in their order of time, and attended with their real circumstances; who is it that can then dissent from them, I do not say of our Neighbours, I do not say of Allies; I say of our mortal
Ene-

Enemies? and tho' they shou'd be unwilling to acknowledge the truth of them, will not their diminish'd Forces, their States confin'd within stricter Bounds, their Complaints, their Jealousies, their Furies, their very Invectives in spight of themselves convince them? Can they deny that in that very year of which I am speaking, this Prince being resolv'd to constrain them all to accept of a Peace which he had offer'd them for the good of *Christendom*, did all at once, and that at a time, when they had publish'd that he was intirely exhausted of Men and Money: that he did then, I say, all at once in the Low Countries, cause to start up as 'twere out of the ground two mighty Armies, each of them consisting of Forty Thousand Men; and that he provided for them abundant subsistence there, notwithstanding the scarcity of Forrage, and the excessive drought of the Season? Can they deny, that whilst with one of these Armies, he caus'd his Lieutenants to Besiege *Luxembourg*, himself with the other, keeping as it were block'd all the Towns of *Brabant* and *Hainault*; That he did by this most admirable Conduct, or rather by a kind of

of Enchantment, like that of the Head so renown'd in the antient Fables, whose aspect transform'd the Beholders to Stones, render the *Spaniards* unmov'd Spectators of the taking of that important Place, in the which they had repos'd their utmost Refuge. That by a no less admirable effect of the same prodigious Enchantment, that obstinate Enemy to his Glory, that industrious Contriver of Wars and Confederacies, who had labour'd so long to stir up all *Europe* against him, found himself, if I may use the Expression, disabled and impotent, tyed up on every side, and reduc'd to the wretched Vengeance of dispersing Libels; of sending forth Cries and Reproaches. Our very Enemies, give me leave to repeat it; Can they deny all this? Must not they confess, that at the time when these Wonders were executing in the Low-Countries, our Fleet upon the *Mediterranean*, after having forc'd *Algiers* to be a Suppliant for Peace, caus'd *Genoa* to feel, by an Example that will be eternally dreadful, the just Chastisement of its Insolence and of its Perfidiousness; burying under the Ruines of Palaces and stately Houses

Houses that proud City, more easie to be destroy'd than be humbled? No, without doubt, our Enemies dare not give the Lye to such known Truths, especially when they shall see them writ with that simple and natural Air, and with that character of Sincerity and Probability, with which, whate'er my defects are, I do not absolutely despair to be able at least in part to supply the History.

But since this very Simplicity, all Enemy as it is to Ostentation and Pageantry, has yet its Art, its Method, its Beauties; from whence can I better derive that Art, and those Beauties, than from the source of all Delicacies, this fam'd Academy, which has kept possession, for so many Years, of all the Treasures, of all the Riches, of our Tongue? These, Gentlemen, are the things which I am in hopes to find among you; this is what I come to study with you; this is what I come to learn of you. Happy, if by my assiduity in frequenting you, by my address in bringing you to speak of these Matters, I can engage you to conceal nothing of all your most secret Skill from me; Your Skill to render Nature decent and chaste

chaste at the very time when she is most Alluring; and to make the Colours and Paint of Art, appear to be the genuine Beauties of Nature. Thrice happy! if by my respects and by my sincere submissions, I can perfectly convince you of the extream Acknowledgment, which I shall make all my life-time for the unexpected Honour you have done me.

TO

T O

Madam * *

Dear M A D A M,

HOW civil I may be thought in my Wish, you must judge; but would to Heaven you were to feel, for one hour, the Torment of my Soul for the want of your Company; those few Moments I am confident wou'd give you a sufficient sence of the lingering Death I suffer by it. And yet (were it in my power) I think I shou'd not indulge to my self any Relaxation; so high a satisfaction it is to me of knowing whose Martyr I am. I protest, *Madam*, tho' now out of that glorious shine, which first gave birth to the violent Passion I have for you, yet I can find no rebate of it, even in this long shade of your Absence: You will extreamly oblige me therefore, if by any Commands of
Service

A Letter by another Hand. 127

Service (for I own no bounds in them but what you are pleased to set) you shall change this way of expressing it ; so thoroughly convinced I am, and wou'd have you to be so too, that no words can tell you how passionately (and that to infinite continuance) I am,

Dear Madam,

Tours, &c.

M. W.

T O

Madam * *

MADAM,

I Shou'd be necessary to my own Destruction, if I shou'd not supplicate your Mercy; since living without your Favour, is worse than dying without Clergy.

I confess the Downfal of the Angels came from their Presumption, but had they implored for Grace, as earnestly as I do for yours, perhaps they might have been forgiven.

To think of Heaven, and not to use the means to come there, is downright Prophaneness: Judge then, *Madam*, if you are not guilty of my Ruine, if by your Conversation only I am to obtain it,

it, and you suffer me not to succeed in my good Intentions, who can be Religious no where but where you are; and it is Heaven upon Earth to admire you in all your Perfections.

I am, &c.

M. W.

K

TO

T O

Madam * *

MADAM,

IS it not enough that
 I quered me with
 you must also make you
 to condemn me by its C
 conjured me to serve yo
 you are taking from m
 been prodigal in my
 now I am to perish, or d

IRREGULAR

PAGINATION

Is there any pleasure in destroying that
 which never has, nor ever wou'd offend
 you? Or must the Sins of all Mankind
 be centered in my Miseries?

Pray shew not your self guilty of such
 Injustice, but give me leave to save my
 self, by making you sensible of the In-
 humanity

A Letter by another Hand. 127

humanity of Murthering me only for Adoring you; but if you will not permit me to see you, give me leave to tell you before I expire, I live, and suffer the Rack for you, to try if you can find in your heart to send a Reprieve to,

Madam,

Tours,

M. W.

ULAR

ATION

K 2

A

T O

Madam * *

MADAM,
IS it not enough that you have conquered me with your Beauty, but you must also make your Wit necessary to condemn me by its Cruelty? Had you conjured me to serve you with that Life you are taking from me, I wou'd have been prodigal in my Obedience; but now I am to perish, or disobey you.

Is there any pleasure in destroying that which never has, nor ever wou'd offend you? Or must the Sins of all Mankind be centered in my Miseries?

Pray shew not your self guilty of such Injustice, but give me leave to save my self, by making you sensible of the Inhumanity

humanity of Murthering me only for Adoring you; but if you will not permit me to see you, give me leave to tell you before I expire, I live, and suffer the Rack for you, to try if you can find in your heart to send a Reprieve to,

Madam,

Tours,

M. W.

A

Letter of Reproach

T O A

Woman of Quality.

MADAM,

I Am sorry I must change my Stile,
and tell you I am now fully satisfied
that your Ladiship never will be so ; I al-
ways fear'd your Desires wou'd exceed
your Return's : but when I heard you
were supply'd by three Nations, I thought
you might have been modestly contented.
And I have even yet good nature enough
to pity your unfortunate Condition, or
rather Constitution, that obliges half the
Town of necessity to decline all sorts of
Commerce with you ; I cou'd have wish'd
you had had Reputation enough left for
me

A Letter by another Hand. 129

me to have justified, tho' you have cruelly robb'd me of the Joy of Loving, without making your self any reasonable Advantage of it; had your Soul consulted my Destiny, I should have had fairer play for my Passion, and not have been thus sacrific'd to your most Egregious Follies; yet, since better late than never, take, *Madam*, this time, now the Town is disbanded, the Season moderate, and your Ladyship's common Practice prorogued, to consider if there be any way left you, in some measure, to save the Confusion of your self, and that of,

Madam,

August the
10th, 95.

Your real humble Servant.

A

Letter of Business

TO A

Merchant's Wife in the City.

MADAM,

I Can forgive you the Difficulty you made of passing an Ev'ning with me; Nay, even the affected Indifference you entertain'd me with, when you might have imploy'd your time much better; I knew your Character, and guess'd what wou'd be the end of our first Meeting, but desire it may not be the beginning of the second; for the future, prithee, dear Hypocrite, (do not forget your self) and so often ingage me to Love tenderly, and yet conjure me
to

A Letter by another Hand. 131

to hope for no Return; but do me the Favour to make a better use of the next Opportunity, lest you carry on too far the unnatural Jest, and contrive to force your self out of the Inclinations of,

Madam,

Your real humble Servant.

K 4

TO

T O

Madam *Fr---m*,

A T

L---n, in *N O R F O L K*.

M A D A M,

TH O' I ought in the first place to return my Thanks, (all that a poor Man can give) for your many Civilities to me, when at *L---* ; yet that is not the only reason of this Paper, but to do Justice to a Lady, who is at present part of your Family, upon whom there lies a Scandal, occasion'd by some *unhappy Papers*, which were presum'd to be my Hand ; neither shall I deny but that they were, knowing that they are not so criminal as perhaps at first sight you and others might judge them to be. There have

have been, Madam, and are daily Intrigues of this nature, innocent pieces of Gallantry, diverting discourses of Love and its effects, which serve to furnish out the Entertainment in a Winter-Evening or Summer's Walk; and what hurt in all this? And if we may talk Love to young Ladies without offence, why may we not write it too? These likewise may be harmless Tryals of Skill to see by the managing a feign'd Passion how to behave our selves in a real one, and that there were no more than the Complaints, which I could suppose, a Person in that condition might make; I cannot think but that every body should believe, who considers my Circumstances and the Lady's, whom some will needs do me the honour to suspect I am in Love with; I confess, I am no very great Friend to these Essays of Courtship, 'tis dangerous playing with fire, and I should be finely serv'd, if Love should punish me with a real Passion; for then I should be miserable enough.

— I am, Madam, too well acquainted with the humours of the Ladies of this Age to set up for a Fortune-hunter: Time was, when Suffering and Sincerity, were the only way to win a Lady's affection; but

but these are among the number of the good old Fashions that are out of doors; the only prevailing Rhetorick now being White and Yellow: All that a poor Love-sick Man can say, without that, is but impertinent stuff at the best, and will be rewarded accordingly. Therefore, *Madam*, my earnest Request to you is, That you would be pleas'd to think me *innocent*, and too grateful, to put such an Affront either upon the Lady, for whom I have an intire Respect, or upon her Family, to which I have so many Obligations: Besides, *Madam*, I have some consideration of my own Happiness, and it may be, too much Pride to throw away my Heart in a Lady's Service for nothing, be her Figure never so considerable. You may remember, *Madam*, what care I took of my self only for a little Head-ach after a bowl of Punch, therefore surely I should have a greater care of the Heart-ach which follows Love as naturally as the other does a Debauch. I hope by this time I have convinc'd you (*Madam*) that you owe me (if I may so say) Satisfaction for Suspicions. I am yet afraid that *Madam S* ——— should be too warm in her own Justification, and perhaps express her self

self with some passion against me, which may seem to confirm your Suspicions of my being guilty. I can easily forgive her, if she does, because I hope it proceeds only from a too great fear of being thought to have dishonour'd her Friends by so criminal a correspondence with a Person (no doubt she has been since told) so much beneath her, and not out of any allowance of the Truth of what you suspect, or particular Aversion against me. As for her Friends, they need not take the Alarm, as if they had discover'd a dangerous Plot against the *Honour* of their Family; for I am so vain as to think, that had this Amour been both *real and successful*, that would have suffered no diminution thereby; all the harm would have been, they would have been prevented from sacrificing her (as I make no question but they will now as fast as they can) to their Idol Mammon. But if she meets not with that *Pagan Confinement*, she is sure of a *Spanish Jealousie* at home, and indeed it would grieve me extreamly, if through my Indiscretion she should lose that little Liberty, which her Father's sordid Temper has left her. I believe few would blame Madam S ——— if she should take some
such

36 *A Letter by another Hand.*

such course as this to deliver her self from that cruel slavery in which they keep her, and which if it continues much longer will certainly be the ruin of a fine Woman, tho' I fear her *narrow Education* has had such effect upon her already, that she will not her self consent to be redeemed without Mony, and that her Generosity will never give either her Keepers any trouble, or any Gentleman encouragement to be her Deliverer. But I forget my self in speaking thus to you, who are not only in the Interest, but now in the *Relations* of the Family too; yet this is all for my Justification still, for if I am so tender of the Honour and Repose of the young Lady, it ought not to be suspected that I would attempt to disturb either; which whoever does, he cannot be accounted, more an Enemy to them than I'll assure you he shall be to him who is,

Madam,

H—————
Septemb. 16,
1692.

Your most obliged

and humble Servant,

ZIPHARES.

The

The Romantick Name, I subscribe by, cannot be strange to you, since you, no doubt, have seen it often in the Papers, and which was never used but for *Sport* and *Diversion*, though others pretend to see such strange things in it.

LETTERS

LETTERS

By the late Celebrated

M^{rs} Katherine Phillips.

The Fam'd *ORINDA*,

TO THE

Honourable *BERENICE.*

YOUR Ladiship's last Favour from
Coll. P——'s was truly obliging,
and carried so much of the same great
Soul of yours, which loves to diffuse it
self in Expressions of Friendship to me,
that it merits a great deal more Acknow-
ledgment than I am able to pay at my best
Condition, and am less now when my
Head akes, and will give me no leave to
enlarge,

enlarge, though I have so much Subject and Reason; but really if my Heart ak'd too, I could be sensible of a very great Kindness and Condescention in thinking me worthy of your Concern, though I visibly perceive most of my Letters have lost their way to your Ladiship. I beseech you be pleased first to believe I have written every Post; but, secondly, since I came, and then to enquire for them, that they may be commended into your hands, where alone they can hope for a favourable residence; I am very much a Sharer by Sympathy, in your Ladiship's satisfaction in the Converse you had in the Country, and find that to that ingenious Company Fortune hath been just, there being no Person fitter to receive all the Admiration of Persons best capable to pay them, than the great *Berenice*: I hope your Ladiship will speak me a real Servant of Dr. *Wilkins*; and all that Converse with you, have enrich'd all this Summer with yours. I humbly thank your Ladiship for your Promise of Mr. *Boyle's* Book, which indeed merits a publick, not View only, but Universal Applause, if my Vote be considerable in things so much above me. If it be possible, oblige me with the sight
of

of one of them, which (if your Ladiship command it) shall be very faithfully return'd you. And now (Madam) why was that a cruel Question, When will you come to *Wales*? 'Tis cruel to me, I confess, that it is yet in question, but I humbly beg your Ladiship to unriddle that part of your Letter, for I cannot understand why you, Madam, who have no Persons alive to whom your Birth hath submitted you, and have already by your Life secur'd to your self the best Opinion the World can give you, should create an Awe upon your own Actions, from imaginary Inconveniencies: Happiness, I confess, is twofac'd, and one is Opinion; but that Opinion is certainly *our own*; for it were equally ridiculous and impossible to shape our *Actions* by others *Opinions*. I have had so much (and some sad) reason to discuss this Principle, that I can speak with some confidence, That *none will ever be happy, who make their Happiness to consist in, or be govern'd by the Votes of other Persons*. I deny not but the Approbation of Wise and Good Persons is a very necessary Satisfaction; but to forbear innocent Contentments, only because it's possible some Fancies may be
 so

so capricious as to dispute, whether I should have taken them, is, in my Belief, neither better nor worse than to fast always, because there are some so superstitious in the World, that will abstain from Meat, upon some Score or other, upon every day in the Year, that is, some upon some days, and others upon others, and some upon all. You know, Madam, there is nothing so various as *Vulgar Opinion*, nothing so untrue to it self, who shall then please since none can fix it, 'tis a Heresie (this of submitting to every blast of popular extravagancy) which I have combated in Persons very dear to me; *Dear Madam*, let them not have your Authority for a relapse, when I had almost committed them; but consider it without a byass, and give Sentence as you see cause; and in that interim put me not off (*Dear Madam*) with those Chymera's, but tell me plainly what inconvenience is it to come? If it be one in earnest, I will submit, but otherwise I am so much my own Friend, and my Friend's Friend, as not to be satisfied with your Ladiship's taking measure of your Actions by others Opinion, when I know too that the severest could find nothing in this Journey that they

L

could

142 *Letters by Mrs. K. Phillips.*

could condemn, but your excess of Charity to me, and that Censure you have already supported with Patience, and (notwithstanding my own consciousness of no ways deserving your sufferance upon that score) I cannot beg you to recover the Reputation of your Judgment in that particular, since it must be my Ruine. I should now say very much for your most obliging Commands to me, to write, and should beg frequent Letters from your Ladiship with all possible importunity, and should by command from my *Lucasia* excuse her last Rudeness (as she calls it) in giving you account of her Honour for you under her own Hand, but I must beg your pardon now, and out-believing all, I can say upon every one of these accounts, for really, *Madam*, you cannot tell how to imagine any Person more to any one, than I am,

June the 25th,
Priory of Cardigan.

Madam,

*Your Ladiship's
most faithful Servant,
and passionate Friend,*

Orinda.

Lucasia

Lucasia is most faithfully your Servant,
I am very glad of Mr. Cowley's success,
and will concern my self so much as to
thank your Ladiship for your endeavour
in it.

L 2

To

To the Honourable

B E R E N I C E.

Dear M A D A M,

I Have been so long silent, that I profess I am now ashamed almost to beg your Pardon, and were not confidence in your Ladyship's Goodness a greater respect than the best Address in the World, I should scarce believe my self capable of remission, but when your Ladyship shall know more fully then Papers can express, how much and how many ways I have suffered, you will rather wonder that I write at all, then that I have not written in a Week, when you shall hear that my Dear *Lucasia* by a strange unfortunate Sickness of her Mother's hath been kept from me, for three Weeks longer than I expected, and is not yet come: I have had some difficulty to live, and truly, *Madam*, so I have, and more difficulty to
be

be silent to you, but that in earnest my disorder was too great to write: *Dear Madam*, pardon and pity me, and to express that you do both be pleased to hasten hither, where I shall pour all my Trouble into your Bosom, and receive thence all that Consolation which I never in my Life more needed than I now do. You see, *Madam*, my Presumption, or rather Distraction to leap from Confessions into Petitions, and those for advantages so much above my merit; but what is that that the dear Great *Berenice* can deny her faithful *Orinda*? And what is it that *Orinda* would not do or suffer to obtain that sweet and desired Converse, she now begs of you, I am confident my *Lucasia* will suddenly be here to thank you for your Charity, which you will by coming express to me, and the Obligation you will put upon her by it, both which shall be equally and constantly acknowledged (if you will please to hasten it) by

*Your faithfully
affectionate Friend,
and humble Servant,
ORINDA.*

Ncv. 2.
1658.

To the Honourable

B E R E N I C E.

I Must confess my self extreamly troubled, to miss a Letter from your Ladiship in a whole Fortnight, but I must beg you to beleive your silence did not occasion mine; for my Ambition to converse with you, and advantage in being allow'd it, is too great for me to decline any opportunity which I can improve to obtain so much happiness; But really the box of Gloves and Ribbons miss'd a conveniency of going, and a Letter that attended them partak'd in the same misfortune; by this time and some days before it I hope they have reach'd you, for they were sent away above a week ago, and if so, all that I can tell you of my Desires to see your Ladiship will be repetition, for I had with as much earnest-

earnestness as I was capable of, Begg'd it then, and yet have so much of the Beggar in me, that I must redouble that importunity now, and tell you, That I Gasp for you with an impatience that is not to be imagin'd by any Soul wound up to a less concern in Friendship then yours is, and therefore I cannot hope to make others sensible of my vast desires to enjoy you, but I can safely appeal to your own Illustrious Heart, where I am sure of a Court of Equity to relieve me in all the Complaints and Suplications my Friendship can put up: *Madam*, I am assured you love me, and that being once granted, 'tis out of dispute, that your Love must have nobler circumstances then mine, but because the greatness and reallity of it must be always disputed with you, by me there must of necessity remain the obligingness of your Love to weigh down the ballance, and give you that advantage over me in friendship, which you unquestionably have in all things else, and if this reasoning be true (as sure there are all Sciences in Friendship, and then Logick cannot be excluded) I

148 *Letters by Mrs. K. Phillips.*

have argued my self into a handsome necessity of being eternally on the receiving hand, but let me qualifie that seeming meanness, by assuring you, that even that is the greatest testimony of my esteem for your Ladyship, that ever I can give ; for I have a natural pride (that I cannot much repent of) which makes me very unwilling to be obliged, and more curious from whom I receive kindneses then where I confer them, so that being Contented to be perpetually in your debt, is the greatest Confession I can make of the Empire you have over me, and really that privilege is the last which I can submit to part with all, to be just done in acts of Friendship, and that I do not only yeild you in all my life past, but can beg to have it continued by your doing me the greatest favour that ever I receiv'd from you by restoring me my dear and honoured *Berenice* ; this, *Madam*, is but one action, but like the Summ of an Account, it contains the value of all the rest, and will so oblige and refresh me, that I cannot express the satisfaction

I

I shall receive in it ; I humbly thank your Ladyship for the assurance you have given me, that you suddenly intend it, and that you were pleased to be accountable to me for your stay till *Christmas*, which being now at hand, I hope you will have neither reason, importunity, nor inclinations to retard the happiness you intend me ; Really, *Madam*, I shall and must expect it in these Holydays, and a disappointment to me is the greatest of Miseries : and then, *Madam*, I trust you will be convinc'd of this necessity there is of your life and health, since Heaven it self appears so much concern'd in it, as to restore it by a Miracle : and truly had you been still in danger, I should have look'd upon that as more ominous than the Blazing-Star so much discours'd of, but you are one of those extraordinary Blessings which are the publick concerns, and are, I trust, reserv'd to be yet many Years an Example of Honour and Ornament to Religion.

Oh, *Madam*, I have abundance to tell you and ask you, and if you will not hasten to hear it, you will be almost
as

as cruel as *Arfaces*; but you will come, and if you find any thing in this Letter that seems to question it, impute it to the continual distrust of my own merit, which will not permit me easily to believe my self favoured; *Dear Madam,* if you think me too timorous, confute me by the welcome Experiment of your Company, which really I perpetually long for, and again beg as you love me, and claim as you would have me believe it; I am glad your Ladiship has pitch'd on a place so near me, you shall be sufficiently persecuted with *Orinda*. I know you will pardon me for not acquainting you with the News you heard from other hands, when I tell you there is nothing of it true, and the Town is now full of very different Discourse, but I shall tell you more particularly when I have the honour to see you, and till then cannot with conveniency do it. I easily believe *Dons* factious, but in those Disputes I think he discovers more Wit than Wisdom, and your Ladiship knows they are inseperable; I shall loose the Post if I do not now hasten to subscribe

Letters by Mrs. K. Phillips. 151

scribe, what I am always ready to
make good, that I am more than any
one living,

Your Ladiship's most Faithful,

Decemb. 30.
1658.

and most Passionate

Friend and Servant,

Orinda,

To

To the Honourable

B E N E R I C E.

WITH the greatest Joy and Confusion in the World, I received, *Dear Madam*, your Ladiship's most obliging Letter from *Kew*, and thus far I am reconcil'd to my own Omissions, that they have produc'd a Shame which serves me now to allay a Transport, which had otherwise been excessive at the knowledge that I am to receive, that notwithstanding all my Failings, you can look upon me with so generous a Concern: I could make many Apologies for my self, and with truth tell you, That I have ventured Papers to kiss your Ladiship's Hand, since

I

I receiv'd one from it, but really,
Madam, I had rather owe my restitution wholly to your Bounty, than seem to have any pretence to it myself, and I will therefore allow my self utterly unworthy of having any room in your Thoughts, in that I have not perpetually begg'd it of you, with that Assiduity as is futable to so great and so valu'd a Blessing; and I know that though a Sea have divided our Persons, and many other Accidents made your Ladiship's Residence uncertain to me, yet I ought to have been restless in my Enquiries how to make my approaches to you, and all the Varieties and Wandrings and Troubles that I have undergone since I had the honour to see your Ladiship, ought not to have distracted me one moment from the payment of that Devotion to you, which, if you please, I will swear never to have been one jot lessen'd in my Heart, as ill and as seldom as I have express'd it, but now that my good Fortune has brought me once more so near your Ladiship, I hope to redeem my Time, by so constant
and

and fervent Addresses to you, as shall both witness how unalterably I have ever lov'd and honour'd you, and how extreamly glad I am still to be preserved in so noble and so priz'd a Heart as yours, and that I may the sooner be secur'd of that and restor'd to your Converse, I must beg your Ladiship to find some occasion that may bring you to *London*, where I may cast my self at your Feet, both in repentance of my own Faults, and acknowledgment of your Goodness, and assure you that neither *Lucasia*, nor any other Person, ever had the Will, the Power, or the Confidence to hinder the Justice of my most affectionate Service to your Ladiship, and though you fright me with telling me how much you have considered me of late, yet I will venture upon all the Severity that Reflection can produce; and if it be as great as I may reasonably fear, yet I will submit to it for the Expiation of my Failings, and think my self sufficiently happy if after any Pennance you will once more receive me into your Friendship, and allow me to be that same *Orinda*, whom with
so

so much goodness you were once pleased to own as most faithfully yours, and who have ever been, and ever will be so; and, Dear dear Madam,

Your Ladiship's

most affectionate

humble Servant and Friend,

K. Phillips.

This was wrote but a Month before
Orinda died.

To

T O

Mr. *HERBERT.*

I Receiv'd your two Letters against *Hypocrisie* and *Love*, but I must tell you, they have made me no Convert from Women, and their Favourite; for who like *Simonides*, wou'd give nine scandalous Origins to Womankind, for one good one, meerly because the Follies and Vices of that Sex deserve it, and yet hope ever to make your account of them: or who with *Petronius Arbiter*, would tell the Lawyers,

*Quid faciunt Leges ubi sola pecunia regnat?
 Aut ubi paupertas vincere nulla potest,
 Ipsi qui Cynica traducunt tempora cena,
 Nonnunquam Nummis vendere verba solent,*

Ergo

A Letter by another Hand. 157

*Ergo judicium, nihil est nisi publica Merces
Atque eques in causa qui sedet empti pro-
bat.*

Thus English'd by Mr. Burnaby.

*Laws bear the Name, but Money has the
Power ;*

*The Cause is bad when e're the Client's Poor :
Those strict liv'd Men that seem above our
World,*

Are oft too modest to resist our Gold.

*So Judgment, like our other Wares, is sold ;
And the Grave Knight that nods upon the
Laws,*

*Wak'd by a Fee, Hems, and approves the
Cause:*

*That the Bar is but a Market for the Sale
of Right, and that the Judge sits there
only to confirm what the Bribe had se-
cur'd before, and yet hope ever to escape
when you come into their Hands ? Or
what Man that has his Interest before his
Eyes wou'd tell this dangerous Truth,
That Priests of all Religions are the
same.*

M

No,

158 *A Letter by another Hand.*

No, no, Plain dealing must be left to *Manly*, and confin'd to the Theatre, and permit *Hypocrisie* and *Nonsense* to prevail with those pretty Amusements Women, that like their own Pleasure too well, to be fond of Sincerity. You declaim against Love on the usual Topicks, and have scarce any thing new to be answer'd by me, their profess'd Advocate, if by Repentance you mean the Pain that accompanies Love; all other Pleasures are mixt with that, as well as Love, as *Cicero* observes in his second Book *de Oratore*, *Omnibus rebus, voluptatibus maximis fastidium finitimum est*, in all things where the greatest Pleasures are found, there borders a satiety and uneasie pain; and *Catullus*, *Non est dea nescia nostri, que dulcem curis miscet amaritiem: Nor am I unknown to that bright Goddess, who with my Cares mingles a sweet pleasing Bitter*. But I take this pain in Love to proceed from the imperfection of our Union with the Object belov'd, for the Mind forms a thousand entrancing Idea's, but the Body is not capable of coming up to that satisfaction the Mind proposes; but this Pain is in all other Pleasures that we have,

A Letter by another Hand. 159

ave, none of which afford that fulness of Pleasure, as Love, which bears some proportion to the vehemence of our Desires: Speak therefore no more against Love, as you hope to die in the Arms of *Sylvia*, or not perish wretchedly in the Death of a Pumpkin. I am

Your Friend, &c.

M 2

LET.

LETTERS

B Y

Mr. T. BROWN.

T O

C. G. Esq; in *Covent-Garden*.

May I be forced to turn *News-monger* for a wretched Subsistence, and beat up *fifty Coffee-houses* every Morning to gather *Scraps* of Intelligence, and *fatherless* Scandal; or (to Curse my self more *emphatically*) may I live the *restless* Life of some *gay* younger Brother's *Starving* Footman of the *Temple*, who between his Master's *Debts* and *Fornication*, visits once a Day half the *Shopkeepers* in *Fleetstreet*, and half the *Whores* in *Drury-Lane*,

Lane; if I am not as utterly weary of hunting after you any longer, as ever Statesman was of *serving* the Publick, when the Publick forgot to *bribe* his private Interest. Shou'd I but set down how many *tiresome* Leagues I have travell'd, how often I have *shot* all the City-Gates, *cross'd* *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*, *pass'd* the two Tropicks of the *Old* and *New Exchange*, and *doubled* the Cape of *Covent-garden Church* to see you, I shou'd grow more voluminous than *Coryat*, and you'd fancy your self, without doubt, engaged in *Purchase's* or *Hackluyt's* Itineraries. As you are a Person of half *Business* and half *Pleasure* (which the *Wise* say, is the best Composition in the World) I have consider'd you in your *two* Capacities, and order'd my Visits accordingly. Sometimes I call'd upon you betimes in a Morning, when nothing was to be met in the Streets, but *grave* Tradesmen stalking in their Slippers to the next Coffee-house, *Midnight* Drunkards reeling home from the *Rose*, industrious *Harlots*, who had been earning a Penny over Night, tripping it on foot to their Lodgings, Ragmen picking up Materials for *Grubstreet*; in short, nothing but Bailiffs, Chimney-Sweepers,

Cinderwomen, and other People of the same early Occupations, and yet, as my ill Stars contriv'd it, you were still gone out before me. At other times I have call'd at *Four* in the Afternoon, the *Sober* Hour, when other discreet Gentlemen were but *newly* up, and dressing to go to the Play, but to as little purpose as in the Morning. Then towards the Evening I have a hundred times examin'd the Pit and Boxes, the Chocolate-houses, the Taverns, and all places of publick Resort except a Church (and there, I confess, I cou'd no more expect to meet you, than a right *Beau* of the last *Paris* Edition in the *Bear-garden*) but still I failed of you every where, though sometimes you 'scaped me as narrowly as a Quibble does some merry Statesmen I cou'd name to you. Is it not strange, thought I to my self, that every paltry Astrologer about the Town, by the help of a foolish Telescope, shou'd be able to have the Seven Planets at a Minute's warning, nay, and their very Attendants, their *Satellites* too, though some of them are so many hundred thousand Miles distant from us, to know precisely when they go to Bed, and what Rambles they take, and yet that I

with

with all my pains and application shou'd never take you in any of your *Orbits*, who are so considerably nearer to me? But for my part, I believe a Man may sooner find out a true Key to the *Revelations*, than discover your *By-haunts*, and solve every Problem in *Euclid* much easier than yourself. With all Reverence be it said, Your Ways are as hard to be traced as those of Heaven; and the Dean of P——, who in his late History of Providence has explain'd all the several *Phænomena's* of it, but his own *Conversions*, is the fittest Person I know of in the World to account for your *Eclipses*. Some of your and my good Friends, (whom I need not mention to you) have cross'd the *German Ocean*, made the *Tour* of the *Low Countries*, seen the Elector of *Bavaria* and Prince *Vaudemont*, and might, if they pleas'd, have got drunk with a dozen of *German Princes*, in half the time. I have been beating the Hoof up and down *London*, to find out you; — so that at last, after a World of mortifying Disappointments, taking a Martial in my hands, I happen'd to light upon an Epigram of his, address'd to *Decianus*, a very honest Gentleman it seems, but one that

164 *Letters by Mr. T. Brown.*

was as hard to be met with as yourself;
and this Epigram suiting my own case
exactly, I here send you a Paraphrase or
Imitation of it, call it which you please.

Ne valeam, si non totis Deciane Diebus.

Lib. 2. Ep. 2.

*In some vile Hamlet let me live forgot,
Small-beer my portion, and no Wine my lot.
To some worse Filt in Church-Indentures
bound,*

*Than ancient Job, or modern Sh — found,
And with more Aches visited, and Ills,
Than fill up Salmon's Works or Tilburgh's
Bills :*

*If 'tis not still the burden of my Prayer,
The day with you, with you the night to share.
But, Sir, (and the Complaint, you know, is
true)*

*Two damn'd long miles there lye 'twixt me
and you :*

*And these two miles, with little calculation,
Make four by that I've reach'd my habitation.
You near Sage Will's, the Land of Mirth
and Claret,*

*I live, stow'd up in a White-chappel
Garret ;*

Letters by Mr. T. Brown. 165

Oft when I've come so far your Hands to
kiss,
Flatter'd with Thoughts of the succeeding
Bliss,
I'm told, you're gone to the Vexatious
Hall,
Where with eternal Lungs the Lawyers
bawl,
Or else stole out, a Female-Friend to see,
Or what's as bad, you're not at Home for
me.
Two Miles I've at your Service; and that's
civil,
But to trudge four, and miss you, is the
Devil.

And now if you are not incurably lost
to all sence of Humanity, send me word
where it is you pass your Evenings, or in
one of your beloved Catullus's Expressi-
ons,

Demonstres ubi sunt me tenebræ.

But if you think that too hard upon you,
for I wou'd not be thought to invade
your Privacies, appoint some common
Meeting-place, the Griffin, or the Dog,
where

166 *Letters by Mr. T. Brown.*

where with two or three more *select*
Friends, we may pass a few Hours over
a *Righteous* Bottle of Claret. As you
ever hope that Heaven will be merciful,
or *Sylvia* true to you, let this hap-
py Night be some time this Week. I
am,

London,
June 20.
1695.

Your most obliged Servant,

T. Brown.

TO

T O

The Purjur'd Mrs. * * *

THIS Morning I receiv'd the News, (which, knowing you to be a *Woman*, I confess, did not much startle me) that is, spight of all your Promises, your Vows, and Obligations, nay, and in spight of your Interest too (which you *Women* so seldom sin against) you had sacrificed my Worthy Friend Mr. —, and are to be married next Week to that nauseous, that insupportable, that everlasting Beast —. Upon which I immediately repair'd to my Friend's Lodgings, and because I knew but too well how nearly he had taken you into his Heart, I carried him to that blessed Sanctuary of disappointed Lovers, a Tavern; The better to prepare him for the News of your Infidelity, I plied him warmly with the
Juice

168 *Letters by Mr. T. Brown.*

Juice of the generous Grape, and entertain'd him all the while with the most horrible Stories of your Sex, that my Malice cou'd suggest to me, which Heaven be prais'd, was fruitful enough upon this occasion ; for I don't believe I forgot one single instance of Female-Treachery from Mother *Eve*, of wheedling Memory, down to your virtuous self. At last when Matters were ripe, I disclosed the unwelcome Secret to him —. He raved and wept, and after some interval wept and raved again ; but thanks to my pious Advice, and the kind Influence of t'other Bottle, it was not long before the Paroxysm was over. I cou'd almost wish you had been by, to see how heroically he threw of your Chains, with what Alacrity he tore you from his Bosom ; and in fine, with what a Christian Self-denial he renounc'd you ; more heartily, I dare swear, than his Godfather abjur'd the Devil for him at his Baptism.

And now, *Madam*, tho I confess you have prevented my Curses by your choice of such a Coxcomb, and 'tis not good Manners to sollicite a Judgment from Heaven on every such Accident as this
(for

(for Providence wou'd have a fine time on't, to be at the expence of a Thunderbolt for every Woman that forswears her self) yet so much do I resent the ill usage of my Friend that I cannot forbear to give you this conviction how earnestly I can pray, when I set my self to't; therefore give me leave, *Madam*, to throw these hearty Ejaculations at your Head, now, since I shall not have the honour to throw a Stocking at you on the fatal Night of Consummation.

May the Brute, your Husband, be as Jealous of you, as Usurpers are of their new Subjects, and to shew his good opinion of your Judgment, as well as your Virtue, may he suspect you of a Commerce with nothing of God's making; nothing like a Gentleman that may serve to excuse the Sin, but lowlie Bush-begotten Vagabond's, and hideous Rogues in Raggs and Tatters, or Monsters that stole into the World, when Nature was asleep, with Ulcers all over them, and Bunches on their Backs as large as Hillocks. May you never actually Cuckold him (for that were to wish you some Pleasure, which God knows, I am far from being guilty of) but what
will

will serve to torment him as effectually, may the Wretch imagine, you've injur'd him that way ; under which prepossession may he never open his Mouth but to curse, nor lift up his Hands but to chastise you. May that execrable day be for ever banished out of the Almanack in which he does not use his best endeavours to beat *one* into your Bones ; and may you never go to Bed without an apprehension that he'll cut your Throat. May he too have the same distrust of you, thus may your Nights be spent in eternal Quarrels and your Nuptial sheets boast of no honourable *Blood* but what's owing to these Nocturnal Skirmishes. May he lock you up from the sight of all Mankind, and leave you nothing but your ill Conscience to keep you company, till at last between his penurious allowance and the sense of your own guilt, you make so terrible a figure, that the worst Witch in *Mackbeth* woud seem an Angel to you. May not even this dismal solitude protect you from his Suspicions, but may some good-natured Devil whisper into his Ear, that you have committed wickedness with a Bedstaff, and in one of his frantick fits may he
beat

beat out your Brains with that supposed instrument of your Lust. May your History be transmitted to all Ages in the Annals of *Grubstreet*, and as they fright Children with *Rawhead and Bloodybones*, may your name be quoted to deter People from committing of Matrimony. And to ratifie all this (upon my Knees I most devoutly beg it) may Heaven hear the Prayers of

T. Brown.

TO

T O

The Honourable * *In the *Pall-mall*.

S I R,

L A S T Night I had the following Verses, which for my part, I confess, I never saw before, given me by a Gentleman, who assur'd me they were written by my late Lord *Rochester*; and knowing what a *just* Value you have for all the Compositions of that *incomparable* Person, I was resolv'd to send 'em to you by the first opportunity. 'Tis indeed very strange how they could be continued in private hands all this while, since the great care that has been taken to print every Line of his Lordship's Writing, that would endure a publick view: But I am not able to assign the
Rea-

Reason for it. All that you need know concerning the occasion of them, is, that they were written in a Lady's Prayer-book:

*Fling this useless Book away,
And presume no more to Pray;
Heav'n is just, and can bestow
Mercy on none but those that Mercy show.
With a proud Heart maliciously inclin'd
Not to encrease, but to subdue Mankind.
In vain you vex the Gods with your Pe-
tition;*

*Without Repentance and sincere Con-
trition,*

You're in a Reprobate Condition.

*Phillis, to calm the angry Powers,
And save my Soul as well as yours,
Relieve poor Mortals from Despair,
And justify the Gods that made you fair;
And in those bright and charming Eyes
Let Pity first appear, then Love;*

*That we by easie steps may rise
Through all the Joys on Earth, to those
Above.*

I cannot swear to their being genuine ;
however, there's something so delicate in
the Thought, so easie and beautiful in the

Expression, that I am without much difficulty to be perswaded, that they belong to my Lord. Besides, I cannot imagine with what prospect any Gentleman should disown a Copy of Verses which might have done him no ill Service with the Ladies, to father them upon his Lordship, whose Reputation was so well establish'd among them beforehand, by a numerous and lawful Issue of his own begetting. The Song that comes along with them was written by Mr. Gl— of *Lincolns-Inn*; and, I believe, you'll applaud my Judgment, for seeking to entertain you out of my Friend's Store, who understands the Harmony of an English Ode so well, since I have nothing of mine own that deserves transcribing.

I.

*Phillis has a gentle Heart,
 Willing to the Lover's Courting;
 Wanton Nature, all the Art,
 To direct her in her Sporting:
 In th' Embrace, the Look, the Kiss,
 All is real Inclination;
 No false Raptures in the Bliss;
 No feign'd Sighings in the Passion.*

But

II.

*But, oh ! who the Charms can speak,
Who the thousand ways of toying,
When she does the Lover make
All a God in her enjoying ?
Who the Limbs that round him move,
And constrain him to the Blissess ?
Who the Eyes that swim in Love,
Or the Lips that suck in Kisses ?*

III.

*Oh the Freaks, when mad she grows,
Raves all wild with the possessing !
Oh the silent Trance ! which shows
The Delight above expressing.
Every way she does engage,
Idly talking, speechless lying :
She transports me with the Rage,
And she kills me in her Dying.*

I could not but laugh at one passage in your Letter, where you tell me, That you, and half a dozen more, had like to have been talk'd to death t'other day, by — upon the Success of his late Play. For my part, I don't pity you at all ; for why the Devil should a Man run his Head against a Brick-wall, when he may avoid it ? On the other hand, I wonder why you Gentlemen of Will's Coffee-house,

176 *Letters by Mr. T. Brown.*

who pretend to study Pleasure above other People, should not as naturally scamper out of the Room when your Persecuter appears, as Monsieur *Misson* tells us the Dogs in *Italy* ran out of Church as soon as ever they see a *Capuchin* mount the Pulpit. I find by you, that the above-mention'd everlasting *Babillard* plagued you with his Songs, and talked of out-doing Don *Quixot* of Memory; so far I agree with him, That if he has any Genius, it lies wholly in Sonnet. But (Heaven be prais'd) notwithstanding all the feeble Efforts of his Enemies to depose him, still continues the only Legal, Rightful and Undoubted King of *Lyric-land*, whom God grant long to Reign over all his Hamlets, and may no *Gallic* Attempts against his Crown or Person ever prosper. So wishes

Your most obliged Servant,

T. Brown.

Let.

Letters of Courtship

T O A

Woman of Quality.

IF it be a Crime in me, *Madam*, to love, 'tis your fair Self that's the occasion of it; and if it be a Crime in me to *tell* you I do, 'tis my self only that's faulty. I confess, 'twas in my power to have forborn writing, but I am satisfy'd I cou'd never have seen you, but the Language of my Looks wou'd have *disclosed the Secret*; and to what purpose is it to pretend to conceal a Flame *that will discover it self by its own Light*. In my mind there's more Confession in disorder'd Actions, frequent Sighs, or a complaining Countenance, than in all the artful

artful expressions the Tongue can utter, I have been struggling with my self this three Months to discover a thing which I now must do in three words, and that is, that *I adore you* ; and I am sure if you'll be just to your self, you cannot be so unjust to me, as to question the reallity of this Discovery, for 'tis imposible for you to be ignorant of the Charms you possess, no body can be rich, and yet *unacquanted with their Stores* ; and therefore since 'tis certain, you have every thing wonderfully engaging, you must not take it ill that my Taste is as curious as another's, I shou'd do an injury to my own Judgment if it were not ; I am not, *Madam*, so vain as to believe, that any thing I can act or utter shou'd ever perswade you to retain the least kind regard, in recompence of the pain I suffer ; I only beg leave and liberty to complain ? They that are hurt in Service, are permitted to show their Wounds ; and the more gallant the Conquerour, *the more generous is his Compassion*. I ventur'd last Night to falter out my Misfortune, 'twas almost dark, and I attempted it with greater bold-

boldness, nay, you your self (cruel and charming as you are) must needs take notice of my disorder; your Sentences were short and reproving; your Answers cold; and your manner (contrary to your usual and peculiar sweetness) was *severe and forbidding*, yet in spite of all the Awe and chill Aspect you put on, you must always appear most adorable to,

MADAM,

Your most lost and

unfortunate humble Servant.

By the same Hand.

YOU need not have laid an Obligation on me of writing, who am so inclinable of my own accord, to tire you with Letters ; 'tis the most agreeable thing I can do, and cou'd wish you thought it so too ; but when I reflect upon the harshness of my Expressions, I must needs conclude, I have a greater regard to my own satisfaction in writing, than to your patience in reading ; the only way I know to make me write better, wou'd be to recieve more frequent Letters from *you*, which would instruct me to do it ; and I shou'd think it the greatest perfection of my Pen to imitate even the *faults* of yours (if there were any :) I have the satisfaction left me, that I am writing to one, that though her Judgment be nice and discerning, her Interpretation *is easie* and *sandid* ; ONE that has not only the *brightness*

brightness of Heaven to make me adore her, but also the *goodness of it* to forgive my offences; else I shou'd despair of Pardon for this too long Letter.

I confess, if I were to make a recital of of your divine Qualities, an Age would be too small a time to be employ'd in the Work: I shou'd indeavour to paint your gay airy Temper, and yet shaddow it with all the Modesty and cautious Reserv'dness; you have an Humour so very *taking* that, as it fires the *serious*, and *dull*, so it checks, and restrains the too *forward*; and as your Charms give *encouragement*, so your wakeful Conduct creates *dispair*; if the Paper and your Patience wou'd not fail me, I cou'd live upon this Subject; but whilst I do Justice to your *Vertues* I offend your *Modesty*, and every Offence against you, *Madam*, must be avoided as much as possible by him, all whose Happiness depends on pleasing you, as does that of,

MADAM,

Your humble Servant.

By

By the same Hand.

ASI cannot reflect upon the *melancholy Appearance* of things on *Sunday* and *Monday* last, without an Affliction *inexpressible*, so I cannot think on the happy Change without the most grateful Pleasure. Heavens! how my Heart sunk, when I found the tenderest part of my Soul seiz'd with an Indisposition, her Colour faded, the usual Gaiety of her Temper eclipsed, her Tongue faltering, her Air languishing, and the charming Lustre of her Eyes setting and decay'd! Instead of kind Expressions full of Love and Endearments, I could hear nothing but Complaints, and the *melancholy Effects* of a growing Illness. 'Tis true, (my dearest Life) tho' you are as beautiful as Light, tho' sweet and tender as a Flower in Spring, tho' gay and cheerful as dawning Youth, yet all these Perfections, that captivate others, cannot secure you against the

to a *Woman of Quality*. 183

the Tyranny of *Distempers*; Sickness has
no regard to your *Innocence*, but the same
ruffling Tempest that tears up the *common*
Weeds, blasts also the *fragrant blushing*
Rose: But now, to the eternal Peace of
my satisfied Mind, the Feaverish Heat is
extinguish'd, and your Charms recover
their usual heavenly Brightness; I am
the *Unhappy Wretch* that feels their force,
and consumes of a Feaver *never* to be ex-
tinguish'd, but with the Life of,

Madam,

Yours, &c.

By

By the same Hand.

THIS Morning I discover'd the *happy Signal* at your Window, which was as welcome to me as a Cordial to fainting Spirits; Heavens grant the Design be real, *Love* is *never* free from *Fears*; and my presaging Mind bids me not be *too confident*. If there be any *Sympathy* in our Souls, as there is in our *Manners* and *Humours*, I am sure you must be very much indispos'd; for, all night long *dreadful Fancies* haunted me, and drove all *soft* and *pleasing Idea's* from me: The same Rest which guilty despairing Wretches and Feaverish Souls find in the midst of their Agonies, was my Lot all night long; I could not, durst not slumber; and, as my *Love* grew more *outrageous*, my Apprehensions about you
were

to a Woman of Quality. 185

were more *distracting*. I cannot be well till I see you, which if it be with your usual *Charming Gayety*, I shall be the most *blest* of Mortals : But if pale Sicknes sit upon your Lips, Heavens grant it may also freeze the *Blood* of

Yours.

By

By the same Hand.

IF *Distraction* be an Argument of *Love*; I need no other to convince you of my *Passion*: All my past Actions have discover'd it, since I had the honour to know you; tho' not any so sensibly as my Behaviour on *Sunday Night*: My Reflection on it gives me more pain than I can exprefs, or you imagine; tho' in my Mind those Actions may be forgiven, that proceed from *Excess of Love*. My Letter will discover the Loss of my Senses, which I never had so much occasion for as now, especially when I presume to write to one of so much *Judgment* as yourself; but you, my *dearest Creature*, must look upon the Infirmities and Distress of a *Love-sick Wretch*, with the same *Candour* and *Mildness* that Heaven does upon you; and let all my Faults be forgiven by your tender Heart, that is design'd for nothing but *Compassion*,

to a Woman of Quality. 187

on, and all the gentle Actions of softest Love. Whilst I am preaching up Pity, I must remember to practise it myself, and not to persecute you with more Words, than to tell you, that I love you to death; and when I cease to do it, may Heaven justly punish my broken Vows, and may I be as miserable as now I think myself happy. But as the greatest Passions are discover'd by Silence, so that must direct me to conclude.

Yours.

By

By the same Hand.

I Am troubl'd, at the Soul, to find my *Dearest Life* express herself with so much Concern: I am sure, till *Death* makes me *cold*, I shall *never* be so to one whose I *entirely* am, not so much by *Vows* as by the *sincereſt Paſſion* and *Inclination*. No, my *kind Dear*, *engaging* Creature, ſooner than utter *one* Sigh which is not for You, I would chuſe to be the Contempt of *Mankind*, and an Abhorrer of my own *loath'd Being*. Your Perſon is *too charming*, your Manners *too winning*, your Principles *too honourable*, ever to let a Heart eſcape, that you have *once* made *entirely* your own; and when mine is not ſo, may it feſter in the Breſt of

Yours.

By the same Hand.

TO express the *grateful* sence of the
 Obligation I have to you, cannot
 be effectually done, unless I had *your* Pen.
 If you observe my stile, you will have
 reason to conclude, I have not received
 your *ingenious* Letter of yesterday, which
 shou'd have been a precedent to me, and
 a *rule* to write by ; I assure you I am
 as well satisfy'd of the *reallity* of the
 Contents of it, as I am of its *Ingenuity*.
 Your *Sence* is *clear* like your *Actions* ; and
 that *Spirit* that glows in your *Eyes*,
 shines in your *Lines*. I may venture
 to say, that *writing* is not the *least* of
 your *Excellencies*, and if *any* thing cou'd
 perswade me to stay longer then *Friday*
 or *Saturday* here, it wou'd be in *Expectati-*
on of a second *Letter* from *you*. 'Tis my
greatest pleasure to hear you are well,
 and to have the happiness of possessing in
 O Thought

Thought, what is deny'd to my Eyes;
desiring the Continuance of them for *no*
other end, then to gaze upon my *dear*
Conquerefs, who, after a most *engaging*
manner, has the way of *kindly* Killing

Her humble and eternally

obliged Servant.

By

By the same Hand.

I Hope, my *dearest Life*, will excuse this impertinence, tho' I received her *commands* not to write ; but when I tell her, that the *Tumult* of my Mind was so *extream*, upon the reflection of my late *Folly*, that I cou'd not rest, till I had acknowledg'd my *Rashness* ; I hope she'll continue her *usual* G O O D-NESS of forgiving one, that cannot forgive *himself*. When I think of my unworthiness, I rave. I have been treated by the *dearest* and *best* of *Creatures*, with all the *Honour* and *Sincerity* imaginable, and my Return has been *Brutallity* and *ill Manners*. 'Tis you alone, *Madam*, that have sweet engaging ways *peculiar* to your *self*, you are *easy* without *Levity* ; *Courteous* and *Affable* without *Flattery* ; you have *Wit* without *Ill-nature*, and *Charms* without being *vain*. I cannot
O 2 think

think of all your Heavenly Qualifications, without *upbraiding* my self for making such *barbarous* and *unjust* Returns. I cannot think of what I have done, without a just *Abhorrence*; I loath and *detest* my self, and must needs own, I ought not to subscribe my self by any other Title, than

M A D A M,

Your Ungrateful.

T O

T O

My Lady * * *

I Found a Letter of your Ladiship's own Hand left for me last Night at my Lodgings. This Morning a Porter visited me with another of the sort, and just now going to dine with some Friends at the *Blew-posts*, you send me a third to refresh my Memory. I vow to God, *Madam*, if you continue to draw your Bills so fast upon me, I must be forc'd to protest them in my own defence, or fly my Country. But with submission, methinks the Language of all three was very surprizing; You complain of my absence, and coldness, and the Lord knows what, tho' 'tis but four days ago since I gave you the best convictions of my Love I cou'd, and you flatter'd me strangely, if you were not satisfied with them: May I be as

O 3

unac-

unacceptable to all Womankind as an old Eunuch with *Jo. Haynes's* Voice, if there's a Person in the Universe whom I adore above yourself; but the devoutest Lover upon Earth may sometimes be without an *Offering*, and then certainly he's excused by all Love's Cannon-Law in the World, for not coming to the *Altar*. There are People I know that love to hear the rattling of the Boxes, and show themselves at the *Groom-Porter's*, when they have not a Farthing in their Pockets; but for my part, I cou'd never endure to be an idle Looker on. I have a thousand Obligations to your Ladyship, and till I am in a capacity to repay them, shou'd be as uneasy to see you, as any other Creditor when I have no Money to send him going. I am so very honest in my own nature, that I wou'd not put you off with half Payments, and if I were not, your Ladyship is so discerning, that I might much easier palm clipt Mony upon a Jew, than succeed in such a trick with so nice a Judge. Perhaps, *Madam*, you are scrupulous in this matter even to a Fault. 'Tis not enough for you, that your Mony is Parliamentary, and that other People wou'd

wou'd be glad on't, for if it is not of the
largest size, or wants one grain of its due
weight, you reject it with indignation. But
what is the hardest case of all (and you
must pardon me, *Madam*, if I take this
occasion to reproach you with it) you
are for engrossing a Man's whole Cash
to your self, and by your good will,
wou'd not leave him one solitary Testar
to distribute among the Needy elsewhere,
tho' you don't know what Objects of
Charity he may meet abroad. This,
in truth, is very severe usage; 'tis the
same as if the Government shou'd only
take care to pay off the Soldiers in *Flan-*
ders, and suffer the poor Seamen to starve.
Even the *Royal-Oak Lottery*, who are
fit to be imitated by you in this particular,
never strip a Man intirely of all, but let
him march off decently with a Crown
or two to carry him home. If this
Example won't work upon you, pray
learn a peice of *Tartarian-mercy*; they
are none of the best bred People in the
World, I confess, but are so civil when
they come to a place, not to Eat out the
Heart of the Soil, but having serv'd a pre-
sent turn, shift their Quarters, and forbear
to make a second Visit till the Grass is

grown up again. Nay, a *Nonconformist* Parson, who is a kind of a rambling *Church-Tartar*, but of the worser sort, after he has grazed a beloved Text as bare as the back of one's Hand, is glad for his own convenience to remove to another. Both these Instances, you'll say, look as if I advised you to supply my defect in another place; I leave that to your own discretion, but really your humble Servant's present Exigences are such, that he must be forced to shut up his Exchequer for some time.

I have a hundred times wished, that those unnatural Rogues, the Writers of Romances, had been all hanged, (*Montagne* before me did the same for the *Statuaries*) for giving you Ladies such wrong Notions of things. By representing their Heroes so much beyond Nature, they put such extravagant Idea's into your Heads, that every Woman, unless she has a very despicable Opinion of her own Charms, which not one in a Million has, expects to find a Benefit-Ticket, a *Pharamond*, or an *Oroondates*, to come up for her share, and nothing below such a Monster will content her. You think the Men cou'd do infinitely more

if they pleased, and as 'tis a foolish Notion of the *Indians* that the Apes wou'd speak if it were not for fear of being made Slaves to the *Spaniards*, so you, forsooth, imagine that we, for some such reason, are afraid of going to the full length of our Abilities. We cannot be so much deceived in our hopes of your Constancy, as you are disappointed in our Performances, so that 'twere happy for the World, I think, if Heaven wou'd either give us the Vigour of those brawny long-liv'd Fellows, our Ancestors, or else abridge the Desires of the Women: But, *Madam*, don't believe a word, that those Romance-Writers, or their Brethren in Iniquity, the Poets tell you. The latter prate much of one *Hercules*, a Plague take him, that run the Gantlet through fifty Virgin-Sisters in one Night. 'Tis an impudent Fiction, *Madam*. The Devil of a *Hercules* that there ever was upon the Face of the Earth, (let me beg of you therefore not to set him up for a Knight of the Shire to represent the rest) or if part of his History is true, he was a downright Madman, and prosper'd accordingly; for you know he died raving and impenitent upon a Mountain. Both he and his whole Family have been extinct
these

these two thousand Years and upwards. Some Memoirs tell us, That the Country rose upon them, and dispatch'd them all in a Night, as the *Glencow* Men were served in *Scotland*. I wont justify the truth of this, but after you have tried the whole Race of us one after another, if you find one Man that pretends to be related to this *Hercules*, though at the distance of a *Welch Genealogy*, let me die the Death of the Wicked.

Therefore, *Madam*, take my Advice, and I'll engage you shall be no Loser by it: If your Necessities are so pressing, that you can't stay, you must e'n borrow of a Neighbour; Since *Cheapside* fails you, a God's Name, try your Fortune in *Lombard-street*. But if you cou'd order Matters otherwise, and allow me a Week or so longer, to make up my Sum, you shou'd then be repay'd with Interest, by.

Lysander.

A
Consolatory LETTER
TO AN
E S S E X Divine
UPON THE
Death of his Wife.

OLD FRIEND,

A Gentleman that lives in your Neighbourhood, told me this Morning, after we had had some short Discourse about you, that you have buried your Wife. You and I, Doctor, knew one another, I think, pretty well at the College; but being absolutely a Stranger to your Wife's Person and Character,
the

the Old Gentleman in Black take me, if I know how to behave my self upon this occasion ; that is to say, whether to be Sad or Merry ; whether to Condole, or Congratulate you. But since I must do one or t'other, I think it best to go on the surer side, and so Doctor I give you Joy of your late great Deliverance. You'll ask me, perhaps, why I chose this Party ? To which I shall only reply, That your Wife was a Woman, and 'tis an hundred to one that I have hit on the right. But if this won't suffice, I have Argument to make use of, that you can no more answer, than you can confute *Bellarmino*. I don't mean the *Popish* Cardinal of that Name (for I believe you have oftner laid him upon his Back, than Mrs. *Mary* deceased) but an ungodly Vessel holding about six Gallons, which in some parts of *England*, goes by another Name (the more's the pity 'tis suffer'd) and is call'd, a *Jeroboam*.—— And thus I urge it.—— Mrs. *Mary* defunct, was either a very good, or a very bad, or an indifferent, a between Hawk and Buzzard Wife ; though you know the Primitive Christians, for the four first Ages of the Church,

Church, were all of Opinion, that there were no indifferent Wives; however, *disputandi gratia*, I allow them here. Now if she was a good Wife, she's certainly gone to a better place, and then St. Jerome, and St. Austin, and St. Ambrose, and St. Basil, and in short, a whole Cart-load of Greek and Latin Fathers (whom 'tis not your Interest by any means to disoblige) say positively, That you ought not to grieve. If she was a bad one, your Reason will suggest the same to you, without going to Councils and Schoolmen; so now it only remains upon my hands to prove, that you ought not to be concern'd for her Death if she was an indifferent Wife; and publick Authority having not thought fit as yet, to oblige us to mourn for Wives of that denomination, it follows, by the Doctrine of the Church of *England*, about things indifferent, that you had better let it alone, for fear of giving Scandal to weak Brethren.

Therefore, Doctor, if you'll take my Advice, in the first place, Pluck up a good Heart; secondly, Smoak your Pipe as you used to do; thirdly, Read moderately; fourthly, Drink plentifully; fifthly and lastly, When you are distributing

buting Spoon-meat to the People next *Sunday* from your Pulpit, cast me a Hawk's Eye round your Congregation, and if you can, spy out a Farmer's Daughter, plump and juicy, one that's likely to be a good Breeder, and whose Father is of some Authority in the Parish, (because that may be necessary for the Support of Holy Church) say no more, but pelt her with Letters, Hymns and Spiritual Sonnets, till you have gain'd your Carnal Point of her. Follow this Counsell, and I'll engage your late Wife will rise no more in your Stomach; for by the unerring Rules of Kitchen-Physick, which, I am apt to think, is the best in all cases, one Shoulder of Mutton serves best to drive down another. I am

Yours,

T. B.

TO

TO THE
Fair *LUCINDA*,
AT
E P S O M.

M A D A M,
I Wish I were a Parliament-Man for
your sake. Another now wou'd have
wish'd to have been the *Great Mogul*, the
Grand Seignior, or at least some Sovereign
Prince, but you see I am no ambitious
Person, any farther than I aspire to be in
your good Graces. Now if you ask me
the Reason, why I wish to be so, 'tis nei-
ther to bellow my self into a good Place
at Court, nor to avoid paying my
Debts; 'tis to do a publick Service to my
Country, 'tis to put the fam'd *Magna
Charta* in force: In short, *Madam*, 'tis to
get a Bill pass, whereby every pretty Wo-
man in the Kingdom, (and then I am sure
you'll

you'll be included in it) shou'd under the severest Penalties imaginable, be prohibited to appear in publick without her Mask on. I have often wonder'd, why our Senators flatter us with being a free People, and pretend they have done such mighty things to secure our Liberty, when we are openly plunder'd of it by the Ladies, and that in the Face of the Sun, and on His Majesty's Highway. I am a sad Instance, *Madam*, of this Truth. I that but twelve Hours ago, was as free as the wildest Savage in either *Indies*, that Slept easily, Talk'd chearfully, took my Bottle merrily, and had nothing to rob me of one Minute's Pleasure, now love to be alone, make Answers when no Body speaks to me; Sigh when I least think on't; and tho' I still drag this heavy lifeless Carcass about me, can give no more account of my own Movements, than of what the two Armies are doing this very moment in *Flanders*. By all these wicked Symptoms I terribly suspect I am in Love. If that is my case, and *Lucinda* does not prove as Merciful as she is Charming, the Lord have Mercy on poor

MIRTILLO.

TO

T O

The same at London.

MADAM,

A T last, but after a *tedious* enquiry;
I have found out your Lodgings
in Town, and am pleas'd to hear you're
kept by ——— who, according to
our last Advices from *Lombard-street*, is
Rich and *Old*, two as good Qualities as
a Man cou'd desire in a *Rival*: May
the whole World (I heartily wish it)
consent to pay *Tribute* to all your *Con-*
veniences, nay, to your *Luxury*; while
I, and none but I, have the *honour* to
administer to your *Love*. Don't tell me
your Obligations to him won't give you
leave to be complaisant to a Stranger.
You are his *Sovereign*, and 'tis a standing
Rule among us *Casuits*, that under that
capacity you can do him no *wrong*. But

P

you

you imagine he *loves* you, because he *presents* you with so many *fine* Things: after this rate the most *impotent* Wretches wou'd be the *greatest* Lovers, for none are found to *bribe* Heaven or Women so *high*, as those that have the most *defects* to atone for. You may take it for granted, that half the Keeping-Drones about the Town, do it rather to follow the *Mode*, or to please a *vain* Humour, than out of *Love* to the Party they pretend to admire so, and this *foolish* affectation attends them in other things. I cou'd tell you of a certain *Lord* that keeps a *Chaplain* in his House, and allows him *plentifully*, yet this *Noble Peer* is a rank *Atheist* in his Heart, and *beleives* nothing of the matter: I know another, that has a fine *Stable* of Horses; and a third that values himself upon his great *Library*, yet one of them *rides* out but once in half a year, and t'other never looked on a *Book* in all his Life. Admit your *City-Friend* loved you never so well, yet he's old, which is an incurable fault, and looking upon you as his *purchase*, comes with a *secure*, that is with a *sickly* Appetite; while a vigorous *Lover*, such as as I am, that has *honourable* Difficulties to

to pass through, that knows he's upon his *good Behaviour*, and has nothing but his *Merits* to recommend him, is nothing but Rapture, and Extasie, and Devotion. But Oh, you are afraid it will come to *Old Limberham's Ears*; that is to say, You apprehend I shall make *Discoveries*, for 'tis not to be supposed you'll turn *Evidence* against your self. Prithee, Child, don't let that frighten you. Not a *bribed* Parliament-Man, nor a *drubb'd* Beau, nor a *breaking* Tradesman; nay, to give you the *last* satisfaction of my Secresie, not a *Parson* that has committed *Simony*, nor a *foraging* Author that has got a private *Stealing-place*, shall be half so *secret*, as you'll find me upon this occasion. I'll always come the *back-way* to your Lodgings, and that in the *Evening*, with as much prudent *religious* Caution, as a *City Clergyman* steals into a *Tavern* on *Sundays*; and though it be a *difficult* Lesson for Flesh and Blood to practise, yet to convince you, *Madam*, how much I value your *Reputation*, above my own *Pleasure*, I'll leave you a Mornings before *Scandal* it self is up; that is, before any of the *Censorious* Neighbourhood are stirring. If I see you in the *Street*, or at

the *Playhouse*, I'll know you no more, than two *Sharps* that design to *bob* a Country Fellow with a *drop'd Guinea*, know one another when they meet in the *Tavern*. I'll not discover my Engagements with you by any *Overt-acts* of my Loyalty, such as *drinking* your Health in all Companies, and writing your Name in every *Glass-Window*, nor yet betray you by too *superstitious* a Care to conceal the Intrigue.

Thus, *Madam*, I have answered all the *Scruples* that I thought cou'd affect you upon this Matter. But to satisfy your *Conscience* farther, I am resolv'd to visit you to *Morrow Night*; therefore muster up all the *Objections* you can, and place them in the most *formidable* posture, that I may have the Honour to attack and defeat them. If you don't wilfully oppose your own Happiness, I'll convince you, before we part, that there's a greater Difference than you imagine, between your Man of *Phlegm*, and such a *Lover* as,

Mirtillo.

T O

T O
W. K N I G H T, Esq;
A T
Ruscomb in Berkshire.

Dear S I R,

YOU desir'd me, when I saw you last, to send you the *News* of the Town, and to let you see how *punctually* I have obey'd your Orders, scarce a *Day* has pass'd over my Head since, but I have been enquiring after the *freshest* Ghosts and Apparitions for you, Rapes of the *newest* date, *dexterous* Murders, and *fantastical* Marriages, Country Steeples demolish'd by *Lightning*, Whales stranded in the *North*, &c. a large account of all which you may expect when they *come* in my way, but at present be pleas'd to *take up* with the following News.

On *Tuesday* last, that *walking* piece of *English* Mummy, that *Sibyl* incarnate, I

mean my Lady *Courtall*, who has not had one *Tooth* in her Head, since K. *Charles's* Restauration, and looks *old* enough to pass for *Venerable Bede's* Grandmother, was *Married* — Cou'd you believe it? — To young *Lisano*. You must know I did my self the *Honour* now and then to make her Ladiship a Visit, and found that of late she affected a *youthful Air*, and spruc'd up her *Carcase* most egregiously, but the Duce take me, if I suspected her of any *lewd Inclinations* to *Marry*; I thought that *Devil* had been laid in her long ago. To make my Visits more acceptable, I us'd to compliment her upon her *Charms* and all that; where by the by, my dear Friend, you may take it for a general Rule, that the *Uglies* your Women are, and the *Duller* your Men, they are the easier to be *flatter'd* into a belief of their *Beauty* and *Wit*. I told her, she was resolved to act *Sampson's* part, and *Kill* more People in the last *Scene* of her Life, than other Ladies cou'd pretend to do in the whole five *Acts* of theirs. By a certain *awkard* Joy, that display'd it self all over her Countenance, and *glowed* even through her Cheeks of *Buff*, I cou'd perceive this nauseous *Incense* was not unwel-

welcome to her. 'Tis true, she had the *Grace* to deny all this ; and told me, I *ral-
lied* her, but deny'd it so, as *intriguing*
Sparks deny they have *lain* with fine Wo-
men, and some *Wou'd-be* Poets deny their
writing of Fatherless Lampoons, when
they have a mind at the same time to be
thought they did what they *coldly* disown.
I cou'd not but observe upon this, and se-
veral other occasions, how *merciful* Hea-
ven has been to us, in weaving *Self-love*
so closely into our Natures, in order to
make *Life* palatable. The *Divines* in-
deed arraign it as a *Sin* ; that is, they
wou'd make us more *miserable* than Pro-
vidence ever design'd us, though were it
not for this very *Sin*, not one of them in
a hundred wou'd have *Courage* enough to
talk in publick. For my part, I always
consider'd it as the *best* Friend, and *great-
est* Blessing we have, without which, all
those merry *Farces* that now serve to en-
tertain us wou'd be lost, and the World it
self be as silent, and melancholy as a *Spa-
nish Court*. 'Tis this *blessed* Vanity that
makes all *Mankind* easie and chearful at
home, (for no Body's a Fool, or a Rascal,
or Ugly, or Impertinent in his own Eyes)
that makes a *Miser* think himself *Wise*,

an affected *Coxcomb* think himself a Wit, a thriving gay *Villain* think himself a Politician, and, in short, that makes my Lady *Courtall* believe her self agreeable, But to quit this Digression and pursue my Story.

On the Day abovemention'd, this dry *Puss* of Quality, that had such a furious longing to be Matrimonially *larded*, stole out of the House with two of her Grave Companions, and never did a Country Justice's *Oatmeal-eating* Daughter of *Fifteen* use more *discretion* to be undone with her Father's *Clark*, or *Chaplain*. *Gray's Inn* Walks was the place of Rendezvous, where, after they had taken a few Turns, *Lisania* and she walked *separately* to the Chappel, and the Holy *Magician* soon Conjur'd them into the *Circle*. From thence they drove Home in *several* Coaches, Din'd *together*, but not a Syllable of the *Wickedness* they had committed, till towards Night, because then I suppose their *Blushes* were best *concealed*, they thought fit to own all. Upon this some few Friends were *invited*, and the Fiddles *struck* up, and my old Lady frisk'd about most notably, but was as much *overtop'd*, and put out of
Coun-

Countenance, by the Young Women, as *Somerset-house* with the *New Buildings*. Not to enter into a *Detail* of all that happen'd, this *rusty* Gammon of *Bacon* at last was *disbed* up between a pair of *clean* Sheets, soon after the Bridegroom follow'd, going to act *Curtius's* Story, and leap *alive* into a *Gulf*. Let others envy his *fine* Equipage, and *brace* of Footmen, that think it worth the while; as for me, I shall always pity the *Wretch*, who, to fill his *Guts* at Noon, obliges himself to work in a *Mine* all Night. A poor Knight of *Alsatia*, that Dines upon *good wholesome* Air in the Temple-Walks, is a *Prince* to him.

I met *Lisanio* this Morning at the *Rain-bow*, and whether 'twas his *Pride*, or *ill Humour* since Marriage, I can't tell, but he looked as *grim* as a *Fanatick* that fancies himself to be in the State of *Grace*. I have read somewhere, that the *Great Mogul* weighs himself once a Year, and that the Courtiers rejoyce or grieve, according as the *Royal* Body increases or diminishes. I wonder why some of our *Nice Beaux* that are Married, don't do the like, to know exactly what *Depredations* a Spouse makes upon the Body *Natural*.

rural. As for *Lisanio*, I wou'd advise him never to do it, because if he *wasts* proportionably to what he has done this Week, a *Skeleton* will out-weigh him by the *Year's* end. But this is not half the *Mortification* that a Man must expect, who, to shew his *Courage*, ventures upon a Widow. Though he mounts *the Guard* every Night, and *wears* out his Carcase in her *Service*, till at last, like *Witherington* in the Ballad, he fights upon his *Stumps*, yet he's never thanked for his pains, but labours under the same ill Circumstances with a King that comes after one that is deposed, for he's sure to be told of his *Predecessor* upon all occasions. The *second* Temple at *Jerusalem*, was, without question, a *Noble* Structure, and yet we find the old Fellows *wept*, and *shook* their Heads at it: Every Widow is so far a *Jew* in her Heart, that as long as the World lasts, the *second House* will fall short of the *Glory* of the *first*. And indeed, I am apt to imagine the Complaint is *just*, for a Maid and Widow are *two different* things, and how can it be expected, that a Man shou'd come with the same *Appetite* to a *second-hand* Dish, as he

he brought with him when it was *first* serv'd upon the *Table*?

And now, Mr. *Knight*, I am upon the *Chapter* of Widows, give me leave to add a word or two more. A *true* Widow is as seldom unfurnish'd of an Excuse to Marry again, as a *true* Toper is without an Argument for Drinking. Let it rain or shine, be hot or cold, 'tis all one, a true Son of *Bacchus* never wants a good Reason to push about the Glass. And so a Widow, if she had a *good* Husband, thinks her self obliged, in meer *Gratitude* to Providence, to venture again; and if he was a *bad* one, she only tries to *mend* her hand in a *second* Choice. It was not so with the People of *Athens* and *Rome*. The former had a *King* that lost his Life in their Quarrel, and they wou'd have no more, because he was too *good* for them, as the *latter*, because theirs was an *ill* one. But Commonwealths you know are *Whimsical* things. I have only one thing more to say before I have done, which though it looks like a *Paradox* at first sight, yet after you have *consider'd* a while upon it, I fancy you'll grant to be *true*; 'tis in short this, That a Man in the *decay* of his *Vigour*, when
he

216 *Letters by Mr. T. Brown.*

he begins to *mistrust* his *Abilities*, had much better Marry a Widow than a Maid. For as Sir *John Suckling* has long ago observed, a Widow is a sort of *Quagmire*, and you know the *finest* Racer may be as soon founder'd there, as the *heaviest* Dray-horse. I am

Your most obliged Servant,

T. B.

POSTSCRIPT.

I believe I shall see you in the Country, before you hear from me again. Least I should come down a Barbarian to you Fox-hunters, I have been learning all your noble Terms of Art for this Month; and now, God be praised, am a great Proficient in the Language, and can talk of Dogs and Horses half an hour, without committing one Solecism. I have liv'd as sober too all this while as a Parson that stands Candidate for a Living, and with this Month's Sobriety in my Belly, design to do Wonders among you in the Country.

T O

T O

A Gentleman that fell desperately in Love, and set up for a *Beau*, in the 45th Year of his Age.

I Never was a *Predestinarian* before, but now begin to think better of *Zeno* and *John Calvin* than ever, and to be convinc'd there's a *Fatality* attends us. What less cou'd have made ——— 'once the Gay, the Brave, the Witty (six Months ago I shou'd have added the *Wife*) at the approach of *Gravity* and *Gray Hairs* forfeit his Character, fall in Love with *Trash*, and languish for a *green Codling*, that sticks so close to the *Stem*, that he may sooner shake down the *Tree*, than the *Fruit*? 'Tis true, the *foolish* Hours of our Lives are generally those that give us the *greatest* share of *Pleasure*,
but

218 Letters by Mr. T. Brown.

but yours is so extravagant, so unreasonable a *Frolick*, that I wonder you don't make your Life all of a piece, and learn at these *Years* to jump through a *Hoop*, and practise other laudable Feats of *Activity*. Oh, what a Conflict there is in your Breast, between *Love* and *Discretion*! 'Tis a motly Scene of *Mirth* and *Compassion*, to see you taking as much pains to conceal your *Passion* from the prying malicious *World*, as a bashful young Sinner does to hide her *Great Belly*, and to as little purpose, for 'twill out. — You must be a *Touchwood-Lover*, forsooth, and burn without Blaze or Smoke. But why wou'd you feel all the *heat*, yet want the Comforter *Light*? Such sullen Fires may serve to kindle your Mistress's *Vanity*, but never to warm her *Heart*. Well, *Love* I find operates with the *Grave*, like *Drink* with *Cowards*, it makes 'em most *valiant*, when least *able*. But why's the *Hair* cut off? Can you *dock* any Years with it? Or are you the Reverse of *Sampson*, the *stronger* for *shaving*? If so, let me see you shake off these *Amorous Fetters* to shew your power. But you are *Buccaneering* for a Prize, and wou'd surprize a Heart under false *Colours*. Take my word for't, that

that Stratagem won't do, for the *Pinnacle* you design upon, knows you have but a crasie *Hulk*, in spight of your new *Rigging* and *Careening*. Wearing of *Perukes*, like advancing more *Standards* than there are *Troops* in an *Army*, is a stale *Artifice*, that rather betrays your weakness to the *Enemy*, than alarms them: For tho' powder'd *Vallancee*, like *Turkish Horse-tails*, may at a distance make a terrible show of *Strength*, yet, my dear *Friend*, like them too, they are but very *unserviceable* *Weapons* at a close *Engagement*. After all, if you're resolved to play a *French Trick*, and wear a *Half-shirt* in *January*, to shew your *Courage*, have a little of the *Frenchman's Prudence* too, and line it with a *Swanskin Waistcoat*: That is, if you must needs at this *Age* make *Love* to shew your *Vigour*, take care to provide store of *Comforters* to support your *Back*.

The

The Answer.

WELL, but heark you, Friend *Harry*! And do you think now that *forty* Years (if a Man shou'd ever come to it) is as *fumbling* a doting Age in *Love*, as *Dryden* says, it is in *Poetry*? Why then what will become of *thee*, who hast made such *wicked Anticipations* upon thy Nature's *Revenue*, that thou art utterly *non-solvent* to any *Matrimonial* Expectations? Thou that in thy *Post-haste* of Town-Ryot and Excess, *overleapest* all the Measures of *Time*, and art got to be *Fifty* in Constitution, before thy Age writes *Thirty*! Enjoy thy acquir'd *Jubilee*, according to thy wonted *Course*, but be assur'd no Body will ever be able to enjoy thee. The Woman-*Prodigals* feed upon *Husks*, when they have any thing to do with thee, thou *empty'd, raky, dry Bones*. My *Rheumatical* Person, as such, will be allow'd some *Moisture*, and *Gray Hairs* only

ly tell you, the *Sap* is gone down to the *Root*, where it *shou'd* be, and from whence thine has been long since *exhausted* into every *Strumpets Cavern* about the *Suburbs*; confound your *Widows*, and put your own *Farthing Candle* lighted at *both ends*, under one of their *Busbels*, if you please: I find I have *Prowess* enough for the best *Maidenhead* in *Town*, and resolve to *attempt* nothing under that *honourable Difficulty*. And so much for the *Women*——

Q

TO

To his Honoured Friend

Dr. *BAYNARD*,

A T T H E

B A T H.

My Dear Doctor,

I Have not writ to you these *two* Months, for which I expect to be *severely* reprimanded by you, when you come to *Town*. And yet why shou'd you wonder at such a *poor* Fellow as I am for being *backward* in my *Payments*, if you consider 'tis the *Case* of *Lombard-street*, nay of the *Bank*, and the *Exchequer* it self (you see I support my self by very honourable Examples) at this present melancholy *juncture*, when with a little alteration of Mr. *Cowley's* words, a Man may truly say,

Nothing

*Nothing of Ready Cash is found,
But an Eternal Tick goes round.*

However, to make you some *amends* for so long a *Delay*, I come to visit you now, like *Noah's Dove*, with an *Olive-branch* in my Mouth; that is, in plain *English*, I bring you News of a *Peace*, of a firm, a lasting, and a General *Peace*, (for after this *merry* rate our *Coffee-house Politicians* talk) and pray do but consider, if 'twere only for the *Pleasure* of such an *Amusement*, what will be the *happy Effects* of it.

In the first place, this *Peace* will soon beget good store of *Money* (the want of which, though we are *sinful* enough in all *Conscience*, is yet the most *Crying Sin* of the Nation) and this *Money* will naturally end in a great deal of *Riot* and *Intemperance*; and *Intemperance* will beget a jolly Race of brave *Diseases*, with new Names and Titles, and then, *My Dear Doctor*, you *Physicians* will have a *Blessed Time* on't.

As for the *Lawyers*, who, were it not for two or three Noble *Peers*, some of their never failing *Clergy-Friends*, a few well-disposed *Widows*, and stirring *Solli-*

citors, that keep up the *primitive* Discipline of *Westminster-Hall*, wou'd perfectly forget the use of their *Lungs*, they too will see glorious days again. I was told a *melancholy* Story t'other Day of two hopeful young *Attorneys*, who, upon the general *Decay* of their Profession, were glad to turn *Presbyterian Divines*, and that you'll say is a *damn'd* Time indeed, when *Lawyers* are forced to turn *Peacemakers*. But as the World grows *richer*, People will recover by degrees out of this State of *Laziness*; Law Suits will multiply, and *Discord* make as *splendid* a Figure in the *Hall* as ever. Head-strong *Squires* will Rebel against their *Lady Mothers*, and the *Church* no longer connive at the abominable Sacrilege of *Tithe-Pigs* and Eggs converted to *Lay Uses*.

And then as for the honest *Good-Fellows* of the Town, whose Souls have *mourn'd* in Secret ever since the *unrighteous* Abdication of *Claret*; how will they rejoyce to see their *old Friend* sold at twelve-pence a Quart again? What Matter of Joy will it be to his *Majesty's* Leige-people that they can get drunk with half the *cost*, and consequently with half the *Repentance* next Morning? This will in a particular manner, *revive* the drooping Spirits of
the

the *City Sots*; for nothing goes so much against a true *Cheapside* Conscience, as an *expensive* Sin. As *times* go now, a Younger Brother can hardly *peep* into a Tavern without *entailing* a Week's *Sobriety* upon himself, which considering what Occasions there may be to drink away the *Publick* and *Private* Calamities, is a sad *Mortification*. Wine indeed is grown a *sullen* Mistress, that will only be *enjoy'd* by Men of some *Fortune*, and not by them neither, but upon *solemn* Days; so that if these *wicked* Taxes continue, *Canary* it self, tho' a *Confederate* of ours, is like to meet the fate of condemn'd *Criminals*, to return to the dismal *place* from whence it came, an *Apothecary's* Shop; and to be distributed about by *discreet* Nurses in the primitive *sneaking* Gill. 'Tis true the *Parliament*, as it became those to whom the *People* had delegated their *Power*, thought to Obviate these *Greivances*, by the *Sixpenny Act*, and laying a five hundred pound *Fine* upon *Cellar-Adultery*; but the *Vintners*, an impudent Generation, broke through these *Laws* as easily as if they had been *Senators* themselves, nay, had the boldness to raise new *Exactions* upon the *Subject*. 'This obliged one half of the Town, at least, to come down a *Story*

lower, and take up with dull *English* Manufacture, so that half our *Wit* lies buried in execrable *Flip*, or fulsome *Nottingham*. To this may be ascribed all those Phlegmatick, *sickly* Compositions, that have loaded of late both the *Theatres*, most of which puny *Butter-prints*, like Children begot by *Pockey* Parents, were scarce able to endure the *Christening*; and others, with mighty pains and difficulty, lived just long enough (a *Methuselah's* Age!) to be Crown'd with *Damnation* on the third Day. But when Money circulates merrily, and Claret is to be had at the old Price, a new *Spirit* will appear abroad, *Wit* and Mirth will shake off their *Fetters*, and *Parnassus*, that has made such *heavy* returns of late Years, will trade considerably. It would be too tedious to reckon up all the other *Advantages* that the Kingdom will receive by this joyful turn of the *Scene*, but there are some behind, which I must not omit, because the *Publick* is so nearly concern'd in them. We have a World of Married Men now, that, to save Charges, take *St. Paul's* Advice in the Literal Sense, and having *Wives*, live as if they had none at all, and so defraud both them and the Government; but upon the happy arrival of *Peace*, they'll

they'll *vigorously* set their Hands to the *Plough* again, and the *Stale Batchelors* too will find encouragement to *Marry*, and leave behind them a pious Race of *Fools*, that within these twenty Years will be *ripe* to be *knock'd* in the Head, in defence of the *Liberty* of the Subject, and the *Protestant Religion*.

We hear there's such a thing as *New Money* in the City, but it only visits the *Elect*, for the Generality of People are such *Reprobates* to the Government, that they may sooner get *God's Grace*, than a *Mill'd Crown-piece*. To *inflame* our Reckoning, tho' there's so *little* Silver stirring in the *Nation*, that Dr. *Chamberlain* is in greater hopes than ever of making his *Paper-project* take, yet the World was never so *unseasonably* scrupulous. What an *Usurer* wou'd have *leap't* at in King *Charle's* time, our very *Porters* now reject, which is full as *ridiculous*, as if in the present difficulty of raising Recruits, a Captain shou'd *resolve* to take no Men but such as were *eight foot* high, or a Gentleman in the last *ebb* of his Fortune, when he can scarcely pay for *Small-beer*, shou'd then, and never before, fall in Love with *Champagne*. The last Year we had Mony enough, such as it was, merrily *Circumci-*

Jed the Lord knows, however it made a
 shift to find us Wine and Harlots. Now 'tis
 all *silenc'd*, and in the room of it, (but
that too, will soon suffer Circumcision)
Faith passes for current, and never was
 there a Time of more *Universal Chalk*,
 since the *Apostolical* Ages. This among
 other Evils, cannot but have an *ill effect*
My Dear Doctor, upon the Gentlemen of
 your *Profession*, for People at present, are
 so taken up with the *publick Transactions*,
 or their *own Losses*, that they have no *lei-*
sure, or are so *poor*, that they have no
fancy to be Sick. The Generality of those
 that are, Christen a Distemper as they
 do *Ship-wracks* in *Cornwall*, by the Name
 of *God's Blessing*, and tho' a Legion of
 Diseases *invest* them, don't think it worth
 the while to send for a Physitian to *raise*
the Siege. If they do, 'tis for none of the
College, 'tis for some Half-Crown Chirur-
 geon, who has *cheated* the World into an
 Opinion of his *Skill*, by putting *Greek* in-
 to his Sign, or for a Twelvepenny *Seventh*
Son, that Preaches on Horseback in the
 Streets; but in the Case of Chronical Di-
 seases, *let the World rub*, is the general
 Language. Men put off the *mending* of
 their *Bodies*, as they do of ill-tenanted
Cottages, till they have *Money* to spare.
 There's

There's a Venerable Bawd in *Covent-garden*, that had her Windows *demolished* last *Shrove-Tuesday*, and she won't repair them neither, till there's a *General-Peace*.

I believe no Body in the Nation will be averse to it, but only our Friends in Red, and these find their *account* so *visibly* in the continuance of the *War*, that if they ever *pray*, which, I believe, is but seldom, we must excuse 'em if 'tis against that Petition, *Da pacem Domine in Diebus nostris*. Some of 'em quitted *Cook* upon *Littleton*, and some abandon'd other *Stations* to go into the *Service*; and these upon a change of Affairs, must either turn *Padders* upon *Apollo's*, or the King's high Road, and either turn Authors, or *Grands Voleurs*, in their own defence. But *Paul's* will be built in a short time, and then a *Low-Country Captain*, will make as busie a Figure in the Middle Isle, as ever his Predecessors did in the Days of *Ben. Johnson*. Some of them may fight over the Battels of *Steenkirk* and *Landen* in Ordinaries, or demonstrate how *Namur* was taken, by scaling the Walls of a *Christmass Pye*; and others set up *Fencing Schools*, to instruct the *City Youth*. The latter, indeed, will act most *naturally*; for I observe, that when People
are

are forc'd to *change* their Professions, they keep to 'em as *nigh* as they can, tho' they act in a *lower* Sphere. So for instance, a *batter'd* Harlot makes a *discreet* Bawd, and a *broken* Cutler an *excellent* Grinder of Knives. As for the Poets, I believe they are the most *indifferent* Men in the Kingdom as to what happens. They have *lost* nothing by the *French* Privateers since the *Revolution*; nor are like to do, if the War lasts *seven* Years longer, so it may be supposed they will not be angry to see the only *Calumny* of their Profession, I mean their *Poverty* made Universal; and indeed, if to, *pay* People with *fair words*, and *no* performance, be *Poetical*, there's more *Poetry* in *Grocers-Hall*, than in *Parvassus* it self.

But, *My Dear Doctor*, after all this mighty Discourse of a *Peace*, for my part I shou'd believe as little of it as I do of most of *Mr. Aubrey's* Apparition Stories, but that we have not *Money* enough to carry on this *great Law Suit*, much longer, (for in effect, *War* is no other, only you must *Fee more* Counsel, and give *greater* Bribes) and the Lord have Mercy, say I, on a Man that Sues, or a Prince that fights for his *Right* in *Forma Pauperis*. This, and nothing but this, makes me imagine
we

we shall have a Peace, and not the *Christian* Piety of one or t'other side. And to say the truth, *half* the Virtue in the World, if traced to the *Cradle*, will be found to be the *lawful* Issue of meer *Necessity*. People lay aside their *Vices*, to which their *Virtues* succeed, just as they do their *Cloaths*, sometimes when they are *Unfashionable*, but generally when they are worn *Threadbare*, and will hang about them no longer. A *Godly* Rascal of the City, leaves off *Cheating*, when the World will Trust him no longer ; and a *Rakehell* turns *Sober*, when his Purse *fails*, or his Carcase leaves him in the *lurch* : And *lastly*, which word, I don't doubt, sounds as *comfortably* to you, as ever it did to a *hungry* Sinner in a long-winded *Church*) 'tis for want of more *Paper*, more *Ink*, and more *Candle* that I *persecute* you no longer, who am

Your most humble Servant,

T. Brown.

T O

Mr. *RAPHSON*,

FELLOW of the

ROYAL SOCIETY.

I Send you by the Bearer hereof, Mr. *Aubry's* Book, that you have so much long'd to see. 'Tis a Collection of *Omens, Voices, Knockings, Apparitions, Dreams*, &c. which whether they are agreeable to your *System* of Theology, I cannot tell. And now I talk of *Dreams*, I have often wonder'd how they came to be in such request in the *East*. Whether their Imaginations in those hot Countries are more *rampant* than ours, or whether the *Priesthood*, for their own ends, cultivated this *Superstition* in the People which

I

I am rather inclined to believe yet 'tis certain, that Affairs of the *last Consequence*, have been determin'd by them. An Interpreter of *Dreams*, was, in some sort, a *Minister of State* in those Nations, and an *Eastern King* cou'd no more be without one of that Profession in his Court, than an *European Prince* without his Chaplain, or Confessor. *Homer* too, the Father of the *Bards*, had a great Veneration for *Dreams*. *Οἱ αὖ ἐν Διὶς ἐσι. He makes them all *Jure Divino* you see; had he liv'd in Archbishop *Laud's* Time, he cou'd not have said more for *Monarchy*, or *Episcopacy*. If you can pardon this foolish *Digression*, (for which I can plead no other Excuse than the *Dog-days*) I have something of *another Nature* to communicate to you, which I am confident will highly please a *Gentleman* of your Curiosity.

Dr. *Connor*, of the College of Physicians, and Fellow of the *Royal Society*, will shortly publish, in *Latine*, his *Physica Arcana, seu Tractatus de Mystico Corporum statu*. He designs in this Book, to show by the Principles of *Reason* and *Physick*, as likewise by *Chymistry* and *Anatomy*, that the *natural State* of any Body can never be so much *over-turned*, or the *Scituation*

tion of its parts so extreamly alter'd, but it may be conceiv'd in our Mind. He treats of *Organical Bodies*, and the *Human* in particular: But because some *Persons*, who never gave themselves the Trouble, to be fully informed of what he means, have been pleas'd to censure his Undertaking as very *extravagant*, I have his leave to lay open his *Tenets* before you, who are own'd by all that know you, to be so great a Master in all parts of Learning, and chiefly the *Mathematical*. Now the chief Heads of the Matters that he treats of, are as follows.

1. *Of the Natural State of the Human Body, and what an Organical Body is.*

6. *How it can be conceiv'd, that a Human Body can penetrate a Wall.*

3. *How the Laws of Motion can be Suspended; and how a Human Body can be in a Fire without burning, and walk upon Water without sinking.*

4. *How a Human Body is made naturally by the Concourse of Man, and Woman.*

5. *How a Human Body can be begotten of a Woman without a Man.*

6. *How a Human Body can be made without Man or Woman.*

7. *How*

7. How a Human Body dead some thousand Years ago can be brought to Life again.

8. How a Human Body can be in several places at the same time: where all the Arguments that have been brought to prove that it cou'd not be in several places in the same time, are granted.

9. How many ways it is impossible that a Human Body can be but in one place at a time.

10. A Human Body with the Spirit, or Soul (as they call it) can never be but in one place of the same time. The Spirit without the Body, can never likewise be but in one place in the same moment. But the Body without the Spirit can be wholly, entirely, visible, alive, nay can speak, in several Places, in the self same individual and numerical instant of Time.

The Doctor desires, and I am sure you'll own, 'tis a very reasonable Request, that Gentlemen wou'd be pleas'd to suspend their Judgments, till they see his Reasons, which he will ingenuously submit, without any presumption on his side, to their better Understanding. He is the more encouraged to publish his Thoughts about these Matters, because
some

some of his *Friends*, to whom he has communicated his Reasons, have told him, That none but such as will not rightly understand him (and People of that Complexion, are never to be convinc'd) could deny what he maintains; because his Reasons are not grounded upon any *metaphysical, Abstract, or Hypothetical* Notions, but entirely upon the *visible* Structure of the Human Body. When your Affairs will permit you to come to *London*, you and I will take an opportunity to wait upon the *Doctor*, who I know will give you what *farther satisfaction* you can desire.

And now, Mr. *Raphson*, I hope you have finish'd in your *Country Retirement*, your Treatise *de Spatio Infinito, Reali*, which the Learned World has so long expected from your Hands. All your *Friends* here earnestly long to see you in *Town*, and particularly *my self*, who am

Your most obliged Friend

and Servant,

Tho. Brown.

F I N I S.



ADVERTISEMENT.

Next Trinity-Term will be publish'd the Third Volume of Familiar Letters, by the late Lord Rochester, the late Duke of Buckingham, and Sir George Etheridge, which will be entirely theirs.

In a few Days will be publish'd,

*E*vangeliū Medici seu Medicina Mystica de suspensis Naturæ legibus sive de Miraculis Reliquisq; ἐν τοῖς Βιβλίοις memoratis quæ Medica indagini subjici possunt.

Ubi perperensis prius Corporum natura, sano & morboſo Corporis Humani ſtatu, nec non motus Legibus, Rerum ſtatus ſuper naturam, præcipue qui Corpus Humanum & Animam ſpectant, juxta Medicinæ Principia explicantur.

Index: 1. De ſtatu Corporis, præcipue organici ſecundum naturam. 2. De ſtatu Corporis Humani ſecundum naturam. 3. Præter naturam. 4. Super naturam. 5. De vigentibus motus Legibus. 6. Iſdemq; 7. Triplici 8. Modo 9. Suſpenſis. 10. De Humani Corporis geneſi ex mare & ſemina ſine mare. 11. Sine mare & ſemina. 12. De Humano Corpore redivivo. 13. An multiplex poteſt eſſe Corpus Humani præſentia. 14. De ſtatu Animæ ſecundum naturam. 15. Et ſuper naturam.

Tantamen Epiſtolare de Secretione Animali. Epiſtola de novo Oeconomix animali Exemplari.

Authore Bernardo Connor, M. D. e Regia ſocietate Londinenſi, nec non e Regali Medicorum Londinenſium Collegio.

Both Printed for Sam. Briſcoe in Covent-garden.

Familiar Letters:

V O L. II.

CONTAINING
Thirty Six LETTERS,

By the Right Honourable,

John, late Earl of *Rocheſter*.

Printed from his Original Papers.

W I T H
LETTERS and SPEECHES,

B Y

The late Duke of	Sir <i>Geo. Etheridge</i> ,
<i>Buckingham</i> ,	to ſeveral Perſons
The Hon ^{ble} <i>Henry</i>	of Honour.
<i>Savile</i> , Eſq;	

A N D

LETTERS by ſeveral Eminent Hands.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *Sam. Briſcoe*, at the Corner of
Charles-ſteet, in *Covent-garden*. 1697.



S

r

of
to
H
yo
th
it
Ju
p
k

T O

Sir Edwin Sadler, Bar^t.

O F

Temple-Dinsly in Hertfordshire.

Honoured S I R,

TH O' some may accuse me of Presumption, in offering this Collection of Letters to your Patronage, without the Honour of your Acquaintance; yet, considering the *Merits* of the *Noble Authors* concern'd in it, and your own, all Impartial Judges will acquit me, and applaud my Choice. Since not to know the Interest you, Sir, have

The Epistle Dedicatory.

in the Republick of Letters, and what our Country has ow'd to the happy Counsels of your Great Ancestors, is to be equally unacquainted with our History, and with all those whom you Honour with any Intimacy. In the first we shall find, what a considerable Figure Sir *Ralph Sadler*, your Noble Progenitor, once made in the Publick Affairs of this Nation. Among the latter, we shall meet with no Man more Celebrated for the Politer Studies, and that true Generosity, which compose a Fine Gentleman; and in you, Sir, give us an agreeable Proof of the present Care Providence takes of Eminent Merit.

The Reputation of the Vivacity and Wit of my Lord *Rochester*

The Epistle Dedicatory.

chester is so establish'd, that it is not in the Power of those ill-natur'd Criticks, describ'd by himself, that

Are dully vain of being hard to please,

to lessen his Esteem. The great Success of the First Volume has made this evident; of which this Second, I hope, will be a farther Proof.

The late Duke of *Buckingham*, Mr. *Savile*, Sir *George Etheridge*, bring their own Credentials: And as for the rest that make up this Book, I shall leave them to their own Desert, being convinc'd that no Apology will ever prepossess a Reader to the Advantage of whatever wants Force enough to recommend itself;

The Epistle Dedicatory.

and all that a Man can say, is taken, like Court-Recommendations, for Words of Course; tho' I might here be allow'd to be Impartial, where I have nothing of my own to bribe my Opinion. But, Sir, as I offer the Diverting Part to your Pleasure, so I must that, which may prove otherwise to your generous Protection, with him, who begs leave to subscribe myself,

S I R,

Your most Humble and

Devoted Servant,

CHARLES GILDON.

THE
BOOKSELLER
TO THE
READER.

THE *Extraordinary Success*
of the *First Volume* of my
Lord Rochester's Letters, and the
Great Encouragement of several
Persons of Quality, (who had seen
the Original Papers) to go on with
the Undertaking, have engaged me
to present you with this Second Vo-
lume, (in Compliance with the fre-
quent Importunities of Gentlemen
for the Speedy Edition of it) before
an Excellent Collection of Fifty
more

To the Reader.

more of my Lords, and a considerable Number of the Duke Buckingham's and Sir George Etheridge's came to my Hands ; and which are now transcribing for the Press, being sufficient to make a Volume by themselves ; and therefore I shall mingle none with them, unless any Gentleman or Lady, who have any of these Incomparable Authors by them, will send 'em me to gratifie the Publick, which has with so much Pleasure received those already Published. This Volume I design to get ready in Trinity Term.

*If any one should doubt the Reality and Authentickness of these Letters in either of these Volumes, I have yet the Originals by me, and shall willingly shew 'em to any Gentleman or Lady that desires it ;
which*

To the Reader.

*which must convince all that know
my Lord's Hand.*

*There's a Letter, by the Printer's
Mistake, put into this Volume,
which was never intended for it,
tho' not discovered till the Sheet was
wrought off, for which I desire the
Reader's Pardon.*

S. BRISCOE.

T

L

S

TH

R

Four

R

A L

H

Sir C

to

Sir C

d

A
TABLE
OF
LETTERS

In this

Second Volume.

*Thirty six Love-Letters, written by the
right honourable John, late Earl of
Rocheſter, to Mrs. ———, from*

p. 1. to 44

*Four Letters by Mrs. J. Price, to Madam
Roberts, from*

p. 45. to p. 49

*A Letter by the honourable H. Savile, to
Henry Killigrew, Eſq;*

p. 51

*Sir George Etheridge from Ratisbonne,
to his Friend in London,*

p. 53

*Sir George Etheridge to the Earl of Mid-
dleton,*

p. 56

Sir

The Table of Contents.

<i>Sir George Etheridge to the Earl of Middleton,</i>	p. 59
<i>A Letter from England, to Sir George Etheridge in Germany,</i>	p. 61
<i>A Letter to a Lady, that desired to marry a Courtier,</i>	p. 65
<i>A Letter to Mr. Congreve,</i>	p. 70
<i>A Letter to Mr. Wicherly by Mr. Dennis,</i>	p. 74
<i>A Letter to Dorinda,</i>	p. 78
<i>A Letter of his Grace, George, late Duke of Buckingham, to the Lord Berckley,</i>	p. 81
<i>The Duke's Speeches on several Occasions from</i>	p. 83. to p. 111
<i>The Emperor of Morocco's Letter to King Charles the Second,</i>	p. 117
<i>Madam Peachy's Letter to Mr. Bullstrode at White-hall,</i>	p. 121
<i>A Letter to Sir Politick, by ———</i>	p. 123
<i>To Mr. Savage,</i>	p. 126
<i>A Letter from a Gentleman in the Country, to a Lady in the City,</i>	p. 129
<i>Three Love-letters,</i>	p. 131. to p. 136
<i>A Letter to Mr. G——</i>	p. 137
<i>Letters from a Person of Honour from on Board—— at St. Hellens, May 27, 94.</i>	p. 139
<i>A Letter to Mrs. ———</i>	p. 142

The Table of Contents.

A Letter from Paris to the Lord H——

p. 147

A Letter to Mr. T——

p. 150

To the Chevalier Choiseul, at la Hogue,

p. 154

A Letter to Mr. ——

p. 161

To Mrs. ——

p. 163

To Sir F—— F——

p. 165

To Mrs. ——

p. 169

To a Gentleman at Cambridge,

p. 171

To T—— W——, Esq;

p. 173

Letters of Love and Gallantry to Eugenia,

p. 183

To the same,

p. 187

To the same,

p. 189

To the same,

p. 191

To the same

p. 194

Lyfander to Eugenia,

p. 198

To the same,

p. 202

To the same,

p. 204

To the same,

p. 206

To my Lady ——

p. 209

To Mr. ——

p. 211

To Mrs. ——

p. 214

A Letter of Æneas Sylvius, who was afterwards Pope Pius the Second, to his Father about a Bastard-son, whom he sent to him,

p. 216

A D-

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE next Week will be Publish'd,
A Discourse on the Nature and
Faculties of Man: In several Essays;
with Reflections upon the Occurrences
of Human Life.

*Printed for Richard Wellington, at
the Lute in St. Paul's Church-Yard.*

LOVE-LETTERS,

By the Right Honourable

JOHN

L A T E

Earl of ROCHESTER.

Printed from His Original P A P E R S.

V O L. II.

To Mrs. _____

M A D A M,

SO much Wit and Beauty, as You have, shou'd think of nothing less than, doing *Miracles*; and there cannot be a greater, than to continue to love Me: affecting every thing is mean, as loving Pleasure, and being fond where

B

you

2 *The E. of Rochester's*

you find *Merit*; but to pick out the *wildest*, and most *fantastical* odd Man alive, and to place your *Kindness* there, is an Act so *brave* and *daring*, as will *shew* the *Greatness* of your Spirit, and *distinguish* you in *Love*, as you are in *all things else*, from *Womankind*. Whether I have made a good Argument for *myself*, I leave you to *judge*; and beg you to *believe* me, whenever I tell you what *Mrs. R.* is, since I give you so *sincere* an Account of her *humblest* Servant: Remember the Hour of a *strict* Account, when both Hearts are to be *open*, and we oblig'd to speak *freely*, as you order'd it *Yesterday*, for so I must ever call the *Day* I saw you *last*, since all *time* between *that* and the next *Visit*, is no part of my *Life*, or at least like a *long Fit* of the *Falling-sickness*, wherein I am dead to all *Joy* and *Happiness*. Here's a damn'd impertinent *Fool* bolted in, that hinders me from ending my *Letter*; the Plague of ——— take him, and any *Man* or *Woman* alive that take my *Thoughts* off of *You*: But in the *Evening* I will see you, and be *happy* in spite of all the *Fools* in the *World*.

To Mrs.

MADAM,

IF there be yet *alive* within you the least *Memory* of me, which I can *hope* only because of the *Life* that remains with me, is the dear Remembrance of you; and methinks your Kindness, as the younger, shou'd out-live mine: Give me leave to *assure* you, I will *meet* it very shortly with such a *share* on my side, as will *justifie* me to you from all *Ingratitude*; though your *Favours* are to me the greatest *Bliss* this *World*, or *Woman-kind*, which I think *Heaven*, can bestow, (but the hopes of it:) If there can be any *addition* to one of the highest *Misfortunes*, my *Absence* from you has found the way to give it me, in not affording me the least *occasion* of doing you any *Service* since I left you: It seems, till I am capable of *greater* Merit, you resolve to keep me from the *Vanity* of pretending any at all. Pray consider when you give *another* leave to *serve* you, *more* than I, how much *Injustice* you run the

4 *The E. of Rochester's*

hazard of committing, when it will not
be in your power to *reward* that *More-*
deserving Man with half so much *Hap-*
piness as you have *thrown away* upon my
Worthless Self,

Your Restless Servant,

To

To Mrs. —

MADAM,

I Know not well who has the *worst* on't, you, who love but a *little*, or I, who doat to an *Extravagance*; sure, to be *half* kind, is as bad as to be *half* witted; and *Madness*, both in *Love* and *Reason*, bears a *better* Character than a *moderate* State of either. Would I cou'd bring you to my *Opinion*, in this Point; I wou'd then *confidently* pretend you had too *just* Exceptions either against me or my *Passion*, the *Flesh* and the *Devil*; I mean, all the *Fools* of my own *Sex*, and that fat, with the other lean One of yours, whose prudent Advice is daily concerning you, how dangerous it is to be *kind* to the *Man*, upon *Earth*, who *loves* you *best*. I, who still *perswade* myself, by all the *Arguments* I can bring, that I am *Happy*, find this none of the *least*, that you are too *unlike* these People every way, to *agree* with 'em in any particular. This is writ between *sleeping* and *waking*, and I will not answer for

6 The E. of Rochester's

its being *Sence*; but I, *dreaming* you were
at Mrs. N——'s, with five or six *Fools*,
and the *lean* Lady, wak'd, in one of your
Horrours, and, in Amaze, Fright, and
Confusion, send *this* to beg a *kind* one
from you, that may remove my *Fears*,
and make me as *Happy* as I am *Faith-*
ful.

To

To Mrs. ———

Dear MADAM,

YOU are stark *Mad*, and therefore
the *fitter* for me to *love*; and that
is the reason, I think, I can *never* leave
to be

Your Humble Servant,

To Mrs. ———

MADAM,
TO convince you how *just* I must
 ever be to you, I have sent this
 on purpose, that you may know you are
 not a *moment* out of my *Thoughts*; and
 since so much *Merit* as you have, and
 such convincing *Charms* (to me at least)
 need not with a greater Advantage over
 any; to *forget* you, is the only *Reprieve*
 possible for a Man so much your Crea-
 ture and Servant as I am; which I am
 so far from *wishing*, that I *conjure* you
 by all the Assurances of *Kindness* you
 have ever made me Proud and Happy
 with, that not two Days can pass with-
 out some *Letter* from you to me: You
 must leave 'em, &c. ——— to be
 sent to me with *speed*. And, till the *blest*
 Hour wherein I shall see you again, may
Happiness of all kinds be as far from me,
 as I do, both in *Love* and *Jealousie*, pray
Mankind may be from you.

To

To Mrs. —

MADAM,

There is now no *minute* of my Life that does not afford me some new *Argument* how much I love you ; the little *Joy* I take in every thing wherein you are not concern'd, the pleasing *Perplexity* of endless *Thought*, which I fall into, where-ever you are brought to my remembrance ; and lastly, the continual *Disquiet* I am in, during your *Absence*, convince me sufficiently, that I do you *Justice* in loving you, so as *Woman* was never lov'd before.

To

To Mrs. _____

MADAM,

YOUR safe *Delivery* has deliver'd me too from *Fears* for your sake, which were, I'll promise you, as *burthen-som* to me, as your *Great-belly* cou'd be to you. Every thing has fallen out to my *Wish*, for you are out of *Danger*, and the Child is of the *soft Sex* I love. Shortly my *Hopes* are to see you; and in a little while after to look on you with all your *Beauty* about you. Pray let no Body, but yourself *open* the *Box* I sent you; I did not know, but that in *Lying-inn* you might have use of those *Trifles*; *sick*, and in *Bed*, as I am, I cou'd come at no more of 'em; but if you find 'em, or whatever is in my *power* of use, to your Service, let me know it,

To

To Mrs. ———

MADAM,

THis is the *first* Service my *Hand* has done me, since my being a *Cripple*, and I wou'd not imploy it in a *Lie* so soon; therefore, pray believe me *sincere*, when I assure you, that you are very *dear* to me; and, as long as I live, I will be *kind* to you,

P. S. This is all my *Hand* wou'd write, but my *Heart* thinks a great deal more.

To

To Mrs. —

MADAM,

Nothing can ever be so *dear* to me as you are; and I am so *convinc'd* of this, that I dare undertake to *love* you whilst I *live*: Believe all I *say*, for that is the *kindest* thing imaginable, and when you can *devise* any way that may make me *appear* so to you, *instruct* me in it, for I need a better *Understanding*, than my own, to shew my *Love* without wrong to it.

To

To Mrs. ———

MADAM,

NOW, as I *love* you, I think I have reason to be *jealous*; your Neighbour came in last Night with all the *Marks* and *Behaviour* of a Spy, every word and look imply'd, that she came to *solicit* your Love, or *Constancy*: May her *Endeavours* prove as vain as I with my *Fears*. May no Man share the *Blessings* I enjoy, without my *Curses*; and if they fall on him *alone*, without touching you, I am *happy*, though he deserves 'em not: but shou'd you be *concern'd*, they'll all *flie back* upon myself; for he, whom you are *kind* to, is so *blest*, he may safely stand the *Curses* of all the World without *repining*; at least if, *like* me, he be *sensible* of nothing but what comes from Mrs. ———

To

To Mrs. —

MADAM,

YOU are the most *afflicting* fair Creature in the World; and however you wou'd perswade me to the contrary, I cannot but believe the *Fault* you pretend to *excuse*, is the only one I cou'd ever be *guilty* of to you: when you think of receiving an *Answer* with *common Sense* in it, you must write *Letters* that give less *Confusion* than your last: I will *wait* on you, and be *reveng'd* by continuing to *love* you when you grow *weariest* of it.

To

To Mrs. ———

MADAM,

Y^Esterday it was *impossible* to Answer your Letter, which I *hope*, for that reason, you will forgive me; tho' indeed you have been pleased to express yourself so *extraordinarily*, that I know not what I have to Answer to you. Give me some *reason*, upon your own account only, to be *sorry* I ever had the *Happiness* to know you, since I find you *repent* the Kindness you shew'd me, and *undervalue* the humble Service I had for you; and, that I might be no *happier* in your Favours, than you could be in my Love, you have *contriv'd* it so well to make them equal to my Hatred; since that cou'd do no more than these pretend to, take away the *Quiet* of my Life. I tell this, not to *exempt* myself from any Service I can do you, (for I can never *forget* how very happy I have been) but to convince you, the Love that gives you the *Torment* of Repentance on your side, and me the *Trouble* of

16 *The E. of Rochester's*

of perceiving it in the other, is *equally* unjust and cruel to us *both*, and ought therefore to die.

To

To Mrs. -----

MADAM,

YOU shall not fail of — on *Saturday*; and for your *Wretches*, as you call 'em, 'tis usually my Custom when I *wrong* such as they, to make 'em amends; tho' your Maid has *aggravated* that matter more to my *Prejudice* than I expected from one who *belong'd* to you; and for your own share, if I thought you a Woman of *Forms*, you shou'd receive all the *Reparations* imaginable; but it is so unquestionable, that I am *thoroughly* your Humble Servant, that all the *World* must *know*, I cannot *Offend* you without being *sorry* for it.

C

To

To Mrs. -----

MADAM,

THOU' upon the Score of *Love*, which is immediately my *Concern*, I find aptness enough to be *jealous*; yet upon that of your *Safety*, which is the only thing in the *World* weighs more with me than my *Love*, I apprehend much more. I know, by *woful* Experience, what comes of dealing with *Knaves*; such I am sure you have at this time to do with; therefore *look* well about you, and take it for granted, that unless you can *deceive* them, they will certainly cozen you. If I am not so *wise* as they, and therefore less *fit* to advise you, I am at least more *concern'd* for you, and for that reason the likelier to prove *honest*, and the rather to be *trusted*. Whether you will come to the *Duke's* Play-house to Day, or at least let me come to you when the Play is done, I leave to your *Choice*; let me know, if you please, by the Bearer.

To

To Mrs. -----

MADAM,

Might I be so happy to receive such Proofs of your Kindness, as I myself wou'd choose, one of the greatest I cou'd think of were, that all my Actions, however they appear'd at first, might be interpreted as meant for your Service; since nothing is so agreeable to my Nature, as seeking my own Satisfaction; and since you are the best Object of that I can find in the World, how can you entertain a Jealousie or Fear? You have the strongest Security our frail and daily changing Frame can give, that I can live to no end so much, as that of pleasing and serving you.

To Mrs. -----

MADAM,

I Have not *sinn'd* so much as to *deserve* to live two whole Days without *seeing* of you. From your *Justice* and good *Nature* therefore I will presume you will give me leave to wait on you at *Night*, and for your sake use not that *Power* (which you find you have *absolute* over me) so *unmercifully* as you did last time, to divert and keep me off, from *convincing* you by all the *Reasons* imaginable, how *necessary* 'tis to preserve you *faultless*, and make me *happy*; and also, that you *believe* and *use* me like the most *faithful* of all your *Servants*, &c.

To

To Mrs. -----

MADAM,

DEAREST of all that ever was *dearest* to me, if I *love* any thing in the World *like* you, or *wish* it in my Power to do it, may I ever be as *unlucky* and as *bateful* as when I saw you last. I who have no way to *express* my Kindness to you, but *Letters*, which cannot *speak* it half; whether shall I think *my self* more *unfortunate*, who cannot tell you how much I *love*, or you, who can never *know* how well you are *belov'd*; I wou'd fain bring it about, if it were *possible*, to *wait* upon you to day; for besides that I *never* am without the *passionate Desire* of being with you, at *this time* I have *something* to tell you, that is for your *Service*, and will not be *unpleasant News*, but I am in *Chains* here, and must seek out some *Device* to *break 'em* for a quarter of an hour.

To Mrs. -----

MADAM,

IT is impossible for me to *neglect* what I love, as it wou'd be impertinent to *profess* love where I had *none*; but I take the Vanity to *assure* myself, you cannot conclude so *severely* both of my Truth and Reason, as to *suspect* me for either of those *Faults*. If there has been a *Misfortune* in the *Miscarriage* of my *Letters*, I beseech you not to *add* to it by an *uncharitable* Censure, but do me the *right* to believe the *last* thing possible in the World, is the *least* Omission of either *Kindness* or *Service* to you: I wish the *whole* World was as *intirely* yours as I am, you wou'd then have no reason to *complain* of any Body; at least, it wou'd be your *own* Fault, if they were not what you *pleas'd*. Those *Wretches* you speak of in your *Letter*, are so little *valuable*, that you will easily forget their *Malice*, and rather look upon the more *considerable* Part of the World, who will ever find it their *Interest*, and make it their
Vanity

Vanity to serve you. And now to let you know how soon I propose to be out of *pain*, two Days hence I leave this Place, in order to my Journey towards London; and may I then be but as *happy* as your *Kindness* can make me, I shall have but very little room either for *Envy* or *Ambition*.

Octob. 6th. This Morning
your Messenger came,

To Mrs. —

MADAM,

I Found you in a *chiding* Humour to Day, and so I *left* you; to Morrow I hope for *better* Luck: till when, neither You, nor *any* you can *employ*, shall know whether I am under or above *Ground*; therefore lie still, and satisfie yourself, that *you* are not, nor can be half so *kind* to Mrs. — as I am;

Good-night.

To

To Mrs. -----

MADAM,

MY Faults are such, as, among reasonable People, will ever find Excuse; but to you I will make none, you are so very full of Mystery: I believe you make your Court with good Success, at least I wish it; and as the kindest thing I can say, do assure you, you shall never be my Pattern, either in Good-nature or Friendship, for I will be after my own rate, not yours,

Your Humble Servant,

To

To Mrs. -----

MADAM,

I Am far from *delighting* in the Grief I have given you, by taking away the *Child*, and you, who made it so absolutely *necessary* for me to do so, must take that *Excuse* from me, for all the *ill Nature* of it : On the other side, pray be *assur'd*, I love Betty so well, that you need not *apprehend* any *Neglect* from those I employ ; and I hope very shortly to *re-store* her to you a *finer Girl* than ever. In the mean time you wou'd do well to think of the *Advice* I gave you, for how little *sbew* soever my *Prudence* makes in my own *Affairs*, in yours it will prove very *successful*, if you please to follow it ; and since *Discretion* is the thing alone you are like to *want*, pray study to get it.

To

To Mrs. -----

MADAM,

I Came to Town *late* last Night, tho' *time* enough to receive *News* from the *King* very *surprizing*, you being chiefly concern'd in't: I must beg that I may *speak* with you this Morning, at ten a clock; I will not *fail* to be at your Door: The *Affair* is *unhappy*, and to me on many Scores, but on none, more than that it has *disturb'd* the *Heaven* of *Thought* I was in, to think, after so long an *Absence*, I had liv'd, to be again *blest* with *seeing* my Dearest Dear, Mrs. —

To

To Mrs. -----

MADAM,

I Am forc'd at last to own, that 'tis very *uneasie* to me to live so long without *hearing* a word of you, especially when I reflect how *ill-natur'd* the World is to *pretty Women*, and what occasion you may have for their Service. Besides, I am unsatisfied yet, why that *inconsiderable* Service you gave me leave to do you, and which I left *positive Orders* for when I came away, was left *unperform'd*; and if the *Omission* reflect upon my *Servant* or *myself*, that I might *punish* the one, and *clear* the other. I have often *wish'd*; I know not why, but I think for *your* sake more than my *own*, that Mrs. ---- might *forget* me quite: but I find it would *trouble* me of all things, shou'd she think *ill* of me, or *remember* me to *hate* me, but whenever she wou'd make me *happy*; if she can yet *wish* me so, let her *command* some *real* Service, and my *Obedience* will prove the best *Reward* my *Hopes* can aim at.

To

To Mrs. -----

MADAM,

MY Visit Yesterday was intended to tell you, I had not *din'd* in Company of *Women*, which (tho' for a certain reason I cou'd not very well *express* with Words) was however *sufficiently* made appear, since you could not be so very *ill-natur'd* to make *severe* Reflections upon me when I was gone. Were Men without *Frailties*, how wou'd you bring it about to make 'em *love* you so *blindly* as they do. I cannot yet imagine what *fault* you could find in my Love-letter; certainly 'twas full of *Kindness* and *Duty* to You; and whilst these two Points are kept *inviolable*, 'tis very hard when you *take* any thing *ill*. I fear staying at *Home* so much gives you the *Spleen* (for I am *loth* to believe 'tis I;) I have therefore sent you the two *Plays* that are acted this Afternoon; if that *Diversion* cou'd put you into so good a *Humour*, as to make you able to *endure* me again, I shou'd be very much *oblig'd* to

30 *The E. of Rochester's*
to the *Stage*. However, if your *Anger*
continue, shew yourself at the *Play*,
that I may look upon you, and go mad.
Your *Revenge* is in your own *Eyes*; and
if I must suffer, I wou'd chuse that way:

[illegible]

To Mrs. -----

MADAM,

THO' not for *real Kindness* sake, at least to make your own *Words* good, (which is a Point of *Honour* proper for a *Woman*) endeavour to give me some *undeniable Proofs* that you *love* me. If there be *any* in my *power* which I have yet neither *given* nor *offer'd*, you must *explain* yourself; I am perhaps very *dull*, but withal very *sincere*: I cou'd *wish*, for your *sake*, and my own, that your *Failings* were such; but be *they* what they will, since I must *love* you, allow me the *liberty* of telling you sometimes *unmanerly* Truths, when my *Zeal* for your *Service* causes, and your own *Interest* requires it: These *Inconveniencies* you must bear with from those that *love* you, with greater regard to you than *themselves*; such a One I *pretend* to be, and I hope if you do not yet *believe* it, you will in time *find* it.

You

*An Hour after
I left Ton.*

An Hour after

Old I left You.

Am. vol. 10

over 100.

res. Bur. in

Feb 1907

102

Jan. 1 1871

7917 10000000

about me the

Y93628104 2007

For your Ser-

71 2

1961

1947

1992

01/11/1960

1947

1

Y

T.

To Mrs. —

MADAM,

I Have a very just *Quarrel* to *Business*, upon a thousand *Faults*, and will now *continue* it, whilst I *live*, since it takes from me some *hours* of your *Company*. Till *two* in the Afternoon I cannot *come* to you; *pity* my ill *Fortune*, and send me word where I shall then find you.

D

To

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

I Was just beginning to *write* you word, that I am the most *unlucky* Creature in the World, when your Letter came in, and made me *more* certain; for you *tempt* me by desiring me to do the *thing* upon Earth I have the *most Fondness* of, at this time; that is, going with you to *Windsor*; but the *Devil* has laid a *Block* in my way, and I must not, for my *life*, stir out of Town these *ten* Days. You will scarce *believe* me in this particular, as you shou'd do, but I will *convince* you of the Truth, when I wait on you; in the mean time (to shew the *Reality* of my Intentions) there is a Coach ready *hired* for to Morrow, which, if not true, you may *disprove* me by making *use* of it.

To

To Mrs. —

MADAM,

BELIEVE me, (*Dearest of all Pleasures*) that *those* I can receive from any thing but you, are so extreamly *dull* they hardly deserve the name. If you *distrust* me, and all my Professions, upon the Score of *Truth* and *Honour*, at least let 'em have *Credit* on another, upon which my *greatest* Enemies will not deny it me; and that is, its being *notorious* that I *mind* nothing but my own *Satisfaction*. You may be sure I cannot chuse but *love* you above the *World*, whatever becomes of the *King*, *Court*, or *Mankind*, and all their *impertinent* Business. I will come to you this Afternoon.

To Mrs. —

MADAM,

THAT I *do not see* you, is not that I wou'd *not*, for that, the *Devil* take me, if I would not *do every day* of my life, but for *these* Reasons you shall *know* hereafter. In the mean time, I can *give* you no *Account* of your *Business* as yet; but of my own *part*, which I am *sure* will not be agreeable without others, who, I am confident will *give full Satisfaction*, in a very short time, to all your *Desires*: When 'tis done, I will *tell* you *something* that, perhaps, may make you *think* that I am, Mrs. —

Sunday.

Your Humble Servant,

To

To Mrs. —

MADAM,

Till I have *mended* my Manners, I am *asham'd* to look you in the Face; but *seeing* you is as necessary to my life, as *breathing*; so that I must *see* you, or be your's no *more*; for that's the Image I have of *Dying*. The sight of you, then, being my *life*, I cannot but confess, with an humble and sincere *Repentance*, that I have hitherto *liv'd* very ill; receive my *Confession*, and let the *Promise* of my future *Zeal* and *Devotion* obtain my *Pardon*, for last Night's *Blasphemy* against you, my *Heaven*; so shall I *hope*, hereafter, to be made Partaker of such *Joy*s, in your *Arms*, as meeting *Tongues* but faintly can *express*. Amen.

To Mrs. —

MADAM,

THAT I *do not see* you, is not that I wou'd *not*, for that, the *Devil* take me, if I would not *do every day* of my life, but for *these Reasons* you shall *know* here after. In the mean time, I can give you no *Account* of your *Business* as yet; but of my own *part*, which I am *sure* will not be agreeable without others, who, I am confident will give full *Satisfaction*, in a very short time, to all your *Desires*: When 'tis done, I will tell you *something* that, perhaps, may make you *think* that I am, Mrs. —

Sunday.

Your Humble Servant,

To

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

YOur Letter so *transports* me, that I know not how to *answer* it, the *Expressions* are so *soft*, and seem to be so *sincere*, that I were the *unreasonablest* Creature on Earth, cou'd I but seem to *distrust* my being the *happier*: and the *best Contrivance*, I can think of, for *conveying* a Letter to me, is making a Porter bring it my Foot-man, where-ever I am, whether at St. James's, Whitehal, or home. They are at present pulling down some part of my Lodging, which will not *permit* me to see you *there*; but I will wait on you at any other place, what time you please.

To Mrs. —

MADAM,

I Assure you I am not *half* so faulty as *unfortunate* in *serving* you ; I will not tell you my *Endeavours*, nor excuse my *Breach of Promise* ; but leave it to you to find the *cause* of my *doing* so ill, to *one* I wish so *well* to ; but I *hope* to give you a better *Account* shortly. The *Complaint* you spoke to me, concerning *Miss*, I know nothing of, for she is as great a *Stranger* to me, as she can be to you. So, thou *pretty Creature*, Farewel ;

Your Humble Servant,

To

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

YOUR Letter so *transports* me, that I know not how to *answer* it, the *Expressions* are so *soft*, and seem to be so *sincere*, that I were the *unreasonablest* Creature on Earth, cou'd I but seem to *distrust* my being the *happier*: and the *best Contrivance*, I can think of, for *conveying* a Letter to me, is making a *Porter* bring it my *Foot-man*, where-ever I am, whether at St. James's, *Whitehal*, or home. They are at present pulling down some part of my Lodging, which will not *permit* me to see you *there*; but I will wait on you at any other *place*, what *time* you *please*.

To Mrs. —

MADAM,

MIght I be so *happy* to receive such *Proofs* of your Kindness, as I myself would chuse, one of the *greatest*, I could think of, were, That *all* my Actions, however they *appear'd* at first, might be *interpreted* as *meant* for your Service; since nothing is so *agreeable* to my Nature, as *seeking* my *own* Satisfaction; and since you are the *best* Object of that I can *find* in the World, how can you *entertain* a Jealousie, or Fear? You have the strongest Security, our frail and daily-changing *Frame* can give, That I can *live* to no *End* so much, as *that* of *Pleasing* and *Serving* you.

To

To Mrs. ———

MADAM,

I Cou'd *say* a great *deal* to you, but will
conceal it till I have *merit*: so *these*
shall be only to *beg* your *Pardon*, for desi-
ring your *Excuse* till *Munday*, and then
you shall *find* me an *honest* Man, and one
of my Word. So Mrs. ———

Tour Servant,

To

To Mrs. ———

Dear M A D A M,

MY omitting to write to you all this while, were an *unpardonable* Error, had I been guilty of it thro' *Neglect* towards you, which I *value* you too much ever to be *capable* of. But I have never been *two* days in a place, since Mrs. ——— went away; which I *ought* to have given you Notice of, and have let you known, that her *Crime* was, making her *Court* to ——— with *Stories* of you; entertaining her continually with the *Shame* she underwent to be seen in *company* of so *horrid* a Body as yourself, in order to the *obtaining* of her ———'s *Employment*; and *lastly*, that my ——— was ten times *prettier* than that nasty B——, I was so fond of at *London*, which I had by you. This was the *grateful Acknowledgment* she *made* you for all your *Favours*, and this *Recompence* for all the little *Services*; which, upon your *account*, she receiv'd from,

Your Humble Servant, &c.

T.

To Mrs. —

MADAM,

Anger, Spleen, Revenge, and Shame, are not yet so powerful with me, as to make me *disown* this great Truth, That I love you above all things in the World: but, I thank God, I can *distinguish*, I can see very Woman in you, and from yourself am convinc'd I have never been in the *wrong* in my Opinion of Women: 'Tis impossible for me to curse you; but give me leave to pity myself, which is *more* than ever you will do for me. You have a Character, and you *maintain* it; but I am sorry you make me an *Example* to prove it: It seems (as you excel in every thing) you scorn to grow *less* in that noble Quality of *Using* your Servants very *hardly*; you do well not to *forget* it; and rather *practice* upon me, than *lose* the Habit of being very Severe, for you that *chuse* rather to be Wise than *Just* or Good-natur'd, may freely *dispose* of all things in your power, without regard to one or the other. As I admire you,

44 *The E. of Rochester's, &c.*

you, I wou'd be glad I cou'd *immitate* you; it were but *manners* to endeavour it; which, since I am not *able* to perform, I confess you are in the *right* to call that *rude* which I call *kind*; and so *keep* me in the *wrong* for ever (which you cannot chuse but take great *delight in* :) You need but continue to make it *fit* for me not to *love* you, and you can never want *something* to upbraid me with.

*Three a Clock in the
Morning.*

The End of the E. of R.'s Letters.

· L E T ·

LETTERS,
O N
Several Occasions,

Written by

Mrs. *J. PRICE.*

To Mrs. ROBERTS.

MADAM,

HAVING so much *Wit*, I wonder you shou'd in the least *mistake* Kindness for Prudence ; that's a *thing* I never had yet laid to my *charge*. In time I doubt not but you will know me *better* : I am the *forrier* for my *Indisposition*, since I cannot *comply* with your *Desires* ; however, if you please to *come* hither, you will

46 *Letters by Mrs. Price.*

shall be *extreamly* welcome to her that
will *esteem* herself *happy* in your *Friend-*
ship.

Thursday.

J. PRICE.

To

To Mrs. ROBERTS.

MADAM,

TWere very dull and ill-natur'd in me to forget the Joy and Satisfaction I receiv'd in your last Kindness, and seeming to do it, were a Fault not pardonable: therefore, Madam, forgive this *Impertinence*, since there is no way that can tell so much the Sence of your *Favours* as this; and I have had a *hope* that you wou'd be so good-natur'd, as to have *seen* me; but the same *cross* Fate, which generally *pursues* me, leaves me not in this *Concern*: Let me *know* that you are *well*, and 'twill make some *Reparation* for the *Pain* I suffer in not *seeing* you; and, if you *think* I deserve your *Kindness*, 'tis a *Happiness* which shall never be forgot, by

Your most Humble Servant,

J. PRICE.

To

To Mrs. ROBERTS.

MADAM,

I Have this morning *acquainted* the Party with the *Honour* you did me last night : and, as you *express* yourself to me only in *general* Terms, I cou'd do no *more* to him ; I *find* him very *sensible* of his *Obligation* to you, and *willing* to *comply* in any *thing*, in his own *Power*, reasonable for your *Service* ; it is an easier Task for *Beauty* to get twenty *new* Servants than recover one *old* One ; and, truly, I *conceive* him in a desperate *condition* : He was a little *surpriz'd* to find me your *Embassador* ; but, I believe, *took* it better from my *Mouth*, than he would have done from any *Other*.

J. PRICE.

A

A Letter to Mrs. PRICE.

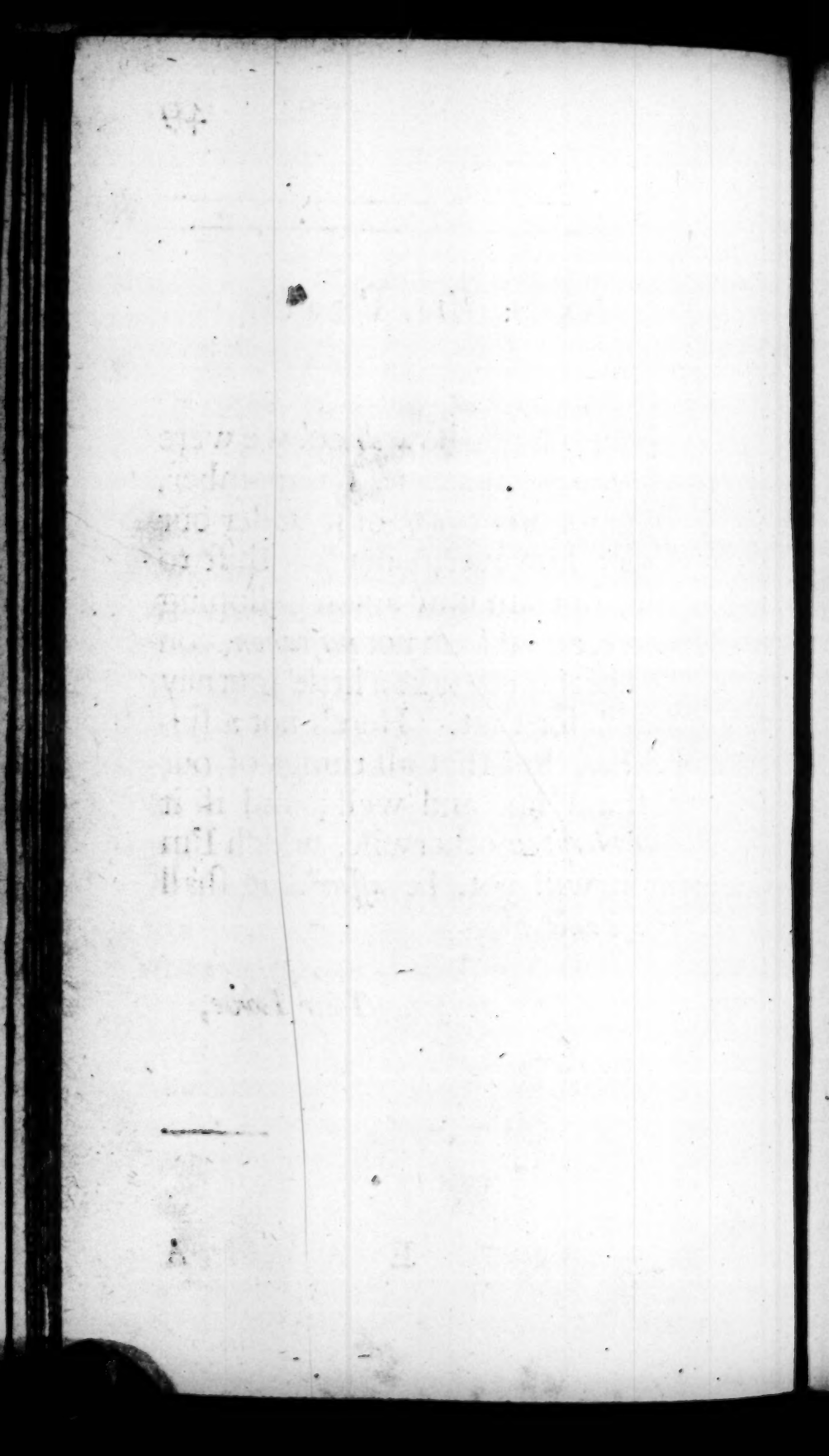
MADAM,

I Need not tell you how *drunk* we were on *Saturday*; since, as I remember, we gave you good *proof* of it under our own *hands*; however, I made a shift to ride home, but am now again galloping to *Poltimore*, and if I am not *mistaken*, you will have occasion to take a little Journey too; Mum! for that. Here's not a syllable of *News*, but that all things of our *Concern* stand fair and well; and if it shou'd ever *happen* otherwise, which I'm confident it will not, be *assur'd* it shall not be the *Fault* of,

Your Love,

E

A



A
LETTER,
Written by the
Honourable *H. SAVILE.*

To Henry Killigrew, *Esquire.*

Noble HENRY,

Sweet *Namesake* of mine, happy Humour'd *Killigrew*, Soul of *Mirth*, and all *Delight*; the very sight of your *Letter* gave me a kind of *Joy*, that I thought had been at such a *Distance* with me, that *she* and I were never more to meet; for, since I have been at *Saint Albans*, *Heaven* and *Earth* were nearer one another, than *Joy* and *Fermyn*; for, here, some half a Mile out of Town, *absent* from all my *Friends*, in the fear of being *Forgot* by 'em, I pass my *wearisome* time,

52 *A Letter to H. K. Esq;*

in a little *melancholly* Wood, as fit for a *restless* Mind to *complain* of his sad Condition, as I am unfit to *relate* my *Sufferances*, to one so happy as your *blessed* Humour makes you; therefore, as freely I *quit* you of *hearing* what I cou'd say on this Subject; likewise allow me the *liberty* of *not answering* in your own Stile; yet, dear *Harry*, write still the *same* way: once I cou'd *drink*, talk *strangely*, and be as *mad* as the best of you, my Boys; who knows but that I may *come* to it *agen*? Comfort me, 'tis well I can stay thus *long* upon the matter, after the *life* I have led, it is more than I did believe was *possible* for me to do; therefore, do not *abandon* me yet, *try* two or three Letters *more*, there is great *hopes* of me; and if that does not do the *business*, send me to my *Wood* again, and allow me not other *Correspondent*, but pert and dull *Mast*—'s, a *Punishment* great enough for a greater *Offender*; for, in this my *Misery*, he plays the Devil with me, surpasses himself by much: Prithee *Killigrew*, alay his *Tongue* with two or three such *sharp* things, as *you* and I us'd to say of, you know *who*, for I have *lost* mine. And so *Farewel*,

H. SAVILE.

LETTERS,

I N

PROSE and VERSE,

O N

Several Occasions,

B Y

Sir George Etheridge, Knight.

To his Friend in London.

Dear S I R,

MY Letters from *England* tell me,
that this *Summer* my *Lord-Cham-*
berlain has won the *Mony* at *Bowels*, and
my *Lord Devonshire* at *Dice*; I hope nei-
ther of 'em have been *lucky* at your *cost*.
Before you receive this, I reckon you
E 3 will

54 *Sir G. Etheridge's Letters.*

will be in your *Winter-quarters*, where you may have leisure to give me a short *Account* of what pass'd at the *Campaign* at *Tunbridge*. I cannot but remember Mr. M. tho' he seems to have quite forgot me; he is a very extraordinary Person, I find he had rather *lend* a Friend a hundred Pounds, than take the *pains* to write to him. I'm sensible his *many* Employments afford him *little* leisure, and I shou'd *pity* his Mistress, but that I am perswaded his *Prudence* has made him chuse her in the *Family*. The Women here are not generally Handsome; yet there is a *File* of young Ladies in this Town, whose arms wou'd *glitter*, were they drawn up against the *Maids of Honour*; but the Devil's in't, *Marriage* is so much their *Business*, that they cannot *satisfie* a *Lover* that has *Desires* more *fervent* than *Frank Villers*. 'Tis a fine thing for a Man, who has been nourish'd so many Years with good substantial *Flesh* and *Blood*, to be reduc'd to *Sighs* and *Wishes*, and all those *airy* Courses which are serv'd up to feast a *belle* Passion; but, to *comfort* my self, in my *Misfortune*, I have learn'd to *Ogle* and *Languish*, in *publick*, like any *Walcup*; and to *content*

Sir G. Etheridge's Letters. 55

sent my self, in *private*, with a piece of *Houshold-bread*, as well as *some* of my Friends. However *unkind* Fortune has been to you, don't *revenge* yourself on me; force the *Sullenness* of your Temper, and let me hear from you; it is not *reasonable* I should *lose* a *Friend*, because you have *lost* your *Mony*.

From Ratisbon,
Aug. 23d, 88.

Tours,

G. ETHERIDGE.

To the Earl of Middleton.

Since Love and Verse, as well as Wine,
Are brisker where the Sun does shine,
'Tis something to lose two Degrees,
Now Age itself begins to freeze;
Yet this I patiently could bear,
If the rich Danube's Beauties were
But only two Degrees less fair
Than the bright Nymphs of gentle Thames,
Who warm me hither with their Beams;
Such Power they have, they can dispense
Five hundred Miles their Influence:
But Hunger forces Men to eat,
Tho' no Temptation's in the Meat.
How wou'd the Ogling Sparks despise
The Darling-damsel of my Eyes,
Should they behold her at a Play,
As she's trick'd up on Holiday,
When the whole Family combine,
For Publick Pride, to make her shine?
Her Locks, which long before lay matted,
Are, on this day, comb'd out and platted;
A Diamond-bodkin in each Tress,
The Badges of her Nobleness;

For

Sir G. Etheridge's Letters. 57

For every Stone, as well as She,
Can boast an ancient Pedigree :
These form'd the Jewel Crest did grace
The Cap of the first Grave o'th' Race,
Preferr'd by Graffin Maryan,
To adorn the Handle of her Fan ;
And, as by old Record appears,
Worn since in Rinigundus Tears.
Now sparkling in the Fraulin's Hair,
No Rocket breaking in the Air,
Can with her starry Head compare ;
Such Ropes of Pearl her Arms incumber,
She scarce can deal the Cards at Omber ;
So many Rings each Finger freight,
They tremble with the mighty Weight ;
The like in England ne'r was seen,
Since Holbin Drew, Hal. and his Queen.
But after these fantastick Flights,
The Lustre's meaner than the Lights :
The Thing that bears this glittering Pomp,
Is but a tawdry ill-bred Ramp,
Whose Brawny Limbs and Martial Face,
Proclaim her of the Gothick Race,
More than the painted Pageantry
Of all her Father's Heraldry.
But there's another sort of Creatures,
Whose ruddy Looks, and grotesq; Features,
Are so much out of Nature's way,
You'd think 'em stamp'd on other Clay,

No

58 Sir G. Etheridge's Letters.

*No lawful Daughters of old Adam.
 'Mongst these, behold a City-Madam,
 With Arms in Mittins, Head in Muff,
 A Dapper Cloak, and Reverend Ruff.
 No Farce so pleasant as this Mawkin,
 And the soft sound of High-Dutch Talk-
 The pretty Jet she has in Walking: [ing,
 Here unattended by the Graces,
 The Queen of Love in a sad Case is;
 Nature, her active Minister,
 Neglects Affairs, and will not stir,
 Thinks it not worth the while to please,
 But when she does it for her ease;
 Ev'n I, her most devout Adorer,
 With wand'ring Thoughts appear before her,
 And when I'm making an Oblation,
 Am fain to spur Imagination,
 With some old London-Inclination.
 The Bow is bent at German Dame,
 The Arrow flies at English Game;
 Kindness, that can Indifference warm,
 And blow that Calm into a Storm,
 Has, in the very tender'st Hour,
 Over my Gentleness no Power,
 True to my Country-Womens Charms,
 When Kiss'd and Press'd in Foreign Arms.*

G. ETHERIDGE.

To

To the Earl of Middleton.

*From hunting Whores, and hunting Play,
And minding nothing else all Day,
And all the Night too, you will say,
To make grave Legs in formal Fetters,
Converse with Fops, and write dull Letters,
To go to Bed 'twixt Eight and Nine,
And Sleep away my precious Time,
In such a idle sneaking Place,
Where Vice and Folly hide their Face ;
And in a troublesome Disguise,
The Wife seems honest, Husband wise ;
For Pleasure here has the same Fate,
Which does attend Affairs of State :
The Plague of Ceremony infects,
Even in Love, the Softer Sex,
Who an Essential Will neglect,
Rather than lose the least Respect ;
In Regular Approach we Storm,
And never Visit but in Form ;
That is, sending to know, before,
At what a Clock they'll play the Whore.
The Nymphs are constant, Gallants private,
One scarce can guess who 'tis they drive at.*

This

60 Sir G. Etheridge's Letters.

*This seems to me a scurvey Fashion,
Who have been bred in a free Nation,
With Liberty of Speech and Passion:
Yet cannot I forbear to Spark it,
And make the best of a bad Market;
Meeting with One, by chance kind hearted,
Who no Preliminaries started,
I enter'd, beyond Expectation,
Into a close Negotiation;
Of which, hereafter, a Relation:
Humble to Fortune, not her Slave,
I still was pleas'd with what she gave:
And with a firm and cheerful Mind,
I steer my Course with every Wind,
To all the Ports she has design'd.*

G. ETHERIDGE.

A
 LETTER,
 FROM
 ENGLAND.

To Sir George Etheridge, Kt.

*T*O you who live in chill Degree,
 As Map informs, of Fifty three,
 And do not much for Cold attone,
 By bringing thither Fifty one:
 Methinks all Climes should be alike,
 From Tropick to the Pole Artick,
 Since you have such a Constitution,
 As no where suffers Diminution;
 You can be Old in grave Debate,
 And Young in Love-affairs of State;
 And both to Wives and Husbands shew,
 The Vigour of a Plenipo——

Like

62 *A Letter to Sir G. E.*

*Like mighty Missi'ner you come,
 Ad partes infidelium :
 A Work of wond'rous Merit sure,
 So far to go, so much endure,
 And all to Preach to German Dame,
 Where sound of Cupid never came ;
 Less had you done, had you been sent
 As far as Drake, or Pinto went
 For Cloves or Nutmegs to the Line-a,
 Or even for Oranges to China,
 That had indeed been Charity,
 Where Love-sick Ladies helples lye,
 Chopt, and for want of Liquor dry.
 But you have made your Zeal appear,
 Within the Circle of the Bear ;
 What Region of the Earth so dull,
 That is not of your Labours full ?
 Triptolemy, so sung the Nine,
 Strew'd Plenty from his Cart divine :
 But, spite of all these Fable-makers,
 He never sow'd on Almain-acres ;
 No, that was left, by Fate's Decree,
 To be perform'd and sung by thee.
 Thou break'st it thro Forms, with as much ease,
 As the French King thro Articles.
 In grand Affairs thy Days are spent,
 In waging weighty Compliment,
 With Such as Monarchs represent ;*

They

They whom such vast Fatigues attend,
 Want some soft Minutes to unbend,
 To shew the World, that now and then
 Great Ministers are Mortal Men;
 Then Rhinish Rammers walk the Round,
 In Bumpers every King is Crown'd;
 Besides three Holy Miter'd Hectors,
 And the whole Colledge of Electors;
 No Health of Potentate is sunk,
 That pays to make his Envoy drunk:
 These Dutch Delights I mention'd last,
 Suit not, I know, your English Tast;
 For Wine, to leave a Whore or Play,
 Was ne'r your Excellency's way;
 Nor need the Title give Offense,
 For here you were his Excellence;
 For Gaming, Writing, Speaking, Keeping,
 His Excellence for all but Sleeping.
 Now if you Tope in Form, and Treat,
 'Tis the sour Sawce, to the sweet Meat,
 The Fine you pay for being Great:
 Nay, there's a harder Imposition,
 Which is (indeed) the Court-petition,
 That setting Worldly Pomp aside,
 (Which Poet has at Font defi'd.)
 You wou'd be pleas'd, in humble way,
 To write a Trifle call'd a Play;

This

64 *A Letter to Sir G. E.*

This truly is a Degradation,
But wou'd oblige the Crown and Nation,
Next to your wise Negotiation :
If you pretend, as well you may,
Your high Degree ; your Friends will say,
The Duke St. Aignan made a Play ;
If Gallick Peer convince you scarce,
His Grace of B—— has writ a Farce :
And you, whose Comick Wit is Terseal,
Can hardly fall below Rehearsal.
Then finish what you once began,
But scribe faster, if you can ;
For yet no George, to our discerning,
Has e're writ under ten Tears Warning.

A LETTER to a LADY, that
design'd to Marry a Courtier.

*What Irreligious Courses have you run,
That such hard Penance must be un-
dergone?*

*Have you, like Harlots, made your Tail your
Trade,*

And Whor'd you into Sustenance and Bread?

Have you to Hospital some Lover sent?

And for that Mischief, by this worse, repent.

*At Rome one Penance for their Ills they
bear;*

*But you will all in this united share. [past,
None e're this dangerous Sea of Mischief
Who did not suffer, or repent at last.*

*The giddy Passions of a youthful Mind,
Are oft by Wishes sway'd, or Beauty blind.
Girls chuse their Husbands as they do their
Cloaths;* [sclose;

*Where, if without no Fault they can di-
They easily espouse the Pageant Show,*

In hopes the Colour will the Service do:

*So you on Marriage look, are more intent
Upon a fine trimm'd Coat, than Settlement.*

One who, tho' destitute of Wit and Sense,
Is stockt with Essence, Powder, and Pretence.
What tho' without he seems design'd for
Show,

*The greatest Ass is still the greatest Beau:
And Asses always are esteem'd by you.*

Don't tell me that his Promises are great;
Who e'r forbore 'em, that design'd to cheat?
Lovers and Courtiers, you must know, by
course,

*Are much as fickle as yourself, or worse :
Nor that his Page that follows at his Tail,
Will e're secure him, upon Change, from
Fail.*

*There's great Uncertainty in Human Life;
And he must stick to's Place, as well as Wife:
And that, you'll say, is a laborious thing;
All Night to serve his Wife, all Day the
King.*

*Don't tell me of his Gardens and Retreat;
Fine Wives and Horses seldom make Men
great.*

Except we do 'em, as some Hackneys take,
More for our Interest, than our Pleasure's
sake :

Both recreate by turns, when first enjoy'd;
But, by Possession of *them* both, we're cloy'd.
Would you procure a Husband for your Ease,
Who for his Folly, not his Parts, might
please; Then

Familiar Letters. 67

*Then take a Statesman ; when he's gone to
COURT,*

*You may contrive how to promote your Sport.
In every Instant deal for fresh Delight ;
And fill his Wishes, and his Arms at
Night.*

*Or if his Bus'ness ben't a fit Disguise,
To give Admittance to a harmless Vice :
Yet his great Folly will contribute still
To help your Wishes, and promote your Will.
Under the Notion of a Country Friend,
You many pretty Pleasures may intend.
But to reserve your Virtue for a Fool,
Exceeds the Limits of Prudential Rule.
For a dull Ass, whose Passion's like his
Brain,*

*Rather than Pleasure, will create your Pain.
And Lover's Extasies are ne'r so great,
As when in Sympathetick Fire they meet :
For Fools, in Love, with Soldiers may
compare,*

*Who, stunn'd with clamorous Noise of
Guns and War,
Are silently regardless of Command,
And, senseless of your Pleasure, useless
stand.*

*Thus they, when Pulse of Passion e're beats
high,
Seem quite regardless of the profer'd Joy ;
F 2 And,*

*And, ignorant of the Symptoms of Delight,
Smoak out the Day, and Snore away the
Night.*

*Don't tell me, You'r excessively in Love;
Your Wit will soon that vain Pretence di-
sprove.*

*Blockheads much labour'd under that of old;
But none dies now, but for their Darling,
Gold.*

*Great is your Love, and great the Risque
you run,*

To be Unhappy, or at least Udone.

*Those Pleasures young Girls fancy are so
good,*

Are seldom felt, but always understood.

*'Tis but the Magick Spell which Nature
yields,*

*To bring such untry'd Lovers to its Fields:
A specious Bait, fit Mankind to enslave,
And to bereave us of the Joys we have.*

*Wou'd you be vertuous, get a Man of Juice, }
Fertile in Wit, and of his Love profuse; }
For only such are fit for Womens Use: }
Where you in mutual Bonds of Joy may
range,*

*And in your Kisses may your Souls exchange.
One, with such Qualities, wou'd a Nun in-
vite*

To quit Eternal Day for Earthly Night.

Such

Such would your lavish Wishes all engage,
And guard your Vertue as secure as Age.
In Joys unknown you then might pass the
Day,
Till Night shall take the Sun's bright
Beams away,
And both in clammy Joys, and Slumber,
quit the Fray.

J. W.

To Mr. Congreve.

Dear SIR,

THE last Fortnight which I past in Town, and the first which I past in the Country, I had so much Sickness and so much Spleen, that the greatest Kindness I could do my Friends, was, to let them know nothing of me. And yet, unless I had been silent so long, I should hardly know what to write to you. The Excuse for having held my Tongue, affords me Matter to talk of. Otherwise I could find nothing to say to you, unless I would send you Professions of Friendship; which, I hope, are wholly needless; or entertain you with Talk of myself. And I am yet more unwilling to do the last than the first: For I have observ'd, that, for the most part, a Man who talks much of himself, talks of a Subject which he does not at all understand. But you are to be excepted from this general Rule; and you could oblige me with nothing more grateful, than

than some News of yourself. I long to know how you proceed in your Tragedy, and should be glad to be inform'd how many are making a Party for it; that is, how many are writing Plays besides. I make no doubt but it will appear at the Head of a numerous Train; yet I believe you will have Reason to be asham'd of some of your Equipage. I hear of three or four, who have a couple of Plays a-piece, which are to go into the House, as Vermin entred into the Ark, by Pairs; where they are both received and preserved with as much Care, as the most reasonable and the most noble Productions. Since Providence will have it so, we ought to conclude, that it is fitting it should be so. And indeed, why may not their Songs and Madrigals, and absurd and speechless Farces, help to constitute the Beauty and Harmony of the Intellectual World, as well as Owls, and Stotes, and Polecats, do that of Material Beings. However, these Fellows Productions are fit to discover one Truth to us, which we should not have imagin'd without them; and that is, That there are greater Sots than themselves; for such are all their Applauders,

plauders. But to leave them for better Company, give my Service to all my Friends at *Will's*; both to those who shew their Wit by their Writing, and to those who by their Silence shew their Judgments. Tell ——— and ——— and ———, that I would fain know of them; nay, and of you too; so as *D—* says, *What a Devil I have done to you, that you cannot let a Man alone in his Solitude, but that you must disturb the Tranquility of his Mind*; I mean, that little I have here. For hither come your Idea's at Five every Day precisely, and give me furious Desires to be at *Covent-garden*. I am forced to make use of a little Piece of Philosophy; for I fancy you Quibbling there, and then I am as calm as a Matron. For I am apt to believe, that I have better Diversion here. I am lately, you must know, grown a great Angler; perhaps, the greatest Man in the Age for Gudgeon-fishing; tho' I say it, who should not say it. That is Pastime which probably you may despise. However, as I take it, it is better than lying upon the Catch at *Will's*, and laying Snares for Puns, as Spiders do for Flies. But I am about to fall into the the Vice, which

which I design'd to avoid. For I am about to talk of myself to you, which is a Subject of which I am sure I ought to say nothing, since it's needless to assure you, that I am

Your Humble Servant.

Newport,
Aug. 96.

To

To Mr. Wycherley.

Dear S I R,

TH O' I have enough to alledge in the behalf of my Silence, to excuse it to any Man living but you; yet I have always profess'd that peculiar Esteem for you, that to make a sufficient Apology for myself, when Appearances are so much against me, I had need have an equal share of Wit with you. But since I come infinitely short of that, you would oblige me extreamly, if you would instruct me by the next Post, what Thoughts and what Words I should use to make you forgive me. Yet to engage you to that, I know you expect something at least that is like Wit from me. But you may every Jot as reasonably expect a lusty Letter of Credit from me. And who the Devil, at this Conjunction, should expect, that the Post should bring either Wit or Mony with him, when the Paper-credit of the Nation is lost in relation to both. Yet we have Reason to believe, since you are resolv'd

to turn Author again, that you may retrieve it in regard to one of them. I wish you all the Success to which your Merit entitles you ; and that is another Reason to make me wish for a Peace. For the Men who are able to judge, have now no leisure to read : They who have the greatest Share of Wit and Spirit, being engaged in the Armies, or in Affairs. When *Apollo* now-a-days inspires a Poet, he did as when he fed *Admetus* his Sheep, and the God sings now to Cattel. Wit certainly never was at so low an Ebb, of which the Coffee-house is a lamentable Example, as it is a miserable Spectacle. When you, and one or two more went out of Town, the great Supports of Politeness left it, and then the Enemy broke in upon us ; and scarce any thing has appeared ever since in it, unless it be that Anti-wit, a Gamester. We almost regret those Moments of abominable Memory, when Puns flow about as thick as Squibs upon a City - Festival. Even Quibbles, and Quarter-quibbles, if they could now be found, would be as much valued as Vermin are in Dearths. But what shall we say ?

— *Etiam*

— *Etiam periere ruinae.*

The very Ruines of Wit have perish'd.

So much of the Coffee-house in general. Now for one or two of the noble Members in particular. And first, I have Wonders to tell you of *Lucifer* :

*Quod optanti Divum promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro.*

Lucifer is grown the most regular Fellow in the Universe : For he rises still exactly after Sun-setting, and goes to Bed still precisely before Sun-rising ; and he and his Father, I mean his Spiritual Father, that is, his Father *Phabus*, live just as he and his Natural Father did, without ever seeing the Face of one another. But he has just sent a Message to me from the *Rose*, where, as the Drawer tells me, he has the most earnest Business in the World with me. The most earnest Business in the World to *Lucifer*, is, the securing a Man to sit up till Five with him. However, I will just go and hear what he says, and drink
Mr. Wy-

Mr. Wycherley's Health with him. I
am,

Lond. Sept. 10.
1696.

Dear Sir,

Your most Humble Servant,

JOHN DENNIS.

To

To Dorinda.

MADAM,

O H! how tedious is Absence from the Persons we adore! And with what killing Anguish did I receive the doleful News of your Departure! Where a mutual Inclination has united two tender Hearts, a Separation is more insupportable than Death itself: Yet if my *Dorinda* left the Town without a Sigh, I am more miserable still. You could not sure forget (so soon at least) all those obliging Vows you so fervently made; Vows, whose Solemnity and Frequency were no inconsiderable part of my Felicity. Alas! 'tis equally impossible for me to express the Horrors I now feel, or the powerful Lustre of those victorious Eyes, that gave Birth to my raging Passion. Since that fatal Minute, that ravish'd from me all my Joys, in your leaving *London*, Heaven's my Witness, and every Divinity that conspir'd my Ruine; nay, by your own
belov'd

belov'd Self I swear, (the greatest Oath my Love can invent) That my Heart has known no other Bliss than the endearing Thoughts of you. The pleasing Idea your irresistable Beauties have imprinted on my faithful Breast, at present constitutes all the easie Moments I enjoy ; and how few they must be, under the rated Circumstance of being depriv'd of your Sight, none can know, but those that love as well. Two Post-days are now past, and not one Line from my *Dorinda* ! Oh ! what can mean this Silence ? Do you then joyn with Fate to break a Heart, that would not vouchsafe to live, but to be yours ? An unusual Shivering darts through every Vein, and my drooping Spirits presage some other Evil, which your unhappy *Strephon* must undergo. Were it only want of Health, and not of Love, that prevented your writing, my Grief wou'd be less wounding. You may have a Favour ; but that you shou'd be false, I will not as yet believe possible. One Proof of your Infidelity would terminate all my Pain : For I were utterly unworthy of your Affection, if mine cou'd support so fatal an Assurance. But such
Suspi-

Suspicious are injurious ; and I wou'd rather question the Testimony of my Senses, than think you were Untrue. Oh ! let me hear from you, tho' but one Word ; the Rigors of Absence from your Arms and Eyes will be less intolerable : Till then, my Torments are more than Arithmetick can number, or Rhetorick describe. Oh, *Dorinda* ! that I were at your Feet, to give you fresh Assurances of the Inviolableness of my Passion, whose Greatness was once your Wonder and Delight.

LET.

LETTERS and SPEECHES,
 O N
 Several Subjects,
 By the late
 Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

To the Lord Bercley.

My LORD,
 I Must needs beg your Lordship's Excuse, for not Waiting upon you next *Sunday* at Dinner, for two Reasons; the first is, Because Mrs. B—— refuses to hear me *preach*; which I take to be a kind Slur upon so learned a Divine as I am. The other, That Sir Robert Cl—— is to go into the Country upon *Monday*, and has desir'd me to stay within to Morrow, about Signing some Papers, which must

G

be

82 *The Duke of B.'s Letter.*

be dispatch'd for the Clearing so much of my Estate, as in spite of my own Negligence, and the extraordinary Perquisites I have receiv'd from the Court, is yet left me. I'm sure your Lordship is too much my Friend, not to give me Leave to look after my Temporal Affairs, if you do but consider how little I'm like to get by my Spirituality, except Mrs. B—— be very much in the wrong: Pray tell her I am resolved hereafter never to swear by any other then *Jo. Ash*; and if that be a Sin, 'tis as odd a one as ever she heard of. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most Humble,

and most Faithful Servant,

BUCKINGHAM.

The

The Duke's Speech in a Conference.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

I Am commanded, by the House of Peers, to open to you the Matter of this Conference; which is a Task I could wish their Lordships had been pleased to lay upon Any-body else, both for their own sakes and mine: Having observed, in that little Experience I have made in the World, there can be nothing of greater Difficulty, than to Unite Men in their Opinions, whose Interests seem to disagree.

This, *Gentlemen*, I fear is at present our Case; but yet I hope, when we have a little better considered of it, we shall find, that a greater Interest does oblige us at this time, rather to joyn in the Preservation of both our Priviledges, than to differ about the Violation of either.

We acknowledge it is our Interest to defend the Right of the Commons; for
 G 2 should

84 *The Duke of B.'s Speeches.*

should we suffer them to be oppress'd, it would not be long before it might come to be our own Case: And I humbly conceive it will also appear to be the Interest of the Commons, to uphold the Privilege of the Lords; that so we may be in a Condition to stand by and support them.

All that their Lordships desire of you on this Occasion, is, That you will proceed with them as usually Friends do, when they are in Dispute one with another; That you will not be impatient of hearing Arguments urged against your Opinions, but examine the Weight of what is said, and then impartially consider which of us two, are likeliest to be in the wrong.

If we are in the wrong, we and our Predecessors have been so for these many hundred of Years; and not only our Predecessors, but yours too; This being the first time that ever an Appeal was made in point of Judicature, from the Lords House to the House of Commons. Nay, those very Commons, which turn'd the Lords out of this House, though they
took

The Duke of B.'s Speeches. 85

took from them many other of their Priviledges, yet left them the constant Practice of this till the very last day of their Sitting. And this will be made appear by several Precedents, these Noble Lords will lay before you, much better than I can pretend to do.

Since this Business has been in Agitation, their Lordships have been a little more curious than ordinary, to Inform themselves of the true Nature of these Matters now in Question before Us; which I shall endeavour to Explain to you, as far as my small Ability, and my Aversion to hard Words will give me leave. For howsoever the Law, to make it a Mystery and a Trade, may be wrapt up in Terms of Art, yet it is founded in Reason, and is obvious to common Sence.

The Power of Judicature does naturally descend, and not ascend; that is, no Inferiour Court can have any Power, which is not derived to it from some Power above it.

The King is, by the Laws of this Land, Supreme Judge, in all Causes Ecclesiastical and Civil. And so there is no Court, High or Low, can Act, but in Subordination to Him; and though they do not all Issue out their Writs in the King's Name, yet they can Issue out none but by Vertue of some Power they have received from Him.

Now every particular Court has such particular Power as the King has given it, and for that reason has its Bounds: But the Highest Court, in which the King can possibly Sit; that is, His Supreme Court of Lords in Parliament, has in it all his Judicial Power, and consequently no Bounds: I mean, no Bounds of Jurisdiction; for the Highest Court is to Govern according to the Laws, as well as the Lowest.

I suppose none will make a Question, but that every Man, and every Cause, is to be tried according to *Magna Charta*; that is, by Peers, or according to the Laws of the Land. And he that is tried by the Ecclesiastical Courts, the Court
of

The Duke of B.'s Speeches. 87

of Admiralty, or the High Court of Lords in Parliament, is tried as much by the Laws of the Land, as he that is tried by the King's Bench, or Common-Pleas.

When these Inferior Courts happen to wrangle among themselves, which they must often do, by reason of their being bound up to particular Causes, and their having all equally and earnestly a Desire to try all Causes themselves, then the Supreme Court is forced to hear their Complaints, because there is no other way of deciding them. And this, under favour, is an Original Cause of Courts, though not of Men.

Now, these Original Causes of Courts, must also of necessity induce Men, for saving of Charges, and Dispatch sake, to bring their Causes originally before the Supreme Court. But then the Court is not obliged to receive them; but proceeds by Rules of Prudence, in either retaining, or dismissing them, as they think fit.

This is, under Favour, the Sum of all that your Precedents can shew us; which is nothing but what we practise every day: That is, that very often, because we would not be molested with hearing too many particular Causes, we refer them back to other Courts. And all the Argument you can possibly draw from hence, will not in any kind lessen our Power, but only shew an Unwillingness we have, to trouble ourselves often with Matters of this Nature.

Nor will this appear strange, if you consider the Constitution of our House; it being made up, partly of such whose Employments will not give them leisure to attend the Hearing of Private Causes; and entirely of those that can receive no Profit by it.

And the truth is, the Dispute at present is not between the House of Lords, and the House of Commons, but between Us and *Westminster-hall*: For, as we desire to have few or no Causes brought before us, because we get Nothing by 'em; so they desire to have all Causes

The Duke of B.'s Speeches. 89

Causes brought before them, for a Reason a little of the contrary nature.

For this very reason, it is their Business to invent new ways of drawing Causes to their Courts, which ought not to be pleaded there. As for Example, this very Cause of *Skinner* that is now before us, (and I do not speak this by Roat, for I have the Opinion of a Reverend Judge in the Case, who informed us of it the other day in the House;) They have no way of bringing this Cause into *Westminster-hall*, but by this Form, the Reason and Sence of which I leave to you to judge of:

The Form is this, That instead of speaking as we ordinary Men do, that have no Art, That Mr. *Skinner* lost a Ship in the *East-Indies*; to bring this into their Courts, they must say, That Mr. *Skinner* lost a Ship in the *East-Indies*, in the Parish of *Islington*, in the County of *Middlesex*.

Now some of us, Lords, that did not understand the Refineness of this Stile, began to examine what the reason of this
should

90 *The Duke of B.'s Speeches.*

should be ; and so we found, that since they ought not by Right to try such Causes, they are resolved to make bold, not only with our Priviledges, but the very Sence and Language of the whole Nation.

This I thought fit to mention, only to let you see, that this whole Cause, as well as many others, could not be tried properly in any place but at our Bar ; except Mr. *Skinner* would have taken a fancy, to try the Right of Jurisdictions between *Westminster-hall* and the Court of Admiralty, instead of seeking Relief for the Injuries he had received in the Place only where it was to be given him.

One thing I hear is much insisted upon, which is, The Trial without Juries ; to which I could answer, That such Trials are allowed of, in the Chancery and other Courts : and, that when there is occasion for them, we make use of Juries too, both by directing them in the King's Bench, and having them brought up to our Bar,

But

But I shall only crave leave to put you in mind, That if you do not allow Us, in some Cafes, to try Men without Juries, you will then absolutely take away the Use of Impeachments; which I humbly conceive you will not think proper to have done at this time.

The

The Duke's Speech in the House of Lords.

My LORDS,

T Here is a Thing call'd *Property*, which (whatever some Men may think) is that the People of *England* are fondest of, it is that they will never part with, and it is that His Majesty, in His Speech, has promis'd Us to take a particular Care of.

This, my Lords, in my Opinion, can never be done, without giving an *Indulgence* to all *Protestant-Dissenters*.

It is certainly a very uneasie kind of Life to any Man that has either *Christian Charity*, *Humanity*, or *Good Nature*, to see his Fellow-subjects daily abus'd, diverted of their Liberty and Birth-rights, and miserably thrown out of their Possessions and Freeholds, only because they cannot Agree with Others in some *Niceties of Religion*, which their *Consciences* will

will not give them leave to consent to ;
and which, even by the Confession of
Those who would *Impose* it upon them,
is no way *necessary to Salvation*.

But my Lords, besides this, and all
that may be said upon it, in order to the
Improvement of our Trade, and the *Increase*
of the Wealth, Strength, and Greatness of
this Nation, (which, under Favour, I
shall presume to discourse of at some other
time) there is, methinks, in this Notion
of *Persecution*, a very gross Mistake, both
as to the *Point of Government*, and the
Point of Religion :

There is so as to the *Point of Govern-*
ment, because it makes every Man's Safe-
ty depend on the wrong Place, not upon
the *Governour*, or a Man's living well
towards the *Civil Government Establish-*
ed by Law, but upon his being transport-
ed with Zeal for every Opinion that is
held by those that have Power in the
Church then in Fashion.

And it is, I conceive, a Mistake in *Re-*
ligion, because it is positively against the
ex-

94 *The Duke of B.'s Speeches.*

express Doctrine and Example of *Jesus Christ*.

Nay, my Lords, as to our *Protestant Religion*, there is something in it yet worse; for we *Protestants* maintain, That none of those *OPINIONS*, which *Christians* differ about, are *Infallible*; and therefore in us, it is some-what an inexcusable Conception, *That Men ought to be deprived of their Inheritance, and all the certain Conveniences and Advantages of Life, because they will not agree with us in our uncertain Opinions of Religion.*

My humble Motion therefore, to your Lordships, is, *That you will give me leave to bring in a Bill of Indulgence to all Dissenting-Protestants.*

I know very well, That every *Peer* of this *Realm* has a Right to bring into *Parliament* any Bill which he conceives to be useful to this Nation: but I thought it more respectful to your Lordships, to ask your Leave for it before; I cannot think the doing of it will be of any Prejudice to the Bill, because I am confident
the

The Duke of B.'s Speeches. 95

the Reason, the Prudence, and the Charitableness of it, will be able to justify itself to this House, and to the whole World.

The

The Duke's Speech in the House of Lords.

My LORDS,

I Have often troubled your Lordships with my Discourse in this House; but, I confess, I never did it with more Trouble to my self, than I do at this time, for I scarce know where I should begin, or what I have to say to your Lordships: On the one side, I am afraid of being thought an Unquiet and Pragmatical Man; for, in this Age, every Man that cannot bear every thing, is called *Unquiet*; and he that does but ask Questions, for which he ought to be concerned, is looked upon as a *Pragmatical*. On the other side, I am more afraid of being thought a dishonest Man; and of all Men, I am most afraid of being thought so by myself; for every one is best Judge of the Integrity of his own Intention: And though it does not always follow, that he is pragmatical whom others take to be so; yet this never fails to be true, That he is most certainly

The Duke of B.'s Speeches. 97

tainly a Knave, who takes himself to be so. No body is answerable for more Understanding than God Almighty had given him : And therefore, tho' I should be in the wrong, if I tell your Lordships truly and plainly what I am really convinced of, I shall behave myself like an honest Man : For 'tis my Duty, as long as I have the Honour to sit in this House, to hide nothing from your Lordships, which, I think, may concern either his Majesty's Service, your Lordships Interest, or the Good and Quiet of the People of *England*.

The Question, in my Opinion, does now lie before your Lordships, is not what we are to do, but whether at this time we can do any thing as a Parliament ; it being very clear to me, that the Parliament is Dissolved : And if, in this Opinion, I have the Misfortune to be mistaken, I have another Misfortune joyned in it, a Desire to maintain the Argument with all the Judges and Lawyers in *England*, and leave it afterwards for your Lordships to decide, whether I am in the right or no.

98 *The Duke of B.'s Speeches.*

This, my Lords, I speak not out of Arrogance, but in my own Justification; because, if I were not thoroughly convinced, that what I have now to urge were grounded upon the Fundamental Laws of *England*; and that the not pressing it at this time might prove to be of a most dangerous Consequence both to his Majesty and the whole Nation, I should have been loth to start a Motion, which perhaps may not be very agreeable to some People: And yet, my Lords, when I consider where I am, whom I now speak to, and what was spoken in this Place about the time of the last Prorogation, I can hardly believe that what I have to say will be distasteful to your Lordships. I remember very well how your Lordships were then disposed with the House of Commons, and remember too as well what Reasons they gave to be so: It is not so long since, but that I suppose your Lordships may easily call to mind, that after several odd Passages between us, your Lordships were so incensed, that a Motion was made here for an Address to his Majesty about the Dissolution of this Parliament; and though it fail'd of being

The Duke of B.'s Speeches. 99

ing carried in the Affirmative, by two or three Voices, yet this in the Debate was remarkable, the Cit prevailed much with the major part of your Lordships that were here present, and were only overpower'd by the Proxies of those Lords who never heard the Argument. What Change there hath been since, either in their behaving, or in the state of our Affairs, that should make your Lordships change your Opinions, I have not heard; and therefore, if I can make it appear, (as I presume I shall) that by Law the Parliament is Dissolved, I hope your Lordships ought not to be offended at me for it.

I have often wondred how it should come to pass, that this House of Commons, in which there are so many honest and so many worthy Gentlemen, should be less respectful to your Lordships (as certainly they have been) than any House of Commons that ever were chosen in *England*; and yet, if the matter be a little enquired into, the Reason of it will plainly appear: For, my Lords, the very Nature of the House of Commons is changed; they do not think now

they are an Assembly that are to return to their Houses, and become as private Men again (as by the Laws of the Land, and the ancient Constitution of Parliament, they ought to do) but they look upon themselves as a standing Senate, and as a Company of Men pick'd out to be Legislators for the rest of their whole Lives; and if that be the Cause, my Lords, they have Reason to believe themselves our Equals. But, my Lords, it is a dangerous thing to try new Experiments in Government. Men do not foresee the ill Consequences that must happen, when they go about to alter those Essential Parts of it, upon which the whole Frame of the Government depends, as now in our Fall the Customs and Constitutions of Parliaments; for all Governments are artificial things, and every part of them has a Dependance one upon another. As in Clocks and Watches, if you should put great Wheels in the room of little ones, and little ones in the place of great ones, all the Fabrick would stand still: So you cannot alter any one part of the Government, without prejudicing the Motions of the whole. If this, my Lords, were well
con-

The Duke of B.'s Speeches. 101

considered, People would be more cautious how they went out of the old *English* Way and Method of Proceedings. But it is not my business to find Fault, and therefore, if your Lordships will give me leave, I shall go on to shew you, why, in my Opinion, we are at this time no Parliament.

The Ground of this Opinion of mine, is taken from the ancient and unquestionable State of this Realm: And give me leave to tell your Lordships, by the way, that Statutes are not like Women, for they are not one Jot the worse for being Old.

The first Statute that I shall take notice of, is, that in the Fourth Year of *Edward* the Third, *Cap.* 14. and it is thus set down in the Printed Book, *Item, It is accorded, that a Parliament shall be holden every Year once, and more often, if need be.* Now these Words be as plain as a Pike-staff, and that no Man living that is not a Scholar could possibly mistake the meaning of them. It is the Grammarians of those Days did make a shift to explain, that the Words, *If need be,*
H 3 did

did relate as well to the Words, *Every Year once*, as to the Words, *More often*. And so by this Grammatical Whimsy of theirs, had made this Statute to signify just nothing at all. For this Reason, my Lords, in the 36th Year of the same King's Reign, a new Act of Parliament was made, in which those unfortunate Words, *if need be*, are left out, and that Act of Parliament is Printed thus, relating to *Magna Charta*, and other Statutes, made for the Publick Good, *Item, For Maintenance of these Articles and Statutes, and the Redress of divers Mischiefs and Grievances which daily happen, a Parliament shall be holden every Year, as at another time was ordained by another*. Here now, my Lords, there is not left the least Colour or Shadow for any further Mistake; for it is plainly declared, That the King of *England* must call a Parliament once within a Year: And the Reasons why they are bound to do so, are as plainly set down, namely, For the Maintenance of *Magna Charta*, and other Statutes of the same Importance, and for the preventing the Mischiefs and Grievances which daily happen.

The Question then remains, Whether these Statutes have been since repealed by any other Statutes, or no? The only Statutes I ever heard mentioned for that, are the two Triennial Bills, the one made in the last King's, the other made in this King's Reign. The Triennial Bill in the last King's Reign was made for the Confirmation of the two Statutes of *Edward* the Third, before-mentioned: For Parliaments having been omitted every Year, according to these Statutes, a Statute was made in the last King's Reign to this purpose, That if the King should fail of Calling a Parliament according to these Statutes of *Edward* the Third, then the third Year the People should Meet of themselves, without any Writs at all, and choose their Parliament Men of themselves. This being thought disrespectful to the King, a Statute was made by this last Parliament, which repealed the Triennial Bill; but after the Repealing Clause, which took notice only of the Triennial Bill made in the last King's Reign, there was then in this Statute a Paragraph to this purpose, That because the anci-

ent Statutes of the Realm, made in *Edward the Third's* Reign, Parliaments were to be holden very often, it should be Enacted, That within three Years after the Determination of that present Parliament, Parliaments should not be discontinued above three Years at most, and should be holden oftner, if need required. These have been several false kind of Arguments drawn out of these Triennial Bills against the Statute of *Edward the Third*, which, I confess, I could never remember; nor, indeed, those that urged them to me ever durst own; for they always laid their Faults upon Somebody else: Like ugly atifish Children, which, because of their Deformity and want of Wit, the Parents are ashamed of, and so turn them out to the Parish. But, my Lords, let the Argument be what it will, I will have this short Answer to all that can be wrested out of the Triennial Bills, That the first Triennial Bill was repealed before the matter now disputed of was in question; and the last Triennial Bill will not be of force till the Question be decided; that is, till the Parliament be Dissolved. The whole matter therefore, my Lords, is reduced

to this short *Dilemma*, Either the Kings of *England* are bound by the Acts mentioned of *Edward* the Third, or else the whole Government of *England* by Parliament, and by Law, is absolutely at an end: For if the Kings of *England* have Power, by an Order of theirs, to invalidate an Act made for the Maintenance of *Magna Charta*, they have also a Power, by an Order of theirs, to invalidate *Magna Charta* itself; and if they have Power, by an Order of theirs, to invalidate an Act made for the Maintenance of the Statute *de Talligio non Concedendo*, they have also a Power, when they please, by an Order of theirs, to invalidate the Statute itself; and they may, not only without the Help of Parliament, raise what Mony they please, but also take away any Man's Estate when they please, and deprive one of his Liberty and Life if they please. This, my Lords, is a Power, I think, that no Judge or Lawyer will pretend the Kings of *England* have; and yet this Power must be allowed them, or else we that are met here this Day cannot act as a Parliament; for we are not met by vertue of the last Prorogation; then Prorogation is an Order of
the

ent Statutes of the Realm, made in *Edward* the Third's Reign, Parliaments were to be holden very often, it should be Enacted, That within three Years after the Determination of that present Parliament, Parliaments should not be discontinued above three Years at most, and should be holden oftner, if need required. These have been several false kind of Arguments drawn out of these Triennial Bills against the Statute of *Edward* the Third, which, I confess, I could never remember; nor, indeed, those that urged them to me ever durst own; for they always laid their Faults upon Somebody else: Like ugly atfifh Children, which, because of their Deformity and want of Wit, the Parents are ashamed of, and so turn them out to the Parish. But, my Lords, let the Argument be what it will, I will have this short Answer to all that can be wrested out of the Triennial Bills, That the first Triennial Bill was repealed before the matter now disputed of was in question; and the last Triennial Bill will not be of force till the Question be decided; that is, till the Parliament be Dissolved. The whole matter therefore, my Lords, is reduced

to this short *Dilemma*, Either the Kings of *England* are bound by the Acts mentioned of *Edward* the Third, or else the whole Government of *England* by Parliament, and by Law, is absolutely at an end: For if the Kings of *England* have Power, by an Order of theirs, to invalidate an Act made for the Maintenance of *Magna Charta*, they have also a Power, by an Order of theirs, to invalidate *Magna Charta* itself; and if they have Power, by an Order of theirs, to invalidate an Act made for the Maintenance of the Statute *de Talligio non Concedendo*, they have also a Power, when they please, by an Order of theirs, to invalidate the Statute itself; and they may, not only without the Help of Parliament, raise what Mony they please, but also take away any Man's Estate when they please, and deprive one of his Liberty and Life if they please. This, my Lords, is a Power, I think, that no Judge or Lawyer will pretend the Kings of *England* have; and yet this Power must be allowed them, or else we that are met here this Day cannot act as a Parliament; for we are not met by vertue of the last Prorogation; then Prorogation is an Order of the

the King's, and a point-blank Contrary to the two Acts of *Edward the Third*: For the Acts say, *That a Parliament shall be holden within a Year.* And the Prorogation says, *That Parliaments shall not be held within a Year, but some Months after.* This, I conceive, is a plain Contradiction, and consequently that the Prorogation is void.

Now, if we cannot act as a Parliament, by vertue of the last Prorogation, I beseech your Lordships, by vertue of what else can we act? Shall we act by vertue of the King's Proclamation? Pray, my Lords, how so? Is a Proclamation of more force than a Prorogation? Or if a thing that has been ordered a first time be not valued, does the ordering it a second time make it good in Law? I have heard, indeed, That two Negatives make an Affirmative: But I never heard before, That two Nothings ever made Any-thing. Well; but how then do we meet? Is it by our own Adjournment? I hope that No-body has the Confidence to say so. Which way then is it we do meet here? By an Accident: That I think may be granted.

granted. But an accidental Meeting can no more make a Parliament, than an accidental Clapping of a Crown on a Man's Head can make a King. There is a great deal of Ceremony required to give a Matter of that Moment a Legal Sanction. The Laws have reposed so great Trust and Power in the Hands of the Parliament, that every Circumstance relating to the manner of their Electing, Meeting, and Proceeding, is lookt after with the most Circumspection imaginable. For this Reason the King's Writs about the Summons of Parliament are to be issued out *verbatim*, according to the Form prescribed by the Laws, or else the Parliament is void, and nulled. For the same Reason, that a Parliament is summoned by the King's Writs, does not meet at the very same Day it's summoned to meet at, that Parliament is void and nulled; and by the same Reason, if a Parliament be not legally Adjourned *de die & in diem*, these Parliaments must also be void and null'd. O, but some say, there is nothing in the two Acts of *Edward* the Third, to take away the King's Power in Prorogation, therefore Prorogation is good.

My

My Lords, under Favour, it is a very gross Mistake; for pray examine the Words of the Acts, and the Acts say, *Parliaments shall be holden Once a Year.* Now, to whom can these Words be directed, but to them that are to call a Parliament? And who are they, but the Kings of *England*? It is very true, this does not take away the King's Power of Proroguing Parliaments, but it most certainly limits it to be within a Year.

Well then, it is said again, *If the Proroguing be null and void, then things are just as they were before*; and therefore the Parliament is still in being.

My Lords, I confess there would be some weight in this, but for one thing, which is, That not one word is true; for if, when the King had prorogued, we had taken no notice of his Prorogation, but had gone on like a Parliament, and had adjourned ourselves the *die in diem*, then I confess things had been just as they were before; but since, upon the Prorogation, we went away and took no care ourselves for our meeting again,

The Duke of B.'s Speeches. 109

if we cannot meet and act again by virtue of the Prorogations, there is an Impossibility of our meeting and acting any other way; and one may as probably say, that a Man, who is killed by Assault, is still alive, because the Assault was unlawful.

The next Arguments that those are reduced to, who would maintain this to be yet a Parliament, is, That the Parliament is prorogued *sine die*, and therefore a King may call them by Proclamation.

To the first part of the Proposition, I shall not only agree with them, but also do them the favour to prove, that it is so in the Eye of the Law, which I have never heard they have yet done: For the Statutes say, *A Parliament shall be had once within a Year.* And that Prorogation having put them off till a Day without the Year, and consequently excepted against by the Law, that day, in the Eye of the Law, is no day at all, that is *sine die*, and the Prorogation might as well have put them off till so many days after Doomsday; and then, I think, No-
body

110 *The Duke of B.'s Speeches.*

body would have doubted but that had been a very sufficient Dissolution. Besides, my Lords, I shall desire your Lordships to take notice, That, in former time, the usual way of dissolving Parliament, was to dismiss them *sine die*; for the King, when he used to dissolve them, said no more, but desired them to go home, till he sent for them again; which is a dismissal *sine die*. Now if there were forty ways of dissolving Parliament, if I can prove this Parliament has been dissolved by any one of them, I suppose there is no great need of the other thirty nine.

Another thing, which they most insist upon, is, That they have found a Precedent in *Q. Elizabeth's* Time, when the Parliament was once prorogued three Days beyond a Year: In which I cannot chuse but observe, that it is a very great Confirmation of the Value and Esteem all People have had of the fore-mentioned Acts of *Edward* the Third; since, from that time to this, there can be but one Precedent found for the Prorogation of a Parliament above a Year, and that was but three Days neither. Besides,

The Duke of B.'s Speeches. 111

sides, my Lords, this Precedent is of a very odd kind of nature, for it was in the time of a very great Plague, when every one of a sudden was forced to run away one from another; and so, being in haste, had not leisure to Calculate well the time of the Prorogation; tho' the appointing of it to be within three Days after a Year, is an Argument, to me, that their Design was to keep within the Bounds of the Acts of Parliament; and if the Mistake had been taken notice of in *Queen Elizabeth's* Time, I make no question but She would have given a lawful Remedy to it.

Now, I beseech your Lordships, what more can be drawn from the producing this Precedent, but only, because once upon a time a thing was done Illegally, therefore your Lordships should do so again: Now, my Lords, under Favour, this of ours is a very different Case from theirs, for as to this Precedent, the Question was never made; and all Lawyers will tell you, that Precedent that passes *sub Silentio*, is of no Validity at all, and will never be admitted in any Judicial Court where it is pleaded: Nay, Judge
Vaughan

Vaughan saith in his Reports, ' That in
 ' Cases which depend upon Fundamental
 ' Principles, from which Demonstrations
 ' may be drawn, Millions of Precedents
 ' are to no purpose. O but, say they,
 you must think prudentially of the In-
 convenience that will follow it; for if
 this be allowed, all these Acts which
 are made in that Session of Parliament,
 will be then void; whether that be so
 or no, I shall not now examine.

But this I will pretend to say, That
 no Man ought to pass for a prudential
 Person, who only takes notice of the In-
 conveniences on one side; it is the part
 of a wise Man to examine the Inconve-
 niences on both, to weigh which are the
 greatest, and to be sure to avoid them;
 and, my Lords, to this kind of due Exa-
 mination, I willingly submit this Cause;
 for, I presume, it will be easie to your
 Lordships to judge which of these two
 will be of most dangerous Consequence
 to the Nation, either to allow that the
 Statutes made, in that particular Sessi-
 ons, in *Queen Elizabeth's* Time, are
 void, which may easily be confirmed at
 any time by a lawful Parliament; as, to
 lay

The Duke of B.'s Speeches. 113

lay down for a Maxim, That the Kings of *England*, by a tituler Order of Theirs, have power to break all the Laws of *England* when they please: And, my Lords, with all the Duty we owe to His Majesty, it is no Disrespect to him, to say, That His Majesty is bound, by the Laws of *England*; for the great King of Heaven and Earth, God Almighty himself, is bound by his own Decrees; and what is an Act of Parliament, but a Decree of the King, made in the most solemn manner? It is possible for him to make it, that is, with the Consent of the Lords and Commons.

It is plain then, in my Opinion, that we are no more a Parliament; and I humbly conceive your Lordships ought to give God thanks for it, since it has pleased him thus, by his Providence, to take you out of a Condition wherein you must have been intirely useles to His Majesty, to Yourselves, and the whole Nation.

For, I beseech your Lordships, if nothing of this I have urged were true, what honourable Excuse could be found
I for

114 *The Duke of B.'s Speeches.*

for acting again with this House of Commons, except we would pretend to such an exquisite Act of Forgetfulness, as to avoid calling to mind all that passed last Sessions; and unless we could also have a Faculty of teaching the same Art to the whole Nation! What opinion would they have of us, if it should happen, that the very same Men that were so earnest, the last Sessions, for having this House of Commons dissolved, (when there was no question of their lawful Sitting) should now be willing to joyn with them again, when, without question, they are dissolved?

Nothing can be more dangerous to a King or People, than the Laws should be made by an Assembly, of which there can be doubt whether they have a power to make Laws or no; and it would be in us so much the more inexcusable, if we should overlook this Danger, since there is for it so easie a Remedy; a Remedy which the Law requires, and which all the Nation longs for, the Calling a New Parliament.

It is that can only put His Majesty into a possibility of receiving Supplies; that can secure your Lordships the Honour of Sitting in this House of Peers, and of being Serviceable to the King and Country, and that can restore, to all the People of *England*, their undoubted Rights of choosing Men frequently to represent their Grievances in Parliament; without this, all we can do is in vain; the Nation might Languish a while, but must Perish at last; we should become a Burthen to Ourselves, and a Prey to our Neighbours.

My Motion, to your Lordships, therefore, shall be, That we humbly Address ourselves to His Majesty, and beg of him, for His own sake, as well as for all the Peoples sake, to give us speedily a new Parliament, that so we may unanimously, before it is too late, use our utmost Endeavours for His Majesty's Service, and for the Safety, Welfare and Glory of the *English* Nation.

100

.....

— 2 —

10

10

T H E
Emperour of *Morocco's*
L E T T E R,
T O
Charles the Second.

WHEN these Our Letters shall be so happy as to come to *Your Majesty's* sight, I wish the Spirit of the *Righteous God* may so direct Your Mind, that You may joyfully embrace the Message I send. The Regal Power allotted to Us, makes Us first *common Servants* to Our Creator, then of *those People* whom we Govern : So that, observing the *Duties* we owe to God, we deliver Blessings to the World. In providing for the Publick Good of our Estates, we magnifie the Honour of God, like the *Celestial Bodies*, which, though they have much

I 3

Vene-

118 *Letters by several Hands.*

Veneration, yet serve only to the *Benefit* of the World. It is the Excellency of our *Office* to be Instruments, whereby Happiness is delivered to Nations.

Pardon Me, Sir ! this is not to *Instruct*, (for I know I speak to One of a more clear and quick *Sight* than Myself;) but I speak this, because God hath pleased to grant me a happy Victory over some part of those *Rebellious Pyrates*, that so long have molested the peaceable Trade of *Europe*; and hath presented further Occasion to root out the Generation of those, who have been so pernicious to the Good of our Nations: I mean, since it hath pleased God to be so auspicious to our Beginnings, in the Conquest of *Sallee*, that we might joyn and proceed in hope of like Success in the Wars of *Tunis*, *Algiers* and other Places (*Dens and Receptacles* of the Inhumane Villanies of those who abhor Rule and Government.) Herein, whilst we interrupt the Corruption of malignant Spirits of the World, we shall glorifie the *Great God*, and perform a Duty, that will shine as glorious as the *Sun* and *Moon*, which all the Earth may see and reverence:

Letters by several Hands. 119

rence: A *Work* that shall ascend as sweet as the Perfume of the most precious Odour in *the Nostrils of the Lord*; a *Work* grateful and happy to Men; a *Work*, whose Memory shall be revered so long as there shall be any remaining amongst Men, that love and honour the Piety and Vertue of Noble Minds. This Action I here willingly present to You, whose Piety and Vertues equal the Greatness of Your Power; that We, who are *Vice-gerents* to the Great and Mighty God, may hand-in-hand Triumph in the Glory which the Action presents unto Us.

Now, because the Islands which You Govern, have been ever Famous for the Unconquered Strength of their Shipping, I have sent this my Trusty *Servant* and *Ambassadour*, to know, whether, in Your Princely Wisdom, You shall think fit to Assist me with such Forces by Sea, as shall be answerable to those I provide by Land? Which if You please to grant, I doubt not but the *Lord of Hosts* will protect and assist those that Fight in so Glorious a Cause. Nor ought you to think this strange, that I, who so much

120 *Letters by several Hands.*

Reverence the Peace and Accord of Nations, should Exhort to a War: Your Great Prophet, *Christ Jesus*, was the *Lion of the Tribe of Judah*, as well as the *Lord and Giver of Peace*; which may signifie unto You, That He which is a Lover and Maintainer of Peace, must always appear with the Terror of his Sword; and wading through *Seas of Bloud*, must arrive to *Tranquility*. This made *James*, Your Grand-father, of Glorious Memory, so happily Renown'd amongst all Nations. It was the Noble Fame of Your *Princely Vertues* which resounds to the utmost *Corners of the Earth*, that perswaded me to invite You to partake of that Blessing wherein I boast Myself most happy. I wish God may heap the Riches of his Blessings on You, encrease Your Happiness with Your Days; and hereafter Perpetuate the Greatness of Your *Name* in all Ages.

To Mr. Bulstrode, at White-hall.

S I R,

THE *Turks* breaking their Truce, and besieging *Vienna*, is very deplorable, but might reasonably enough have been foreseen, and is therefore the more strange the Emperor should be so unprovided. From the Princes of the Empire, surely no great Matters are to be expected, for they have their various Interests, and such Confederate Armies seldom do great things; and, should they call in the *French* to Their Assistance, the end of that may easily be discern'd; for, in all kind of Probability, it must make that King the Universal Emperor, and perhaps they may then bring amongst themselves as dangerous an Enemy as him they now fear: The old Saying is a Truth, *Every-body for himself, and God for us all*; and therefore, I confess, I think it better for these Parts of the World, the *Turks* should have that part of *Germany* than the *French*;

122 *Letters by several Hands.*

French ; for that Almighty Neighbour, (should he acquire the Empire) will be a perpetual Plague to the Northern Countries, and in time to the warmer Climates too ; for he has already made one Step into *Italy*, by *Cassal*, and more than two Strides into *Spain* by his other Conquests, tho' he had solemnly protested, at the Holy Altar, Religiously to observe the Peace of the *Pyreans* ; but, we see, these Protestations are no Tye upon this *most Christian King* ; for when ever (that he calls) the Advancement of his own Glory, comes in Competition with His Justice to His Neighbour, the Latter is sure to be the Sufferer. I doubt you will think me very impertinent, in meddling in State Affairs, but I rely upon your Goodness to forgive me, since you know, I am

Your most Humble Servant,

M. PEACHEY.

To

To —

Dear Sir POLITICK,

TO prepare myself for Writing to you, I wish I could conjure up the Spirit of *Nick Machiavel*; for how can I be able to make good my Promise to you, who are the Great *Anima Mundi Politici*? I have naturally a strange unhappy Honesty, which makes me not the best qualified for Politicks. I suppose you have heard over and over of the Action in *Hungary*, where we have been as honourably Beaten, as a Man could well desire. The Business of our Coin, which, under the new Dispensation, has been more than Mosaically Circumcised, begins now to make a very handsome Appearance, there being great store of new Mony. To tell you my poor Opinion, the Nation has suffer'd the Fate of a Man that has got the Pox, who yet very wisely Rejects all the Quacks, and Relies upon the known approved Method

thod of Fluxing : She throws off all the unsound Part, the bad Mony, and in its room gets up a fresh Stock of Vigour. You very well know how Matters have gone with the Bank : Their Abatements are not so great as they have been, and it is hoped it will be again in a flourishing Condition. You and I have private Reasons to wish well, besides this publick one, That the Bank is one of the Pulses of our Government, and, as it beats high or low, a Man may make his Inferences : And thus much for State Affairs ; for really, Sir, I have but a mean Opinion of that sort of Study. Politicks, in *Italy*, may be refined Understanding ; in *France*, a genteeler sort of Villany ; in *Holland*, Interest coarse spun ; but in *England* are certainly *Flatus Hypochondriaci*. If this be not an effectual Plea for my Carelessness, you ought to consider, I am out of the Road of Government, and of an Age when Men generally mind other Things : People under Seven and Twenty, though they live about Town, either are for none, or else for a lower Species of Politicks ; such as which, in the present War of Pleasure, shall get
the

Letters by several Hands. 125
the better, King *Thomas*, or the Confe-
deracy of Players.

Octob. the First,
1696.

Sir,

I am, &c.

To

To Mr. Savage.

S I R,

I Esteem, though I cou'd not merit your Salute; and, while I return you mine in exchange, I acknowledge you a Loser by the friendly Venture you have made; yet, let not one Loss deter you from a farther Correspondence: The Amorous, or rather Wanton Widow, bears her Loss like a Christian; her Grief proceeds more from your Absence than his Death. I have the Secret, but am not beholding either to him that is dead, or her that is living for it. I am sorry to hear you made no greater Progress in that Affair; but do not wonder, the Spirit moves not your Fancy so little, since you make all your Courtship to the Ladies; those more substantial Mistresses, the Muses, are but thin airy Phantoms, and I know you have more of the Real, than the Platonick Lover, in you. When you come to my Years, perhaps, you'll be more inclin'd to Court the latter; yet,

I

Letters by several Hands. 127

I must confess, when we come to be Fumblers in Love, we are but Bunglers in Poetry : The Muses, as well as the Ladies, are for the brisk, young and gay : I know not how well (the Ladies you mention) were pleas'd with hearing my Plays read ; if they were delighted, I'll assure you, 'twas more with the Reader than the Writer. Children have oft been kiss'd for their handsome Nurses sakes ; 'twas you they lik'd, and not the Plays ; the Pleasure was in your Company, and not in their Wit and Merit. You please to say the Ladies often wish'd my Company ; that indeed wou'd have given 'em Diversion, for then they'd have laugh'd at me too ; or if they did heartily wish it, I suppose you did not tell 'em I was an Author of Fifty ; which now you may, and so preserve all their kind Thoughts for yourself : But had they their Wish, I should ne'er have had mine ; they wou'd wish me gone from 'em, and I shou'd wish to stay with 'em ; I shou'd admire them, and they would admire at the Folly of Wishing. The Sighs the fair One sent in the Paper, are not come to hand ; but if I know by what Messenger you sent the Letter, I
wou'd

128 *Letters by several Hands.*

wou'd go and enquire what is become of 'em; the Fragrancy of their Breath is wanting too, but that may be blown away by the Wind, since the Paper pass'd the Region of Thirty Five Miles at least, for so I take it from *Mayfeild* to *London*; or at least, the Wind turning, drove back their Sighs and Breath to you agen —. Every thing favours the youthful Lover; but give my humble Service to the fair Ladies; for as Youth is pleas'd with real Favours, Age is not displeas'd with being handsomly Flatter'd. As a farther Token of your Friendship, Sir, pray Kiss these Ladies Hands for me; your Kisses will be felt, though these I send be invisible —. I have kiss'd it Twenty times; pray make just Payment, for I think I am indebted so many to 'em at least. Sir, I hope this last Commission will make amends for the Errors of this Epistle.

Sir, Your most Oblig'd

and Humble Servant;

E. RAVENSCROFT.

From

*From a Gentleman in the Country,
to a Lady in the City.*

MADAM,

I Was as apprehensive of the Tediousness of my Journey, as the Effects of my Arrival, for the Persecution of my Thoughts; each Step, I trod, seem'd like a Journey from the Land of the Living: I am certain if Any-body had spoke to me, they could not look upon me in my Wits, and perhaps you'll say so too, for degenerating into so unmanly a Condition. At the same time, Madam, I'll be judg'd by your Conscience, I won't say yourself, (for Womens Modesty, like false Glasses, discommend 'em only for Flattery) whether or no I am not a Martyr to a true Cause or not. I may well say I've made a Sacrifice of my Heart to you; for ever since I saw you, Victims on their Altars ne'r burnt with greater Heat and Ardor. I'm as solitary as the place I reside in: Methinks I cou'd wish we might converse in Thoughts, or that our Souls

K might

might meet sometimes in Sighs; but Thoughts and Sighs are airy Substances, and barren Food for Womens Souls; such fond Platonicks as myself may languish under them in a Burrough, where Innocence, Rusticity, and Ignorance agree, but here I waste my Time and Wishes in vain: My writing to you, is like my keeping of you Company, in this, That the Hearing from you, and ceasing to Write to you, seems equally perplexing, and at the same time equally unavoidable; for the Idea I have of you, has so transfix'd my Mind, that even my Breath and Sighs can scarce forbear to speak the Wishing-flame of,

Madam,

Your most Afflicted Sufferer,

D A M O N.

Three

Three LOVE-LETTERS.

To Madam —

My Charming TYRANT,

THO' you forbid me to repeat Suns,
 Rocks, Mountains, Earth-quakes,
 which are as essential to a Letter of this
 kind, as Gilt-paper; yet you forgot to
 except against Sighs, Prayers, Vows,
 Tears, and the many other little Reliefs
 the Unhappy fly to; however, I'll now
 conceal the Trouble of my own Breast,
 rather than disturb your Patience: I
 have found, by Experience, that neither
 Despair, nor any other Perturbation of
 Mind, can kill me, since I have born a
 Fortnight's Absence from you, and am
 yet alive: 'Tis true, Life is more sup-
 portable this Morning than Yesterday;
 for, if *Hamlet* had not been Murthered
 at the Play-house, last Night, I had been
 worse than Dead to Day. Tell me,
 K 2 dear

dear Madam, how long must I live on the Plenty of my last Night's Feast? Must I quickly again be Happy, or linger out a tedious Life under your Displeasure? Let me know my Sentence in one Line; speak Truth, and say, You hate me, because I love you. 'Tis a Pleasure to be out of Pain, and when One's going to be Executed, the greatest Cruelty is the greatest Mercy. Once more let me beg a short Letter from you, though it be to chide me, for troubling you with so long a one as this: I swear, to hear only you were well, I'd give my Eyes, nor wou'd the Loss be considerable, because they are of no manner of use to me, in your absence, unless to read those Letters, which, I hope, Heaven will dispose you to write to,

Tours.

T.

To Madam —

MADAM,

HOpe is like the Heart, and as it is the first thing that lives, so 'tis the first thing that dies in us, otherwise I could despair of seeing you any more; but methinks 'tis impossible for one to have the Beauty and Brightness of Heaven in her Eyes, without gentle Compassion in her Heart: Reflect upon your Angel's Frame; consider, Madam, how that Tongue, that was fashion'd by Nature, to pronounce nothing but Blessings to your Adorers, will be mis-employed, when you Curse so much, as to forbid me seeing you. I'm not so vain as to expect any Return to my Passion; only suffer it, and I am happy; call it by no less familiar Name, than Love. Let it be Adoration, and even that the Gods will allow of: They refuse not our Sacrifices, nor are they angry at our Anthems; and if they withhold their Blessings, they plead Predestination for their Excuse. Cruel, as you are, I must thank the Wea-

ther, or I'd met you no more; your
Journey was fixt for this Morning, but
Yesterday's Rain did more than a Flood
of Tears, from the Eyes of,

Tears.

To Madam —

Dear MADAM,

NEVER cou'd the Author of *Don Quixot* more handsomly ridicule the mad and airy Gallantries of Roman-tick Heroes, than you did in your last, your most unfortunate humble Servant. Your Letter has had so good effect upon me, that I have not executed my Resolution; tho' this Scribble will seem to signify, that the Lead has entered my Skull already: Truly, Madam, I have so much occasion for Brains, especially when I write to a Lady of your Apprehension, that I can as little part with any, as a Member of ——— wou'd do with his Priviledges; but, it is possible, Madam, that a Pistol can do more to your Admirer than the Conclusion of your Letter: You tell me there, I must not hope to see you more; you may from thence imagine, that no other Attempt can be equally fatal to a Man of Errantry. I have only the Satisfaction left, to know that I cannot be more Miserable, for he

that's drown'd, needs no more fear Rain
 than the withered Flowers does the ho
 Sun-shine. Now, Madam, to free yo
 from the pain of Reading any more
 (which, I suppose, you'll take care t
 do yourself, by not calling for them) I
 only ask leave to tell you, That Cruelt
 becomes the Nymphs, as little as an E
 feminacy does the Swains, nor can I st
 dy any Revenge half so terrible to yo
 as your acting against yourself, which
 in designing to Marry. I hope, befo
 you leap down the Precipice, you'll on
 more take leave of,

Madam,

Your Humble Servant

I dare not tell you how things go, l
 you should laugh at me; but if y
 will lose your time at the Play,
Lincolns-inn-fields, on Tuesday, l
 be the Subject of your Diversion.

A LETTER by Mr. M.

To Mr. G——

Dear G——,

THE dull Business of the Day is over, and our Cushion-cuffer has given me leisure for a better Employment, than hearing him cant over his musty Morals; 'tis not the least Grievance, in the Country, to do Penance once a Week, and sit with passive Ears, two live-long Hours, and put such a *Violence* on One's Nature: Heav'n be prais'd, in this lukewarm Age, nothing is so easily counterfeited as *Devotion*, otherwise poor *Culprit* wou'd have a hard part to play. 'Twas the Opinion of a sage Monk, that the Torment of Hell was nothing but an eternal Crowding and Elbowing; but I think it an everlasting Solitude; for, I assure you, I think that the *Country* is but a State of Probation for Hell, and

an

an Earnest of Damnation : I was reviv'd,
 with your Letter, from a stupid sort of
 a Lethargy ; for any thing, that comes
 from *London*, in my forlorn Circumstan-
 ces, must needs be a Cordial, like poor
Dives in Hell, viewing the great Gulph
 between, and begging some Small-beer
 of the Beggar in *Abraham's* Bosom ; e-
 ven so your desolate Friend, begs the
 favour of a Letter to comfort him in the
 midst of his Afflictions, who am,

Your Tour Friend and Servant,

M

L E T.

LETTERS,

Written by a
 Person of Honour.

To —

From on Board —, at St. Hellen's,
 May 27th, 1694.

Here we are still, Sir, at your Service; Bragging, and Lying, and Hectoring, and Bouncing of what we are going to do; but the Proof of the Pudding being in the eating, a Month hence you may expect a truer Account of our Conduct and Courage, than I'll pretend to give you now; however, this is certain, we have Mischief in our Hearts. 'Tis positive, we are going to do or undo something; here are strong Symptoms of War; I have not heard, since I came

on Board, one Sentance (except when the Chaplain says Grace) without Blood, Plunder, Fire, or Rape in't. Yesterday I could not bear it, nor my Lord C—— neither; so we slunk into a little Boat, and made a Decent on the *Isle of Wight*, where I was presently seiz'd, and had like to have dy'd of a Disease, call'd, Rapture; Such Hills; such Vallies; such Woods; such Plains; such Faces; such A——s. Look you, Sir, I'll say no more, but one Expedition under V——s, is worth two under M——s; and so I'll tell you what I did three Nights since: Hearing there was a Cargo of *French* Protestants newly Debark'd, about four Leagues off, a certain Lord, and your humble Servant, having a mind to inform ourselves of the State of the Enemy, went a-shore, and enquir'd 'em out: We found in a Cow-house, full of Straw, sixteen Women, nine Children, eight Lap-dogs, and a Tup-cat, all at Supper together.

We ask't 'em what Part of *France* they came from: They all answer'd at once, and every one nam'd a different Place.

We

We ask't 'em what rate Bread was at:
They all answer'd together again, and e-
very one nam'd a different Price.

With that, he singled out one, and
another; we prest 'em about half an
hour, with a closer Examination; and,
comparing of Notes, we found, That
the Spirit is sometimes as weak as the
Flesh; and that Women, as well as
Priests, of all Religions, are the same.

Adieu.

To

To Mrs. ———

———,
Better late than never, is an old Proverb, Madam; and, I hope, a true one; at least I rely so much upon it, that I venture to write to you after six Months Neglect. Not that I think you care much for my Letters neither; don't mistake. But perhaps you may be apt to say, *People need not be so sparing of 'em, unless they were of greater Value*; and perhaps you'd say right: But that does not hinder People from being as lazy as ever; nor from continuing to be so impudent to expect Pardon, without being able to urge one tolerable Excuse: *For what's bred in the Bone, you know, will never out at the Flesh*. So, there's another Proverb for you: Half a Dozen more would stand me in great stead to make out my Letter: For I know my Lady ——— gives you an Account of all material Things, Intrigues and new Petticoats. As for Politiques, you'd clap them under Minc'd-pies, and well if they far'd

far'd no worse. In short, I know nothing but Religion you care a Farthing for; and that the Town's so bare of at present, I cou'd as soon send you Mony. No-body prays but the Court; and, perhaps, they had as good let it alone; at least No-body sees, by the Effects, what they pray for; 'tis thought, a General Excise. But Heaven, who knows our Wants better, seems to be of Opinion a General Peace will do as well. They say, The Bully of *France* is leaving all in the Lurch; for which he has both the Blessings and Curses of many a poor Dog about this Town. For as to matters of Wealth and Plenty, you must know the Impartiality of our Men of Business has been such, they have brought *Williamite* and *Jacobite* to much about the same Pitch. But now we are all going to flourish again; so, I hope, we shall see your Ladiship in Town against the Peace is proclaim'd, that upon the *Bonfire-night* your Billet may burn too.

I can tell you one thing: You ought to appear in your own Defence; for the first time I shew'd myself, since I came to Town, upon that Theatre of Truth

Truth and Good Nature, the Chocolate-house, I was immediately regal'd with the old Story, (tho' from another Hand) *That now you were gone for certain.* But, that worthy Knight-errant, Mr. W——, that Mirrour of Chivalry, for all wrong'd Ladies, drew his Tongue in your Defence; and I, Madam, had the Honour to be his *Sancho Pancho* in your Justification. But how long we shall be able to stand our Ground, I can't tell, unless you'll come and lug out too, and then I don't doubt but we shall make our Party good. Now you must know, Madam, *One good Turn deserves another*, (there's a Proverb again) I stand as much in need of your Weapon, as you can do of mine. Here's a scoundrel Play come out lately, by which the Author has been pleas'd to bring all the Reverend Ladies of the Town upon his Back, with my Lady —— at the Head of 'em, for saying, *An Old Bawd was good for nothing.* But that is not all his Misfortune; there is a younger Knot, who having grimac'd themselves into the Fashion of Piety, say, 'Tis a wicked Play, and a *Blasphemous Play*, and a *Beastly, Filthy, Bawdy Play*; and so never go to it,

it, but in a Mask. Dear Mrs. S——
come to Town again quickly, and don't
put your Country-tricks upon us any
longer, for here's a World of Mischief
in your Absence: The V—— is Lean-
er than ever. I am grown Religious.
My Lord W—— is going to be Mar-
ried. Sir *John Fenwick* is going to be
Hanged. The W. L—— is Boarded
by a Sea-officer: The Lady Sh—— is
Storm'd by a Land one. Tel—— has
got a high Intrigue; and the P——
has got the Gripes. For God's sake
come to Town quickly: You see all's
in Disorder; nor are things much better
in the Country, as I hear: For, 'tis said,
the Spirit of Wedlock haunts Folks in
Shropshire, and has play'd the Devil with
the Flesh. Some-body swore by ——
t'other Day, you were Married; to
whom, I have forgot, though that was
sworn too. But pray let's see you here
again; and don't tell us a Scripture-sto-
ry, That you have married a Husband,
and can't come; the Excuse, you see,
was not thought good, even in those
Days, when things wou'd pass on Folks
that won't now.

L

My

My due Respects to the Mayor and
Corporation of S——

To

To the Lord H——

Paris, Octob. 21. 1681.

NOW things mend, my Lord ; and an *Italian* Abbot makes a good Pimp : His only Fault is, he's damn'd hard of hearing ; a Shout in another Man's Ear, is but a Whisper in his : A Vile Quality for a Bawd. However, he's a Person of Business, and one of his Belle Dames is a better Sophister than you are ; for you pretend but to argue Fornication no Sin, whilst she proves it a Vertue ; and (all L—— apart) wou'd — for the down-right sake of Religion. Her Case is this ; She's a Sister of the String, tickles a Guitar to a Miracle, and that she gets her Living by. Her Beauty, her Modesty, her Wit, and her Youth, would help her to a better Livelihood, if her Conscience would give her leave to lay about her like the rest of her Sex ; but her Inclinations being Upwards, and having a sower Contempt of this vile Earth, she desires to give her

My due Respects to the Mayor and
Corporation of S——

To

To the Lord H——

Paris, Octob. 21. 1681.

NOW things mend, my Lord ; and an *Italian* Abbot makes a good Pimp : His only Fault is, he's damn'd hard of hearing ; a Shout in another Man's Ear, is but a Whisper in his : A Vile Quality for a Bawd. However, he's a Person of Business, and one of his Belle Dames is a better Sophister than you are ; for you pretend but to argue Fornication no Sin, whilst she proves it a Vertue ; and (all L—— apart) wou'd — for the down-right sake of Religion. Her Case is this : She's a Sister of the String, tickles a Guitar to a Miracle, and that she gets her Living by. Her Beauty, her Modesty, her Wit, and her Youth, would help her to a better Livelihood, if her Conscience would give her leave to lay about her like the rest of her Sex ; but her Inclinations being Upwards, and having a sower Contempt of this vile Earth, she desires to give her

self to her good God, and saunter out her Days in a Nunnery: But she wants Five Hundred Pistolls to introduce her; and that she's willing to — for. She computes about a Twelvemonth's Run may satisfy any reasonable Gentlemen, and that he'll then give her leave to quit that same filthy Business, for a Swing of Spiritual L——

So, if your Lordship knows ever a Knight-errant, whose Purse is as lavish as his —— and will both —— for the Relief of Distressed Vertue; pray tell him this pitiful Story, which is a Truth, by J——

The *French* say, You'll be altogether by the Ears about six Weeks hence; and that they are to go over and take Possession of some Houses and Parks, that belong to *Des Bougres d'Anglois, qui vont a leur Ordenaire se soulever contre leur Prince Naturel*. God send this Invasion, I say; 'twill at least have one good Effect, 'twill Legitimate Adultery here, which I have been seeking Arguments for in vain; for if they enter our Houses, *Lex talionis*, we whip into their Wives.

Rapes

Rapes will be lawful too, by the same Morality. So, pray my Lord, come over; for here's like to be Work for a better — than mine.

My Lord S—— has got a nauseous Mistress here; a cry'd-up Beauty, a flatteringly Sow, founder'd of both her Feet: In short, I hate her; and so I do Everybodies, but my own; and her I like so well, I believe I shall have my Bones broke about her, before I have done; there being some impertinent People akin to her, who won't let her — in quiet.

My Lord, the Soup's upon the Table; you'll excuse me; for there are four tall *Germans* about it, who will swallow it down scalding hot, in less time than an *English*-man can say Grace. May Heaven preserve you still fifty year more, and kill your Father betwixt this and *Christmas*.

Je suis tout a vous.

Two Days since my Lord S—— being in appearance at the Door of
 L 3 Death,

Death, he repented, as is usual: but there is now hopes of a Return to his Health, and Relapse to his Vices.

To

To Mr. T——

Rakehelly T——,

JUst now, stroling through my Pocket-book, I stumbl'd upon your Name; Mrs. P——'s Name, *Charing-cross*, and the Sign of the *Elephant*, which gave Remembrance such a Bang, I have made a Collection of Pen, Ink and Paper, with a design to be as good as my Word, and write to you. So the Question how I shall write, and the Question whither I shall write or not, are indeed become no Questions at all; but the Question what I shall write, is a great Question still. The House of Office may perhaps help me. You'll excuse me for a Moment.

I am return'd, and by Providence's help, have done your Business as well as my own. I have found six Leaves of a *Dutch* Sermon; the Title-page I have made use of, the rest I send you enclos'd, I don't understand much of the Language, but I think it gives you an Ac-

count how many Tun of Saints the Pagans shipp'd off for the Spiritual Indies, when the Christians liv'd in *Holland*: He says the Manufacture now is quite destroy'd, and the Trade is not worth a T—— Now you must know, Parsons in this Country tell Truth in their Sermons; so, as to a Lover of Truth and Sermons both, I send you this. The Postage won't cost you above Half a Piece; a Dog Penny-worth, I think.

All I have to say, is, That this is a scoundrel Town. The *Dutch* Women here are greasie and fat, the *English* sawey and ugly. Here's a great deal of Snow, and very bad Fires; cursed Meat, and worse Company: That for our Diversions. As for Business: My Lord W—— is asleep by the Fire-side; Mr. *Ruf*—— is picking his Nose; the P——s is Quilting a Petticoat; her Maids are all at their Prayers; *Ju*—— is Expounding the *Revelations*; B——t is writing of Libels; the Pr—— is studying, I guess what; and the *English* Embassador is a Fool: Zoons, Sir, I have got the Cramp; O G——! how many damn'd Tricks has Nature to plague Mankind—— I can't write

write a word more. You'll send me an Answer to this, won't you? Do, prithee do; and don't be long about it now.

If you direct your Letter to me at *Tonfrow Zouterkin's*, in *Cut-straet*, 'tis Six to Four but my Hand and my A— will have it in their turns,

To

*To the Chevallier de Choiseul, at
La Hogue.*

De l'Enfer. ce 18. Avril, 1692.

Mon Cher Chevallier,

SI vostre voyage a ete aussi agreable
que vostre bonne Compagnie l'e-
toit aux pauvres Prisonniers à la Bastille je
m'en rejouriray fort: Car sans Compli-
ment, je m'interesse beaucoup à tout ce
qui vous regard. Et quoyque (la Cha-
rite commençant chez soy) je me plaigne
de vostre absence, j'ay assez de bon na-
turel, pour me rejourir de vostre Liberte.

Pour moy; Je suis comme j'ay long
tems ete, (en apparence) sur la Veille
de sortir: Cependant, la porte n'est pas
encore ouverte.

Le pauvre, my Lord, a prit les devants;
& il est presentement à Boulogne, ou il
attende l'arrive du General Hamilton.
Ainsi voila la Bastille, plus triste que ja-
mais. Le Marquis pourtant continue

à nous divertir & à nous incommoder ;
Le voicy mort Die qui entre avec toute
sa suite. Que le Diable les emporte tous
ensemble. Ils font tant de Bruit, qu'il
est impossible d'ecrire d'avantage. Ainsi
Adieu, jusqu' à tantot——

Il ya deux heurs, que j'ay ete oblige
de quitter ma Lettre, & depuis ce tems
là, j'ay ete entretenu, commy quoy, c'est
une chose qui choque l'honneur de la
France, qu'un Fils d'un Duc & Pair, de
la Noble Race de Crusole, descendu des
anciens Comtes de Tholouse, soit dete-
nu Prisonnier à la Bastile, pendant que
la Nation abesoyn de ses plus grands Ca-
pitains pour repousser une foule d'Enne-
mys qui l'attaquent. Mais Monsieur
(luy repondis-jé) les choses ne sont pas
encore à l'extremite ; la France n'est pas
eneore perdue. Quand le Roy la Verra
en danger, ce sera alors qu'il se servira
de ses dernieres resourses & se fera alors
qu'il vous sortira glorieusement de la Ba-
stille pour vous placer à la Tete de ses Ar-
mees. Si vous etiez deja dehors, il
sait que vous vous exposeriez trop, vo-
stre valeur luy est connue ; c'est pour
l'amour de vous & de luy mesme, qu'il
veut

veut vous conserver, & c'est pour vous
conserver qu'il vous a donne en charge,
à Monsieur de Besmeaux.

F——tre de Besmeaux (dit il,) F——tre
de la Bastille, F——tre de Sodome, &
F——tre de Gommere; je suis fills d'un
Duc & Pair, moy.

Monsieur (luy dit je) vostre illustre
naissance est deja connue à tout le mon-
de; un peu de patience feroit aussi eclat-
ter vostre vertue.

Je me F—— de la Vertue——

*Mais Monsieur; un peu de Modera-
tion——*

*Point: Je veus sortir moy—— Je
veus me signaler——*

*Mais eoutez Marquis. Si vous sortiez,
& que Monsieur de Besmeaux——*

F——tre de Besmeaux je vous dis——
Je me mocque de luy qu'il laisse les Gens
en repos, s'il le veut. On je luy F——
tray vingt coups de pied dans le ventre,
& autant de coups de Poigne fur le Nez;
& flingue & flaque, & l'Abere & Gara-
net & encore cent mille F——tus Gas-
coignes,

coignes, mort die je les ferray tous trembler.

Monsieur le Marquis (luy dit je) je suis vostre tres humble Serviteur, mais comme je n'ay point de Cuirasse, je ne veux plus demeurer seul avec vous. O (dit il) vous ne risquez rien.

Pardonez moy (repartis je) on risque beaucoup, quand le sang des Crusoles est bouillant. Adieu.

Je decendis donc, & il evacua ma Chambre: & à mon retour, pour achever ma Lettre, j'ay bien barricade ma Porte.

Comme tout le monde icy, pretend que vous allez droiten Angleterre, pour Retablir le Roy Jaques bongre malgre. Et que je confidere, que dans les Expeditions de Mars, Venus ne manque jamais de se mettre de la Partie, je vous prie d'avoir Soin, que si mes sœurs doivent estre baiseez, du moins elles puissent avoir la Consolation d'estre bien baiseez. Il yen a à choisir, mais latroisieme en etant la plus belle, je vous la recommande,

mende, pour vostre propre bouche. Si vous la trouvez Vierge (car je ne repons de rien) allez doucement ne faites point trop de fracas. De peur de fair plurer la pauvre fille. Mais quand vous aurez pris le Fort, je vous supplie de n'y pas laisser Garnison.

Pour nos Eglises. Remettez y, tout ce qu'il vous plaira, hors le pouvoir despotique du Pretre; car je ne desire pas d'aller au Ciel, la Forche au Cu.

Dans la Police, faites moy la grace de pendre tous les Procureurs mais traitez avec beaucoup de respect un certain avocat, qui s'appel Habeas Corpus. C'est un veritable honnest homme; malgre sa robe longue, vous pouvez vous souvenir que nous avons quelque fois bu à sa sante. En verite il le merite bien c'est un amis à tout le monde, & qui en mesme tems ne flate personne, il est vray qu'il va souvent à la Cour, mais il n'est pas dutout Courtezan. Il faut que vous sachiez qu'il a des manieres qui ne s'acomodent pas tout à fait avec ses Messieurs la: ils luy donnent de bonnes paroles, mais ils ne l'aiment pas trop. Que
cela

cela ne vous empeche pas, de luy faire la Reverance : tot ou tard, vous en pourrez avoir besoin. Je vous prie de luy faire bien mes Compliments, & de luy assurer que je me s'oyens fort souvent de luy.

Au reste ; crevez moy toutes les Vieilles, qui refusent d'estre Macrelles, car il n'est pas pour le bien publique, que des Choses inutiles, mangassent le pain de l'Etat.

Etoufez tous lez petits Chiens de Village, & les Enfans qui crient, car tout ce qui fait du bruit medesole.

Enfin, si vous rencontrez (ceque je ne crois pas) unfils d'un Duc & Pair, pareil au Marquis ; envoyez le à la Tour, pour le repos de sa Famille.

Et voilà moncher Compatriot de Malheur, toutes les Commissions que j'ay à vous donner. Si je vous voye à Paris, d'icy en six mois, vous me rendrez Compte comment vous les aurez Execute. Si c'est bien, je vous en Louiray fort ; si c'est mal, je vous pardonneray

160 *Familiar Letters.*

neray Vollandier. Car je suis (sans
Compliment) tout à fait, de vos amis,
& fort vostre Serviteur.

To

To Mr. —

HARRY,

I'M afraid thou'rt turn'd a meer *Adamite*, that is, hast forfeited thy Health and Happiness to purchase more Knowledge, or else thou art plaguily bely'd. Oh ! that Pleasure, *Harry*, is a Hellish Pleasure. How sweet in the Enjoyment, and how sower in the Event ! Well, I suppose thou'rt thoroughly convinc'd, there's no such thing as Heaven upon Earth, as a great many vain Fellows imagine ; since our Pleasures are not only bounded in one particular thing ; but the greatest Variety of Enjoyments finish in the uneasie Desire of their Continuance, or the more torturing Experience of it's Impossibility ; or at least, their Punishment by a prodigious Fluxing. The most permanent of all our Habits, is that part of 'em which are vicious ; or that which we are taught to believe so. A good Thought is as easily spoil'd in Devotion, as 'tis in Study. The obscenest

M

B—

B— in one Moment will ruine the strongest Efforts of a pious Preparation. Oh ! this Nature of ours, tho' it be the most prevailing Rhetorick, is yet a Compound of Extreams ; the Minute that gives Birth to the most endear'd of our Entertainments, gives such an Assurance of their Conclusion, that palls 'em in the Possession : Our Entertainment is very often uneasie to us, from the Care we take to be Regular ; and we are seldom guilty of so great Solecism, as when we endeavour to avoid all for Silence, which is a peculiar Remedy against 'em, is at the same time the greatest Solecism in Conversation. Why, this Moment I was thinking to treat you as one of my Familiars ; and in my very Design of being so, my Deficiency has carried me to a quite opposite Matter, and I am unawares an unskilful Moralist, or an unbiting Satyr. I hope you will pardon my Impertinence, and accept this small Epistle from him, who is your affectionate

Humble Servant.

To

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

I Cou'd no more hope to see you (considering the time of your Letter's coming to my Hands) than I could have any Peace without it. Not all the Objects in the World could divert my Melancholly, but your Letter, which had done it effectually, but that it gave me the sensible Mortification of despairing to find you. Lord, Madam, how insensible of Passion are you, to see and reject such Evidence of my Love? I am sorry you give me so great a shew of your Levity, and so much apprehension of my ill Fortune. If my Condition be not answerable to your Beauty, this I can tell, my Passion is the most exalted in Nature. I wish Nature would afford me some signal Method to convince you of it, that I might at least hope a reciprocal one from you. In my own Brain, I feel both all the Pain and Love, which Poets feign Romantick Heroes to have done;

164 *Familiar Letters.*

and am scarce less mad to let you know,
how much I wou'd be thought to be
your Humble Servant.

D A M O N.

To

To Sir John—

In Imitation of a Letter in the Histoires Facetieuses, p. 78.

Dear KNIGHT,

THis comes to *inform* you, that I am in the Land of the *Living*; and that's *all*. But as for the *Pleasures* of this *Transitory* World, (which the *Hypocrites* that use them, and the *Rake-hells* that are past them, call *Vanities*) I am no more the *better* for them, than a *Laplander* is for the Sun of *Italy*; or, to come nearer Home, than *Grocer's-Hall* is for the Wealth of the Bank at *Amsterdam*. A Curse on that *unlucky* Night, when you and I got so drunk at the *Blue-Posts* together; for do but observe what were the Effects on't. Drunkenness, Sir John, drew Fornication after it; and these *two Sins* in wicked Conjunction begot a most *undutiful Child*, the Lord knows, between 'em, who, before he was a *Fortnight* old, *deposed* both his

Father and Mother. Thus being disabled from *Whoring*, and out of respect to my own Carcass not daring to *drink*, I am grown as *grave*, and as *contemplative*, and as *virtuous* a Person, as you cou'd desire to stick your *Knife* in. Like the *rest* of the World too, when they turn *Saints*, I find the Devil and all of *Ill Nature* has come upon me with my *Virtue*. I am as *splenatick* and *peevish* as a poor Dog of an *Author* that has been *bilked* in a *Dedication*. Neither *Man*, *Woman*, nor *Child* can escape my *Censures*. I roar against *Sin*, louder than a *Fellow* that is *paid* to do it in *Publick*, tho' at the same time *wishes* it no *Mischief* in his *Heart*, I rail at Every-body, whether I *know* them or no; and in some of my *moody Fits* don't care a Farthing if *half* the *Men* in the Kingdom were *hang'd*, and *all* the *Women* sent pick-a-pack to *Old Cloven-foot*.

Once more a *Curse* on that unlucky *Night*, when this *Disaster* befel me. Dear Sir *John*, for Heavens sake, help me to *pelt* it with some *Vigorous*, some *Emphatical*, some *Gigantick* Curses. May it hereafter *know* no *Mirth* nor *Pleasure*,
not

not even that of *Lamb-blackening Signs*, and *rubbing-out* of Milk-scores ; no *Balls*, nor *Serenades* ; no *Jollity* of *Drunkards*, nor *Enjoyment* of *Lovers*. May it hear of nothing but *Execrations* of *Losing Gamesters*, *Fires*, *Burglaries*, and *slaughter'd Watchmen*. *Magistrates* of the *Night* surrendring up their pious Souls in *Kennels*, and the *Wither'd Bullies* that did it, dying and *blaspheming* by their Side. *Murders* hideous enough to fright an *Italian*, and unnatural *Rapes*, that wou'd make even a *Pamper'd Cardinal* tremble. But a *Pox* on't, I don't curse worth a *Straw*. One *Scotch Pedlar* heartily warm'd wou'd out-do half a dozen such *puny* Fellows as I am. Therefore, dear Sir *John*, come to my *Assistance*, and help me out at a *Pinch*. Curse that unlucky *Night*, or curse the *Wine*, or curse the *Master* ; 'tis all one in the *Original Hebrew*, so you do but curse. But especially, pour a *double Viol* of your *wrathful Spirit* upon the *discourteous Damosel* that brought me to this. May *Providence* everlastingly tosse her from the *Chirurgeon's Hands* to the *Bailiff's*, and so back again in *Sacula Saculorum* : Or may her ill *Fate* force her in her *Old*

Age to Scotland, where may the Kirk condemn her to be roasted alive for a Sorceress; and may she be as long a burning, as the Universe will be at the Conflagration.

T. Brown.

To

To Mrs. ———

Dear M A D A M,

NEver any Mortal labour'd under such a Perplexity of Fortune, or Variety of Confusions: I should certainly put a Period to this Being of mine, but that I am still willing to submit to you the Triumph: As you have had it so indisputably over my Heart, even so take it over my Life, since it offends you, and affords me no Comfort. How can you imagine, that one bereft of his Soul, can survive its Absence? No more can you the Possibility of mine, and at the same time be convinc'd of the Reality of my Passion. These Twelve Months at least have I been endeavouring to cast off my Chains, and to quit a Cause, which I cou'd no more hope to triumph in, than I had to be happy without it; but find as impossible as to abandon my Breath, and retain my vital Motion. I conjure you, Madam, by all the Ties of Nature, pity me, and the mischievous
Circum-

Circumstances of my ill Fortune, that has plac'd me in a Sphere, which can no more entitle me to your Esteem, than encourage my Presumption. But pardon me, Madam, if I wish Fortune had been less benevolent to you, that I might have given you a more ample Evidence of my Passion, and myself a greater Prospect of Success; and believe assuredly, 'twou'd be the greatest Inhumanity in the World in ceasing to kill, or ceasing to make me the happiest of your Humble Servants.

Adieu.

To

To a Gentleman in Cambridge.

Honest SAM!

SInce you are so stout, I'll be so too, and pick your Pocket of two Pence; a thing, I hope, excusable in a Friend. But perhaps you'll say, Some People have a plaguy deal of Impudence, to call 'emselfes so, since you give 'em no Encouragement by your Letters; but, at the same time, that does not suppress this Impudence: For *what's bred in the Bone, will never out of the Flesh*; and so there's a Proverb for you. Why, I'll promise thee, Sam, I wish thou'dst pick my Pocket after such a friendly manner. But, I see, absent Acquaintance are as little thought of, as past Iniquities; and the Devil of Forgetfulness reigns as much in *Cambridgeshire*, as that of Poverty does in *London*. However, I heartily wish thee void of both; for these Devils are bloody things to be dispossess'd, when they have once got a footing: As an Instance of which, there's

172 *Familiar Letters:*

a good honest Fellow has sent his Wife to the other World under the same Predicament. Your Brother and I are consulting now to make you Penniless; for we're plaguily afraid, that you eat so much of the Divine Banquet, that you can afford none of your absent Friends so much as a Refreshment: And so, honest *Sam*, good Night to thee.

To

S
T
W
Son
I,
To
(L
Re
An
Sh
Fo
W
A
Ju
Ca
A
I
F

To T—— W——, Esq;

May the 19th, 93.

S I R,

*'TIS strange, that what e're Noddle akes,
Some Friend or other still partakes;
Whoever wrote, have always sought
Some one for Gossip to their Thought.
I, after hunting long in vain,
To vent th' Encumbrance of my Brain,
(Like spurious Race of humble Whore)
Resolv'd to lay it at your Dore.
And, just as other Writers use,
Shall plead Prescription for excuse:
For Custom, that does still dispence
With universal influence,
And makes things right or wrong appear,
Just as they do her Liv'ry wear;
Can justifie Impertinence,
And stamp it into Sterling-sence.
I therefore care not what I write,
For tho' I Scribble, you Endite;*

I treat you at your own Expence,
And furnish Words, but you the Sence.
And therefore fear not to miscarry,
Since I am but your Secretary ;
For as our Eyes but passive are,
(As learn'd Philosophers aver)
And only convey to the Mind,
Idea's which first there we find ;
Yet are themselves but helps to see,
As other Optick-Glasses be.
So in these Lines, what ever's meant,
I only am your Instrument,
And nothing have at my command,
But the meer Motion of my Hand ;
For all the Sence, you must expect,
Springs from your proper Intellect.
The learned'st Book that e're was wrot,
To him that understands it not,
No other prospect e're affords,
Than a meer Anarchy of Words :
For Books (like all things else) are good
Or bad, but as they're understood ;
And when Men quote 'em, they mistake,
They did not find it so, but make :
So whatsoe're from them we smatter,
Is but the Sence of Commentator ;
For Words indeed, altho' sown thick,
Like Cyphers in Arithmetick,

When

When all cast up, to nothing come,
The Figure only make the Sum :
So Readers must to Books supply
What feeble Characters deny.
And hence it is, that all things sound
Just as their Fancies do expound ;
And if they take 'em in a wrong sence,
All Authors have been serv'd so long since.
Did not they make old Homer prate
Of Boots and Shooes, and God knows what ?
Made him hold forth on Philosophy,
And Vertues of Sage, Tea and Coffee ;
And Jests too up and down to scatter,
Where he thought nothing of the matter ?
Made they not Virgil strange things write,
And prophesie by After-light ;
Fore-tell the Means of our Salvation,
And all this by their Inspiration ?
Make they not him Mens Fortune's tell,
Of which he ne're thought Syllable ;
Pronounce the Fate of Men in Battle,
And of Invaders of strange Cattle ;
Detect by Whole-sale in his Verse,
Thieves, Pick-pockets and Conjurers ;
And surer tell who drives that Game on,
Than P——dge, G——ry, or S——on ?
Mean time, perhaps, there's but one Leaf,
Betwixt the Justice and the Thief :

His

176 Familiar Letters.

*His Worship wou'd a little later,
 Have found it quite another matter;
 And had been, to his sole jeopardy,
 Suspended for meer being tardy;
 Or acted at the Rump of Cart,
 With Spartan Patience his part.
 Make they not Horace a stark Ass,
 Reduc'd to Du—— Balad Class,
 Strip him of all that's gay and witty,
 To fit him up to doleful Ditty?
 Tagg'd forth with miserable Rhimes,
 From Bulks and in the Streets he chimes.
 With Rosamond now Lydia vies,
 And fills the Milk-maids Maudlin Eyes;
 While Hopkins is forgot and Sternhold,
 So often chanted forth in Barn old.
 Was not Sage Terence at adventure,
 By oily Shadwel turn'd to banter?
 And taught, for duller Sence of's own,
 The brisk gay Nonsense of the Town?
 And his insipid Tale improv'd,
 By what the Town and Sh——ll lov'd?
 Sh——ll, whose whole Stock is, a Bully,
 A Wench, a Usurer, a Cully.
 From whence, with little pains, straightway,
 Or Wit, he oft does launch a Play;
 As Cits, with Blew, secure from staining,
 A Heroe sit on Days of Training.*

I need not tell of late Projectors,
That Stories tell of Witches Spectres;
Hold forth, with learned-Theory,
On the Proboscis of a Flea;
Pursue, with Microscope, the Track
Of List upon a Gray-louse Back;
Philosophize upon Salt-waters,
And other much surprizing Matters.
Those Pedlars in all sorts of Wares,
That Haberdash in Love-affairs,
Mechanicks, Metre, Politicks,
And forty other modish Tricks,
As Tumbling, Juggling, Vaulting, Dancing,
Intriguing, Ridling, and Romancing,
That do with Pamphlets Epidemick,
Laden with Billingsgate Polemicks,
Confound the Jacobites and Quakers,
With their Adherents, and Partakers,
To th' ruine of their Grace, and quite
Extinguishing their inward Light;
That fill Men, for a Dish of Coffee,
With Politicks and Philosophy;
And for a single Penny can
Instruct at once a whole Divan
Of Coblers, Chimney-sweepers, Carr-men,
And the whole Tribe of two-legg'd Vermin.
Nor need I mention Foreign Journal,
Translated to Gallants Diurnal,

N

Where

*His Worship wou'd a little later,
Have found it quite another matter;
And had been, to his sole jeopardy,
Suspended for meer being tardy;
Or acted at the Rump of Cart,
With Spartan Patience his part.
Make they not Horace a stark Ass,
Reduc'd to Du——Balad Claſs,
Strip him of all that's gay and witty,
To fit him up to doleful Ditty?
Tagg'd forth with miserable Rhimes,
From Bulks and in the Streets he chimes.
With Rosamond now Lydia vies,
And fills the Milk-maids Maudlin Eyes;
While Hopkins is forgot and Sternhold,
So often chanted forth in Barn old.
Was not Sage Terence at adventure,
By oily Shadwel turn'd to banter?
And taught, for duller Sence of's own,
The brisk gay Nonsense of the Town?
And his insipid Tale improv'd,
By what the Town and Sh——ll lov'd?
Sh——ll, whose whole Stock is, a Bully,
A Wench, a Usurer, a Cully.
From whence, with little pains, straightway,
Or Wit, he oft does launch a Play;
As Cits, with Blew, secure from staining,
A Heroe sit on Days of Training.*

I need not tell of late Projectors,
That Stories tell of Witches Spectres ;
Hold forth, with learned-Theory,
On the Proboscis of a Flea ;
Pursue, with Microscope, the Track
Of List upon a Gray-louse Back ;
Philosophize upon Salt-waters,
And other much surprizing Matters.
Those Pedlars in all sorts of Wares,
That Haberdash in Love-affairs,
Mechanicks, Metre, Politicks,
And forty other modish Tricks,
As Tumbling, Juggling, Vaulting, Dancing,
Intriguing, Ridling, and Romancing,
That do with Pamphlets Epidemick,
Laden with Billingsgate Polemicks,
Confound the Jacobites and Quakers,
With their Adherents, and Partakers,
To th' ruine of their Grace, and quite
Extinguishing their inward Light ;
That fill Men, for a Dish of Coffee,
With Politicks and Philosophy ;
And for a single Penny can
Instruct at once a whole Divan
Of Coblers, Chimney-sweepers, Carr-men,
And the whole Tribe of two-legg'd Vermin.
Nor need I mention Foreign Journal,
Translated to Gallants Diurnal,

N

Where

178 Familiar Letters.

*Where Verses given and Stoln Prose,
 A motly Rhapsody compose,
 To teach poor 'Prentice, sadly panting,
 More modern Methods of Gallanting;
 And Sempstress, the most recent Arts,
 Of captivating stragling Hearts,
 And exercise the Wit of Youth,
 On Snails, Tobacco-pipes and Truth.
 Nor him that late in sparkish Prose,
 Appear'd to edifie the Beaus,
 Who, with soft Lines and softer Looks,
 Expertly baits his amorous Hooks,
 And brings, with elegant Epistle,
 Each melting Damsel to his Whistle,
 And makes her stoop to him as sure
 As hungry Hawk does to his Lure;
 Who lately drew, in Vindication,
 Of all the Beauties in the Nation,
 And boldly tilted with his Pen,
 'Gainst all that durst oppose him then;
 Which some Apology mis-call, some Satyr,
 Both equidistant from the Matter;
 For surely no Design was in't,
 But barely to appear in Print.
 Which he as kindly since has done,
 Gallants, for your Instruction;
 Where the grand Secrets he imparts,
 For battering obdurate Hearts;*

How

How you to Vizard-mask, or Coach,
May make a regular approach;
He shews you how you shall prevail
With Lines as fenceless as a Flail;
For Letters Missive, Weapons are,
Which Lovers combat with from far:
Shews how to take 'em by surprize,
Or use th' Artillery of Eyes;
But if Necessity oblige
To Methods of a closer Siege,
He shews such Means as might improve
The greatest Enginier in Love;
To bribe the Sentinel, her Maid,
Or storm her with a Serenade:
And if by these she be not won,
Bombard with Sonnet, or Lampoon;
If these Attempts she still defies,
To blow her up with Mines of Sighs;
For Sighs indeed, altho' no lowder,
Are the Discharge of Love's White-powder;
And therefore 'tis they seldom fail,
To blow up Petticoats full well:
But if so fortified she prove,
To baffle all th' Assaults of Love;
And, on strict Scrutiny, you are
Oblig'd in Honour to despair;
He's deepest read in all those Laws,
That relate nearest to your Cause;

180 Familiar Letters.

Can tell you whether soon, as known,
 'Twere properer to Hang or Drown;
 Instruct you too what Streams or Boughs,
 It were convenient you shou'd chuse,
 What Art is requisite, what Care
 To plunge, or swing with moving Air;
 What Rules are order'd by Romance,
 And which are a la mode de France:
 For these things must be nicely done,
 Or else the Glory of 'em's gone;
 By one Mistake more Honour's lost,
 Than being beaten from your Post.

I pass by S—tle, D—rs, A—es,
 For doggrel celebrated Names;
 With Authors of substantial Prose,
 That Dress like Wits and Write like Beaux.

But, to return to Application,
 That is, to Self-justification;
 From citing Verse-wrights of great Name,
 That oft fill ev'ry Mouth of Fame,
 Render'd by her so necessary,
 To Grocer, Cook, Apothecary;
 In doing which, my sole Intent
 Was meerly to shew Precedent,
 And prove, that fine things may be writ,
 With very little, or no Wit.
 For Wit (some Authors do maintain)
 Is but a Fungus of the Brain,

The Off-spring of superfluous Thought,
 By too luxuriant Fancy wrought;
 A hasty and abortive Birth,
 Like that of over-teeming Earth,
 Which does to thousand Figures vary,
 And therefore not held salutary,
 And tho' for wanton Palates drest,
 Counted uneasie to digest,
 And then too, must be taken young,
 Before its Venom grow too strong:
 So Wit's anomalous, and rude,
 Of ill digestion, and crude,
 Till after needful Preparation,
 With wholesom Pickle of Discretion,
 And, where it is of constant use,
 Does Surfeits in the Mind produce;
 Breeds strange Diseases in the Purse,
 And is its own Admirers Curse:
 They therefore Pardon surely Merit,
 Who in their Writings do forbear it,
 And rather chuse to feed in quiet,
 On homelier, but more wholesom Diet;
 From whence, if peccant Vapours breed,
 Or turgid Flatulence proceed,
 The only Symptoms they produce
 And Danger's, but a Crepitus;
 Which (as we do in Authors read)
 Springs from the Bowels, not the Head;

*And, tho' receiv'd with publick scorn,
Expires as soon as it is born :
So Writings, which no Sence affords,
Are but a Crepitus of Words,
And, tho' with windy Lines they swell ye,
Rise from a Vacuum in the Belly ;
In which no Meaning's to be found,
Or any Scope, beside the Sound.*

*But, Sir, I have almost forgot,
What I intended to have wrote,
And my first Subject worse neglect,
Than modern Pulpiteer his Text,
Who take the freedom to digress,
And vary Subjects as they please ;
While with Rhetorical Harangue,
And Voice tun'd to Religious Trang,
He treats all those that come to hear it,
With choicest Gifts of purest Spirit :
Where pious Folks convene, drawn thither
By th' help of stiff erected Leather,
With Dresses, Faces, Mien, and Air,
Scru'd up to Piety and Pray'r ;
Where holy Man, in all he saith,
Lays Salt of Grace on Tails of Faith ;
Where Saints are sou's'd in Gospel-pickle,
By Moderns stil'd, a Conventicle.*

LETTERS

O F

Love and Gallantry.

To Eugenia.

MADAM,

TH O' it be not a full Week since I received the Honour of my dear *Eugenia's* Letter, yet it has been long enough for me to wish a thousand times I were Left-handed; since, by an unlucky Sprain in my Right-hand, I've been forced to omit the Duty these three Posts. My Building is near finish'd; and when it is so, I hope my dear *Eugenia* will be so kind to her constant Slave, to furnish my new House with an *engaging* new Mistress; if not for my

fake, at least for her own; since I vow I shall come into ——— with a most fierce Design on Love and Matrimony: And *Love*, you know, is a Spirit, that when once a Woman has *conjur'd up*, she must find it some Employment, or else 'twill tear the charming Sorceress herself to pieces. Therefore, fair Widow, beware!

If my Hand were not still in great Pain, I'd give you a thousand Thanks for your dear Letter; and, perhaps, pick as many Quarrels with you about it: But Heaven forgive you your want of Charity, when you think I cou'd write the same things to my Grandmother, I do to *Eugenia*; when my Conscience can't reproach me with thinking the youngest of your Sex charming enough to extort one of this kind from me, excepting yourself. Nor is it, Madam, the easiest thing in the World to feign a Passion, say things of that Force and Tenderness, or act an absent Lover for so many Years together, as I have been *Eugenia's* Votary. I'm sure the whole Legend of Love can't furnish you with one Example of so constant an Hypocrite, as I have

have been, if I must needs be so. Therefore, if I can't convince you of my Sincerity, and by that plead a Merit to your *Love*; yet let the Novelty of the thing, at least, move your Pity, when you think what Pains I've taken (since all that comes not naturally is so) to say so many kind, tender, and passionate things of one I have no Concern for. Think whether it be not almost equally difficult to write passionately to one I'm not really in love with, and to paint a Sound. Who can act Hunger without an Appetite? Or long Scene of Fury and Anger, without being perfectly heated.

But if you are so severe, to think that my first Pretences were all Fiction; yet, Madam, pray consider, that Liars often tell Stories of their own Invention so long, till at last they themselves believe 'em true: And, as the *Roman* in *Martial* counterfeited the Gout, till he had it in earnest; so, supposing my Vows at first but feigned, they must by this time be ripen'd into Truth by your Influence, (like the Dew-drops of Heaven into Precious Stones by the Heat of the Eastern Sun) and so become Sacred, as all things

things addressed to you must be, Madam.

But if I lov'd not *Eugenia* with the greatest and most sincere Passion that ever Man lov'd a Woman, I know not what Reason, what Interest, or what Design I cou'd have to pretend it, since I'm not so vain to expect any other Benefit of it than her Laughter, and in that my Trouble. However, Madam, I have this Satisfaction in my own Mind, that I love the best and finest of her Sex, (tho' a Mother) who, like a Taper, has not suffer'd the least Diminution of her own Lustre, by the lighting others into the World ; but still preserves her original Light so firmly, as to enslave all that behold her, as well as, Madam,

Your Eternal Slave,

LYSANDER.

By

By the Same.

MADAM,

NO desperate Wretch, guilty of the most execrable Murders, had ever that Trouble, that Agony of Mind, that I have endured since the Receipt of your last, in which you discovered so severe and cruel a Resentment of a Crime I was not guilty of. If I have ever offended you, I ask your Ladiship ten thousand thousand Pardons. Ah! Madam, if my Love were not as lasting as my Life, and so were as inseparable as Soul and Body; nay, were there any Prospect, any Possibility of my ever loving you less, I shou'd not need to be thus troublesome to your Ladiship, to beg you not to use the Extent of your Power over me, to punish me for a Crime I was never guilty of: Yet, whether I'm guilty or not, so much, so extravagantly I love you, that if you yet convict me, I shall stand condemned even in my cwn Opinion. Nay, if you, Madam, will positively accuse me of all
the

things addressed to you must be, Madam.

But if I lov'd not *Eugenia* with the greatest and most sincere Passion that ever Man lov'd a Woman, I know not what Reason, what Interest, or what Design I cou'd have to pretend it, since I'm not so vain to expect any other Benefit of it than her Laughter, and in that my Trouble. However, Madam, I have this Satisfaction in my own Mind, that I love the best and finest of her Sex, (tho' a Mother) who, like a Taper, has not suffer'd the least Diminution of her own Lustre, by the lighting others into the World; but still preserves her original Light so firmly, as to enslave all that behold her, as well as, Madam,

Your Eternal Slave,

LYSANDER.

By

By the Same.

MADAM,

NO desperate Wretch, guilty of the most execrable Murders, had ever that Trouble, that Agony of Mind, that I have endured since the Receipt of your last, in which you discovered so severe and cruel a Resentment of a Crime I was not guilty of. If I have ever offended you, I ask your Ladiship ten thousand thousand Pardons. Ah! Madam, if my Love were not as lasting as my Life, and so were as inseparable as Soul and Body; nay, were there any Prospect, any Possibility of my ever loving you less, I shou'd not need to be thus troublesome to your Ladiship, to beg you not to use the Extent of your Power over me, to punish me for a Crime I was never guilty of: Yet, whether I'm guilty or not, so much, so extravagantly I love you, that if you yet convict me, I shall stand condemned even in my cwn Opinion. Nay, if you, Madam, will positively accuse me of all
the

the Ills in the World, I'll own 'em; for it shall never be said, That for the sake of my own Happiness, Interest, or Honour, I ever contradicted the Assertion of her, I profess'd the greatest and most generous Passion for, that ever unhappy Man experienc'd. But, Madam, had I been guilty of any little Error, consider it as coming from a Man almost distracted—*Distracted*, Madam, for the Love of you; for I'm sure I appear so to all that visit me; yet, tho' most guess the Cause, the Person is only known to the wounded Heart of, Madam, your constant Slave,

LYSANDER.

Ah! Madam, don't use a Passion so tender as mine with so much Tyranny, since the Power you have is but what I give; and it is not generous enough for *Eugenia* to turn against it's Original, tho' he's incapable of with-holding it.

By

By the Same.

MADAM,

How can the unfortunate *Lyfander* ever hope for his Divine *Eugenia's* Pardon, thus daily to torment her with his Impertinence, if she were not the best, and most generous Woman living. As for the Character of a Beau, which you'r pleased to honour me with, I pretty well guess whence you had it; a very honest good-humour'd Lady as lives, I mean Mrs. S——, who Din'd with me once at my Lodging, where Night nor Day you were not forgot. I need not tell you, that Mrs. S—— is as good a Woman as lives, since all that you recommend must be so. Whenever she's amind to oblige me most, and render her House most agreeable, she tells me, many think her like *Eugenia*: But cou'd she make me believe so too, she had done her business: For (as I told her) that was the way to make her House my Prison; for had *Eugenia* been Mistress of it, I cou'd with Pleasure have been

been confin'd to it for ever. If you would do an Act of Charity, (as Widows, you know, are good for nothing else) you would come up to Town, and help marry me to some old rich Woman, that would be sure to die quickly, in order to the marrying a young one; at least, you wou'd speak a good Word for me to my Lady ———, whom, if ever I was to marry, my Lord D—— should give her, as you should me.

I hope, fair Widow, after this long Silence, your Pen will venture on some other Subject besides Business. If your Letters were sometimes dash'd with Love, &c. 'twere but a Venial Sin, and what I weekly pardon to some young Women in the *Mal*, of your Acquaintance; from whom, by my Soul, I've as good Letters, as those celebrated Nuns Letters. My two Mistresses *Valeria* and *Belinda*, I serve under the Name of *Polydorus*; but would be ten times more proud and happy to serve your Ladiship under any Title or Name, whereby I might merit the Character so long since engraven in the Heart of, Madam,

Your Humble Slave,

LYSANDER.

By

By the Same.

MADAM,

THIS Day's Post made me the happiest Man living, in receiving the Honour of a most obliging Letter from my dear *Eugenia*, who can never do any thing that is otherwise; however, did I not know your Modesty was so extream, as to look on the smallest Encomiums as Flatteries, tho' your real Merit keeps the greatest from being so: I confess it wou'd be a real trouble to me, that one, whom I so cordially honour, should mis-interpret the unfeign'd Discharges of my Soul, for Compliments. A Devotion, so justly grounded on Merit, can never be judg'd counterfeit; for the Glory of the Sun, and the Benefits Mankind reap'd from his Beams, were allow'd as sufficient Arguments, to justify the *Persians* Adoration of him. Your generous Invitation of me into ——— is so much to my own advantage, that a dying Man, when he knows there are but two ways to go, wou'd sooner refuse

fuse an Invitation to Heaven. I beg you, Madam, make an Experiment of your Dominion over me, in imposing some Commands, that you judge the most Rigorous, and that may appear as Difficult as this is Pleasing. I wou'd fain see how Ill-natur'd you can be, as well as give a Proof of my Pride, in obeying you. As for *London*, every thing that is worth a Visit there, will be gone the very Minute you leave it: And therefore, till your Return, I declare for an Abdication of it, and will here, like another *Timon of Athens*, live retir'd, and in hatred of all Mankind, for your Sexes sake.

But now, fair Widow, you must give me my Revenge, and let me give you Advice, in return of what I have receiv'd from you, tho' mine, I promise you, shall be more conscionable than yours was: For you advise me to marry an Old Woman (blest'd, for ought I know, with a stinking Breath, Rheumatisms, Coughs, Catarrhs, false Teeth, and the other damn'd Accomplishments, which may entitle her to the honorable Appellation of *Venerable*:) But I am, Madam,

Familiar Letters. 193

Madam, better natur'd in my choice for your Ladiship, and recommend to you a young Man that prefers the Widow to the Jointure, and leaves all but the Treasure of her Heart to others; one who wou'd be confin'd to a Desert (if to be in Heav'n can be a Confinement) with her, where the perpetual Business of his Life shou'd be immortal Love; and I swear, he that wou'd not do all this, and ten thousand times more, is not worthy of her. Such a one, Madam, I chuse for you, and if that will not please, forbear Wedlock for ever, as I will do, rather than take up with that Reverend Piece of Antiquity you mention. In the mean time the only Alms I desire, your Pity and Pardon for,

Madam,

Your most sincere, oblig'd,

humble Slave,

LYSANDER.

O

By

By the Same.

MADAM,

TO express the real Sense I have of all the noble Favours conferr'd on me at your House, during the long Persecution I gave you there, were as impossible as to give your Ladiship a full and perfect Character of the Pangs and Tortures of Mind I have been under ever since my departure from the Divine *Eugenia*, whose *Idea* perpetually swims before my sight in all Companies and Places. Madam, I'm sensible, I have ten thousand Pardons to ask for the Extravagance of my Passion in the Presence of the Divine *Eugenia*: But I can appeal to Heav'n and my own Conscience, that never any Prophane Thought enter'd my Breast, reflecting on the Divinity I with so unfeign'd a Zeal adore, since no Man living has that Sacred Opinion of the exalted Honor, Vertue, Wit and Beauty of any Woman, that I have of my too dear and destructive *Eugenia*. Your Caution, Madam, of the Bath, might

might have been necessary to one that lov'd less than I do; the Variety of Company that Place now affords, with its other diverting Amuzements, might have some influence over an AMOROUS FRIEND, or *Common Lover*: But as my Passion is proportionable to the Object, so nothing on Earth is Diversion or Pleasure to me, but the Thoughts of her I love. I can be alone ev'n in a Crowd, and therefore make it my endeavour to avoid so troublesom a Solitude. Good God, Madam! What is there I can do to shew how miserable I am for your sake? 'Tis true, Madam, my Misery derives itself partly from my *Unworthiness*: But ah! more! much more, from your not knowing what it is to love. For who can have a real Sense of another's Pain, but they who have felt the same? How can the unfortunate *Lysander* ever hope for one kind Thought from his ador'd *Eugenia*, while her Heart's not touch'd with his Sufferings, nay, fortify'd against Compassion, by her being surrounded by none but his Enemies? Some may think it a *Reflection on their Friends*, to be refus'd, if you shou'd honor any other with your Favour, but

By the Same.

MADAM,

TO express the real Sense I have of all the noble Favours conferr'd on me at your House, during the long Persecution I gave you there, were as impossible as to give your Ladyship a full and perfect Character of the Pangs and Tortures of Mind I have been under ever since my departure from the Divine *Eugenia*, whose *Idea* perpetually swims before my sight in all Companies and Places. Madam, I'm sensible, I have ten thousand Pardons to ask for the Extravagance of my Passion in the Presence of the Divine *Eugenia*: But I can appeal to Heav'n and my own Conscience, that never any Prophane Thought enter'd my Breast, reflecting on the Divinity I with so unfeign'd a Zeal adore, since no Man living has that Sacred Opinion of the exalted Honor, Vertue, Wit and Beauty of any Woman, that I have of my too dear and destructive *Eugenia*. Your Caution, Madam, of the Bath, might

might have been necessary to one that lov'd less than I do; the Variety of Company that Place now affords, with its other diverting Amuzements, might have some influence over an AMOROUS FRIEND, or *Common Lover*: But as my Passion is proportionable to the Object, so nothing on Earth is Diversion or Pleasure to me, but the Thoughts of her I love. I can be alone ev'n in a Crowd, and therefore make it my endeavour to avoid so troublesom a Solitude. Good God, Madam! What is there I can do to shew how miserable I am for your sake? 'Tis true, Madam, my Misery derives itself partly from my *Unworthiness*: But ah! more! much more, from your not knowing what it is to love. For who can have a real Sense of another's Pain, but they who have felt the same? How can the unfortunate *Lysander* ever hope for one kind Thought from his ador'd *Eugenia*, while her Heart's not touch'd with his Sufferings, nay, fortify'd against Compassion, by her being surrounded by none but his Enemies? Some may think it a *Reflection on their Friends*, to be refus'd, if you shou'd honor any other with your Favour, but

T H E M: And others think it impossible, that a *Passion* for *Eugenia* shou'd last an Age, since they never had Merit enough to procure an Hour's Love for *T H E M-S E L V E S*. Thus, Madam, between the Vanity of the Old, and the Ignorance, Envy, and impotent Charms of the Young, I may well expect to be sacrific'd; but, however, I shall have the satisfaction of being distinguish'd from the rest of your Adorers, by being at least your Martyr,

L Y S A N D E R.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Lysander, Madam, can never banish nor lessen that *Passion* you mention for *Eugenia*, yet my esteem of Friendship is so great, that if I cou'd present you with a Pillow of *Love*, to repose your charming Head on, it shou'd be stuff'd with *Friendship*; if with a Landskip of *Love*, the Shadows shou'd be *Friendship*; if with an Embroidery, the Ground shou'd be *Friendship*; tho' in the Gardens of *Venus* I can never allow *Friendship*

ship to be more, than a *Winter-fruit*, which, when the Delicacies of the Summer is over, may be comfortable enough to the reverend old Couple, sitting by a Fire-side, in a long Winter's Night, ev'n as good as roasted Apples.

*Lyfander to Eugenia, whom he
had desir'd to write Letters e-
nough to him to make him a
Shroud.*

Dear MADAM,

THIS Day was I blest with a Letter from *Eugenia*, which comes far short of finishing my Shroud; a Ream, at least, will modestly suffice to keep even Death from blushing at himself; and then, for Warmth, another Ream, I'm sure, you'll not deny, when cold *Lyfander* begs

*That Heat and Flame which now your
Beauty gives,
Can then alone be by your Wit supply'd.
Entomb'd in Amber, Bees may boast their
turn;
And, wrapt in Flames, let pious Martyrs
burn.
Stretch'd in your Letter, Death will be my
Triumph.
Embalm'd in Sense, who would not wish to*

*And Sense, that comes from so Divine a
Hand ?*

*Ægyptian Mummies perish and decay ;
But Shrouds, like mine, will Time itself
out-live ;*

*Wear out his Scythe, and every fleeting
Sand.*

*One Dram of Body cannot here be lost ;
But, like a Summer-fruit, laid safely by ;
When Spring appears, are fit to wear again.
So true a Resurrection will be rare ;
The self-same Body, with the self-same Soul.
Who then can doubt but the same Passions
too ?*

*The same my Love, the same my Mistress
You.*

Madam, tho' I design'd these Thoughts
in down-right Prose, yet in the Ardor of
writing they run into Blank Verse, whe-
ther I would or no. I hope your Lady-
ship receiv'd my last Godly Letter, by
which, you may perceive, I can be De-
vilishly devout upon occasion. The
Truth on't is, I have often wondred,
*Why all the Young Fellows of the Town set
up for Atheism, since they can be so much
more conveniently lwd under the Masque
of Religion.* If Belinda, in the Letters

I've communicated to your Ladiship, has behav'd herself in any kind disagreeable to her Sex, let me know it, and I'll engage she shall mend her Manners for the future. If you don't think she loves enough, she shall grow jealous, and never speak well of him herself, nor suffer Any-body else to speak ill of him, (the surest Sign of Love in the World) Or if you think her too kind to her Lover, she shall set up for Religion, be very Godly, and very Ill-natur'd, rail at Profaneness, and in a pious Christian way enjoy Some-body she likes better.

Your Ladiship is pleased to censure my *Jealousie* as incurable : But pray, Madam, be pleased to consider, where Men are apt to be Jealous out of Fondness, as they are often Jealous without a Cause ; so they're as often satisfy'd without Reason. I'm surpriz'd at *Eugenia's* Apology for her writing Nonsense, when there's no Woman living, but what might be proud to copy after her ; so free, so easie, so witty are her Letters : Besides, were it not so, as Mr. *Congreve* has it, there would be more Eloquence in your false-spelt Superscription, than
in

Familiar Letters. 201

in all *Tully's* and *Demosthenes* his Ora-
tions, to me, Madam, who am

Your most constant and faithful

Humble Servant,

LYSANDER.

By

By the Same.

MADAM,

TEN thousand Thanks to the Divine *Eugenia* for this Morning's Blessing of a Letter, full of the Charms of her that sent 'em; full of Honour, Wit, and good Humour; nay, more than Providence cou'd spare to you, without forming a Mass of Fools at the same time to retrieve the Expence.

*On you the Image of himself he stamp'd,
And every part he most Divinely hit;
Your Eyes his Glory, and his Power your
Wit.*

Pardon me, Madam, for this Start of Poetry; for tho' I have no Skill in it, I have yet a double Pretence to the Attempt, both as *Lover* and *Fidler*. Besides, your Ladyship's Poetry (the finest, as well as the easiest, in the World) provoked me to return the Debt; not that I presum'd, Madam, that I could pay you in the same Sterling, but in such

such *Birmigham* Coin as I can compass.
Tho' I'm perswaded there's so much of
the Poetick Fire in yours, that more of
them would do with me, what the Her-
metic Fire does with Metals, transmute
me into true Standard Gold, and make
my Poetry as engaging as your Charms,
that inspire me with a Love as lasting
as your Slave.

LYSANDER.

By

By the Same.

MADAM,

HOW long must I Write and Sigh in vain? Not one Line; not one Word, to the Man that loves and adores you, next Heaven? Why shou'd I Grieve for her, that hates me? Or Write to her, that scorns to answer me? That, after all her Professions of Friendship to her *Lyfander*, forgets him, now *Alphonso's* in the Country? As if she measur'd Love by the proud *Weight* of the Person, and not of the Passion; that, after so many Years of sincere Love, after the faithful Service of the old Patriarch's waiting, turns him off, for a New-comer; as if you did it to fulfil what is written, in giving the Laborer, that came the last Hour, the same Wages with him that came the first. For my part, Madam, I never knew what it was to Compound a Debt with a Mistress; and for Love to dwindle into Friendship, is not so much as to pay Twelve-pence in the Pound: No, Madam, Time has not made

made me such a Bankrupt, and I've an honest Principle, than to break when I'm so well stock'd with Love.

This is the third Letter, Madam, I've sent you, since I've heard from you; Town and Country are equally uneasy to me, when I hear not from *Eugenia*, when I'm depriv'd from the sight of her: But I shall find more frequent opportunity of seeing you, designing, *don Quixot* like, with my *Sanca Panca*, to travel about in pursuit of Adventures, that may bring me to *Eugenia*, or Death.

L Y S A N D E R.

By

By the Same.

MADAM,

THE Letter this Day's Post brought me; wou'd have surpriz'd any one but me, whom you have so inur'd to Injuries, that I look on my ordinary Injustice as an Obligation, having had the honour to have receiv'd an hundred times more than this from your Ladyship. I was telling my Friend, last Night, That I had read several *Encomiums* on the Gout, Feaver, Plague, &c. written by witty Men; to which I thought the Praise of Women might be annex'd; but little expected so home and serious a Proof of the Reasonableness of my Jest. Faith, Madam, you have such ill success in the Counsels of your *Allies*, that I wou'd, were I you, for once, try my own. You seldom find Confederates successful against a single Foe, who has No-body to consult but his own Will and Pleasure. We take the Field when we will; march when we will, and do what we will, while
the

the different Powers, that make up a Confederacy, draw each a several way, and by the slowness of their Resolutions, lose the opportunity of their Fortune. However, Madam, 'tis not your Severity can destroy my Passion, I must and will be yours one way or other; no Resolutions, no Unkindness can ever alter me. My Love, *Eugenia*, is like the Appearance of a *Phoenix*, not to be seen, but once in a thousand Years: My Tongue never professes what my Heart is not possess'd with. No, no, Madam, Love is too noble a Passion to be fool'd with. Your laying Addresses elsewhere to my charge, is obliging; for nothing cou'd please me more than your Jealousie; yet, let me assure the divine *Eugenia*, that 'tis no easie matter for a Man bred up in an Adoration, for twice seven Years together, to change his Devotion; and whatever little Excursions I might make, all this time, 'twas but to pray to others for your sake. And thus you see, Madam, how little pains I spare to win the Empire of the World, *your Love*.

If

*If only to be happy, be to live,
As all the brave and generous believe;
You'll in one Year within my Arms live
more,
Than all the tasteless Years you liv'd before;
One Blast of Breath will never then be lost,
But Lip from Lip, each others Soul be tost:
Thus, by a new Philosophy, we'll prove,
Perpetual Motion, and Eternal Love.*

Dearest *Eugenia*, adieu; never again
be so cruel to throw away any more
fruitless Advice, about changing my Ad-
dress; for 'tis impossible I shou'd ever be
other than

Your constant Slave,

L Y S A N D E R.

To my Lady —

Richmond, March 4.

Here I am at last, Madam, to shew you the Force of my Resolution; and here I positively stay till *Saturday*; nay, I don't know but I may stretch it to *Monday*: For if once I get into Town again, the Lord knows when I get out on't; and, I'm afraid, I shan't suck so much of this Heavenly Air in two Days, as I may possibly stand in need of: For I don't find my Legs of half that Importance to me they us'd to be. Half a Mile up Hill makes 'em grumble cursedly. I have a scoundrel Pair of Bel lows too, that puff and blow, and make a damnable Splutter. In short; the present Situation of my Affairs are such, I can give but a very scurvy Account of the pertest part about me.

That things may mend, is my Hope
and my Comfort, Madam; for were
P they

they to hang long thus, 'twere no great Loss, either to myself, or other Folks, if I were hang'd too. Possibly your Ladyship may be of my Opinion; if you are, pray toss me a short Prayer into your Lent-Devotions for my Re-establishment. I would have begg'd one from a Catholick Lady in the next Room, who is puzzling over a long lewd Account she's to make up against *Easter*; but she's so taken up with her Sins and her Crucifix, she cares not if I were damn'd. If I am not, I hope she will; for she's so ugly, I desire I may never be in the same place with her again.

The Penny-Post, Madam, is to hand this to the Town's-end, and he's just starting: So, if my Letter's too short, 'tis he's the Puppy-dog this time, not I.

To

To Mr. ———

Honest Dick,

I Have not only heard of, but born a part in some of your Frolicks; yet never observed any so extravagant, as gave me Reason to apprehend you wou'd ever be so mad as to marry. Sure the Devil is in thee, or her; for without Fascination this Miracle could never be wrought? To be very sick of Love is no Wonder, but that can't last long; the raging Fever must pass, or kill. Your Fate is soon determined; a few Days bring it to its Crisis: And is it not better dying quietly in your own Sheets, than in a whining Wife's Arms? You can never live in Charity with her ten Days together, unless you are a stricter Christian than I take you, or think it possible for one of Nineteen to be. Experience, dear-bought Experience has convinc'd me, that the Difference between Women consists more in our capricious Humours, and the Sense of Variety,

riety, than any intrinsic Goodness, not very common to their Sex. The Novelty may please, 'tis true ; but after the first Weeks Enjoyment, a Wife is eternally the same ; the Ruine of your Estate, and the Disquiet of your Bed. If she live three Years, she'll spend more than her Fortune in Cloaths. If she bring you any Children, these are so many fresh Additions to your Misfortunes, creating Torments if they live, and Grief if they die. Which of thy Sins, *Dick*, has been so black in itself, or so heinous in its Circumstances ; so frequently repeated, or so long unrepented of, as to deserve so heavy, so lasting a Damnation ? You that cou'd never like a Woman above a Week, and chang'd your Mistresses faster than they did their Lodgings. How, alas ! do you think it possible not to be miserable under this Pagan Yoak ? Tho' I don't pretend to the Spirit of Prophecy, yet I dare engage you'd give five times her Estate, within the Year, to be at liberty again. Alas ! *Dick*, this is not a Confinement that Ten Guinea's will bear you out of ; but, what is the greatest Mischief, 'twill last all your Life.

The

The knowing that we can't alter our Condition, I believe, is the most sensible Affliction that can befall us. You know the Story of the Man that broke his Heart with the Thoughts of being forbidden to walk without the Walls of a great City, tho' he had never stirr'd a Foot out of it before. Besides, a Husband is the most insipid Character of all Mankind, never pleasing, and seldom pleased; tormented in his own Person, and more feelingly in that of his Children, who are continually whipp'd and beaten, to be reveng'd of his Unkindness, or to provoke his Anger. Be sober once in thy Life, and renounce the Thoughts of so fatal a Consequence. Why will you affect drinking out of Horn, when you have so much Plate? You had best shew this to your fair Charmer, and demonstrate the Powers of her Eyes, by resisting so wholsom and seasonable Advice. If you think fit, do so; I had rather lose her Good-will, than not shew my own Integrity; and wou'd refuse your Friendship, if I might not shew my own.

To Mrs. —

Lovely Object of my Solicitous Desires!

TIS impossible for me to resist the Charms of your bewitching Face; and if you are not less cruel than you're fair, I shall be eternally miserable. Heaven knows with what an unusual throbbing my Heart was seiz'd when first I saw you. And who, indeed, could behold, without a tender Concern, the beautifullest Creature that Nature ever made, or our Eyes at least beheld? And from whence cou'd proceed so unaccountable a Disorder, unless from Love? It is not superfluous to confess a Flame, I cou'd not possibly avoid. And what needs there more to convince the World of my Passion, than the Assurance I had seen you? Love is so charming in its Birth, that we readily yield to his softer Impulses; but so powerful withal, that we as vainly oppose them. In your Company consists my Happiness; and I am wretched, when I am forc'd

forc'd from your Feet. Could my dear *Dorinda* know, with what Anguish and Horror I pass every tedious Hour away, while at this distance from her, she wou'd doubtless wish my Condition less wretched. Common Gratitude obliges us to Pity, if we can't redress the Miseries we cause. Since this is the only Happiness I can at present enjoy, be so indulgent as to permit it : For why shou'd you refuse me a Felicity, that can stand you but in Two Pence? If the declaring my Passion you imputed to me as a Crime, the Torments it creates me are a sufficient Punishment, and you are reveng'd of all my Faults in my own Despair.

A LETTER of Æneas Sylvius, *who was afterwards Pope Pius the Second, to his Father, about a Bastard-Son, whom he sent to him.* Translated from the *Latin*, by Mr. T. Brown.

Æn. Sylv. Oper. p. 510. Edit. Bas.

YOU sent me word in your last, That you cou'd not tell whether you were to rejoyce or grieve at the late Present that Providence made me of a Son. For my part, I see reason enough for the former, but not the least pretence for the latter: For tell me, what pretence is there, than for a Man to see his own likeness? Or what more refreshing sight can there be, on this Earth, than to see one's Table deck'd with Olive-branches? As for myself, without blushing, I own to you, That 'tis an unspeakable Pleasure to me, to find, that I have not bestow'd
my

my Pains in a Barren Soil; and I daily return my Thanks to Heaven for sending me no *cloven* Present, no whimpering, silly Girl, but a fine, chopping, lusty Boy, who will help to divert you and my Mother with his innocent Prating. Now, Sir, if you took any satisfaction at my Birth, why shou'd not the Cockles of your old Heart dance upon this occasion; or why shou'd you not be as well pleased to behold my Picture in a Grandson? But, perhaps, you'll tell me, That your Conscience is somewhat uneasie, because the poor Child was begotten in Sin, and out of the Pale of Matrimony. If the Shooe pinches you there, I must ask you a few civil Questions before we part. Pray, Sir, what Materials was I composed of? As I take it, I am not made of Stone or Iron, or any such unrelenting Ingredients. You begot me of true Flesh and Blood, and, if I have committed any Crime, in making use of my Parts, I'll e'en place it to your Score, for I'll swear I had all the peccant Tendency from you. In the next place, Do but consider how it was with yourself at my Years. You know well enough, without my refreshing your Memory for you, that

that you never lay under the Scandal of a Fumbler. I am your own lawful Son; no Blot to your Family, I hope; no Eunuch, or any thing like it. Neither am I Hypocrite enough to pretend to more Sanctity than the rest of my Neighbours. I frankly own, I have been a trespasser, a vile abominable trespasser in my time; but, to my great comfort, *David* and *Solomon*, went the same Road before me; and, as I am modest in my own Nature, a Curse light on me, if ever I desire to be thought holier than King *David*, or wiser than his Son. If 'tis a Sin, it can say abundance of shrewd things for itself; it can plead Antiquity and Universality, and quotes the Lord knows how many Texts out of the New and Old Testament; and, to deal plainly with you, I don't believe there's one Man between the two Poles, unless he has a very scurvy confounded Body indeed, that has not at one time or another been guilty of an ill Thought or Deed. This Corruption (or it may be called a Corruption for a Man to employ his natural Talent) is of all Countries and Regions: But, under the Rose, Sir, why shou'd Copulation be treated with such ill Language,

as

as generally 'tis ; or why shou'd our Casuists so furiously condemn it, since Nature, that never does any thing in vain, has interwoven this Appetite with our very Constitutions , and inspired the whole Creation with an eternal desire to continue their own Species ? But, I suppose you'll reply, That there are certain limits within which 'tis lawful, and that this Action ought never to be done without the Church's consent. Well, for once, let us take it for granted, That as Man ought never to get up and ride, without the Priests Benediction: But how does this mend the Matter ? Was there never any Sin, do you think, committed within the Matrimonial Sheets ? I hope, old Gentleman, you'll not advance such false Doctrine as that is. There are fix'd Rules too for our Eating and Drinking ; but what Man, in a thousand, is such a slavish Coxcomb as to be confin'd to them ? Some Whining-grave Raskals may tell you, They were never guilty of Sin, and demurely wipe their Mouths after they have said it ; but I hate all Lyars , and, since I carry Human Infirmities about me, scorn to conceal or deny them : So much for this Point. But
because

because you seem to distrust, that other People have had a Finger in the Pye, and wou'd fain be satisfied whether the Child really belongs to me or no. Pray, Sir, be pleased to take this short History of the whole Affair. I had been Envoy at *Strasburg* some two Years, and, as it happen'd, had no great Business upon my Hands, when a Woman, newly arrived from *England*, who had Youth and Beauty enough to please a nicer Palate than mine, chanced to come to the same Inn where I lodged: She spoke the *Italian* Tongue perfectly well, and I had a long Conversation with her in that Language, which was so much the more entertaining to me, because I so little expected to meet one that understood *Italian* in those Parts of the World. In short, What with her Wit and Beauty, she gain'd an absolute Ascendant over my Heart; so that, as often as I beheld her, I cou'd not help thinking on the famous *Cleopatra*, who chiefly, with the Gayety and Charms of her Discourse, made such a Pair of Asses of *Julius Caesar* and *Mark Antony*. Thought I, to myself, who can blame such an inconsiderable diminutive Fellow as I am, for doing

doing what the most illustrious Heroes of Antiquity have justified by their own Examples? Sometimes I supported myself by the Precedent of *Moses*, sometimes of *Aristotle*, and sometimes by famous Instances in the *Christian Church*. To make short of my Story, I was passionately in love with this *Belle Tramountane*, and attempted her with all the Rhetorick I was Master of. But she, deaf to my Vows and Passion, slighted all my Protestations; so that, for three long-liv'd Days, (an Age in the Chronicles of Love) I found I had made little or no progress in her Affections. Whether this was the Effect of her Vertue, her Fear or Discretion, I won't be positive, but am inclined to the latter. For, as it appear'd, she stood in some awe of the House, from whom she expected certain Kindnesses.

The fatal Night now approach'd, and next Morning early she was to pursue her Journey. What Fears, what Apprehensions reached my Soul, lest the Quarry should escape me? I threw myself down at her Feet, embraced her Knees, and conjured her not to bolt her Door

Door adding, That in the Silence of the Night I would steal to her Chamber, and give her the last Convictions, that I was her most devoted Vassal. She refused to comply with my Desires, stood much upon her Virtue, and gave me not the least Hopes of succeeding. I still importun'd her upon the same Chapter, but she still made me the same Answer, and insisted upon her Virtue. Well, when all the Family was gone to Bed, said I to myself, Shall I see whether the Lady has done as I desired her, or no? All Women are Riddles; perhaps she has since thought better of the matter; and, after all, 'tis no great Trouble to try the Experiment. Finding all was dashed, I groped my way to her Chamber in the dark: The Door was shut, but not bolted; so in I came, rush'd into Bed, and, after a little foolish struggling, got Possession of her Body, the Fruit of which Night's Work was this hopeful Boy. This merry Scene befel me about the beginning of *February*, and Nine Months after my dear lovely Bed-fellow, whose Name was *Betty*, dropt in two, and was deliver'd of the above-mention'd Babe. This Account I had from

from her own Mouth at *Basil*, where it was my good Fortune to meet with her again. At first I thought she had invented this Story, on purpose to wheedle a Sum of Mony out of me, and gave no great heed to it: But then considering, that the Enjoyment of her at *Straßburg* had not cost me a Farthing, but only put me to the Expence of a few foolish Oaths, and so forth, which are easily coined in a Lover's Mint, I began to alter my Opinion. She acted before upon a generous Principle of Love, and no indirect mercenary Ends; therefore, why should I now suspect her Integrity? Besides, the Time, and all other Circumstances agreed so well, that I could no longer doubt of what she told me, especially it being at a Juncture, when she cou'd expect no great matters from me. These Reasons induced me to believe, that the Child was begot with the Sweat of my Brows: Therefore, pray, Sir, take him into your Family, bestow some little *Greek* and *Latin* upon the young Rogue, breed him up in the Fear of his Maker, and afford him Shelter in Garret, till he's big enough to find the way to his Daddy. Farewell.

F I N I S.

BOOKS Printed for Sam. Briscoe.

There is in the Press, and will speedily be published,

THE Annals and History of *Cornelius Tacitus*,
Translated into *English* by Mr. *Dryden*, and se-
veral Eminent Persons of Honour and Quality;
with Historical and Political Notes. By *Amelot*
de la Husael, Embassador to the French King.
3 Vol. 8^o.

Familiar Letters, Written by the Right Ho-
nourable *John Earl of Rochester*, the Honourable
Henry Savile, *Algernoon Sidney*, Mr. *Ormay*, and
several Persons of Honour and Quality. With
several Letters by Mrs. *K. Philips*, Mr. *Dennis*,
and Mr. *Brown*. Second Edition. Vol. 1.

Mrs. *Behn's* Novels and Histories, in One Vol.
Also her Memoirs and Life. A Lady of her
Acquaintance; with her Pict. curiously engra-
ven on a Copper Plate. With Love-Letters.
Third Edition.

The Courtier's Manual Oracle: or, The Art
of Prudence. Written by *Baltazer Gracian*, one
of the greatest Wits of Spain.

Letters of Love and Gallantry, and several
other Subjects. Written by Ladies. In 2 Vol.
with the Adventures of a Young Lady; and the
Mons Letters to a Monk. 12^o.

Sold by *R. Wellington*, at the Lute in
St. Dunstons Church-yard.

the Natural Brother; a Tragedy. Written by
William. *The Rover*; a Comedy. Written by
William. *Spanish Wives*; a Farce: And, *Ibrahim the*
Slave of the Turk. Both Written by
William; or, *Amorous Jilt*. Writ-
ten by *William*. By Mr. *Congreve*.

